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MUSIC.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO THE ART, SCIENCE, TECHNIC AND LITERATURE OF MUSIC.

W. S. B. MATHEWS, *Editor.*

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MAY

1897

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Musical Critic of the New York Tribune.
Author of "Studies in the Wagnerian Drama"

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MUSIC

MAY, 1897.

ON POPULARIZING BACH.

BY EDWARD DICKINSON.

Among the art movements that have distinguished the present century, one of the most significant is the revival of the study of the great masters of the past. Our epoch is engaged in a voyage of discovery, but its exploration is turned backward as well as forward, and it is difficult to tell in which direction it finds its most fruitful result. The conservative and radical tempers, so often at variance, seem to work side by side and even in co-operation. The age of audacious experiment, of passionate rebellion against dogmatic authority and cramping tradition, is also the age of scholarship, of reverence for the experience of other generations. While in painting the world has been newly discovered, and impressions which would once have been declared the visions of diseased eyesight and distempered brain are now felt to be in the highest sense true, at the same time the old artists who also thought deeply and worked sincerely, Rembrandt, Michael Angelo, the early Florentines, are being studied as though they had now for the first time come into existence. The same is true in literature in respect to such writers as Homer, Dante, Chaucer, Shakspeare. In music also the age of hyper-romanticism, of the forcing of sensation to its extreme, the age of Berlioz, Wagner, Tschaikowsky, Richard Strauss, is also the age which sits at the feet of Palestrina and Bach, and for the first time feels the real strength and vitality that lie in the creations of sixteenth-century Italy and seventeenth-century Germany.

These two impulses are commonly considered incompatible or opposed and so they have often been, but now they are but different phases of one and the same tendency. The renewed

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study of the works of the past is not a mere reaction from a too precipitate radicalism. The old masters are sought not because they are old, but because they are new. It is found that their works embody revelations which also meet the needs of the modern mind, and so this age, in its feverish search for new beauty, new truth, new stimulus, explores a region which its predecessor had passed in the night, knowing but little of the wealth that it contained. This movement is not a reaction in the sense that the classical revival in French and German painting in the last half of the eighteenth century was a reaction. For that was a pseudo-classicism, which found in the antique alone a universal and unchanging standard of beauty, and broke for the time being the natural ties which bind art to nature and contemporary life; it imitated the antique forms, failing to see that those forms were inadequate to modern thought, and so the resulting works were academic and lifeless. The present classic reival in music is of a different sort; it does not attempt to produce duplicates of Palestrina's masses, or Bach's cantatas, or Beethoven's sonatas, but it strives to penetrate the secret, to absorb the spirit of the old masters, and so instill something of their strength into the new forms and styles, holding these to the reality of things and insuring them against vain experiment and waste of power. So far also as this movement is a critical movement, in the interest of pure scholarship, it endeavors to comprehend the old masters as related to their environment, how they, like the moderns, became what they were in accordance with the needs and tendencies of their own age, and how they help to explain their age besides being explained by it. And as the result of this inquiry it is found that those whose work survives are chiefly of interest because they do not merely interpret their own generation, but stand for ideals which are true for all times.

This enlightened conservatism is perhaps most apparent in the new study of Sebastian Bach. Only when the romantic ferment of the 30's and 40's had settled into something like self-consciousness and order could the recognition of the value in art of the Leipsic cantor assert itself with anything like a controlling force upon musical culture at large. The completeness of the conquest of this man, who was virtually forgotten for three-quarters of a century, is hardly less significant a fact in the musical history of our time than, for instance, the

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entrance of the Slavic and Magyar races into the line of artistic progress. Every school now pays him homage. It is not that Bach was at any time wholly buried in oblivion. He has always had his votaries, but the great majority of them, down to a comparatively recent date, thought of him chiefly as a master of technic, as the contrapuntist's musician. It has been reserved for the deeper insight of our day to perceive that within the compass of his rigid forms, beneath the surface of his deliberately-wrought counterpoint, there is a wealth of emotional experience, a depth of thought, a range of utterance, a revelation of soul, which mark him not only as a faithful representative of a past age, but also as one of those universal men in whom all that is sincere and reflective will find something of sympathy. Bach, the pedagogue, the technical model for students of fugue, a sort of musical Aristotle "the master of those who know," has now become one of the sovereigns of expression, the master of those who feel.

There would be little occasion for such a dissertation as this if the old mechanical view of Bach had entirely passed away, if all musicians and teachers studied and taught him from the higher point of view. The majority of men, however, even of artists, do not readily adjust themselves to unaccustomed points of view, they understand the language of their own time, but they do not readily seize the import of archaic and severe forms of speech in which passion is tempered and resolved by reflection. The more obvious qualities of Bach are his consummate mastery of science, the ease and dignity he attains through means apparently so arbitrary, and the wonder at all this, the intellectual pleasure that comes from investigating how he did it, are commonly so strong that the observer fails to detect the pulse of humanity that beats beneath it all. One must, of course, not disparage the analytic study of Bach. In his words, as in all art creations, passive contemplation on the listener's part would procure only vague and superficial sensation if it were not preceded or accompanied by intelligent examination and a reference to processes. In a musical composition, as in a work of architecture, unity in variety, structural relation of parts to each other, detail subsidiary to logical design, are certainly elements in the aesthetic impression as well as in the artist's consciousness. But they are not the whole, not even in the productions of the great masters of form—all this may

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exist and yet the work fall short of the highest; they are but means to the end, they must be merged and finally lost in the pure satisfaction of the instinctive craving for emotional beauty.

It is the glory of Bach that he so nobly achieves the artistic miracle of gratifying the spirit, in its needs unconscious of law, through rigid adherence to law. And it is, most certainly, the duty of one who wishes to understand him to recognize the law under which he worked. The cool analytic study of Bach has its rights, and must be justified. It is the enduring function of the great masters of form and expression, such as Bach and Beethoven, to enforce the lesson that the highest attainable in art must rest upon order and deliberate system, that the soul cannot be apprehended apart from the body, and that upon the symmetrical relations and wholesome processes of the enclosing form depends the sanity of the inhabiting spirit. "What the student of Greek sculpture," says Walter Pater, "has to cultivate generally in himself is the capacity for appreciating the expression of thought in outward form, the constant habit of associating sense with soul, of tracing that which we call expression to its sources. But, concurrently with this, he must also cultivate all along a not less equally constant appreciation of intelligent workmanship in work, and of design in things designed, of the rational control of matter everywhere."

In this citation from one of the masters of recent criticism we have the clue to the proper study of Bach. The point that I wish to make is that in respect to Bach the first division of this two-fold maxim of Mr. Pater needs especial enforcement—there is little need of urging the application of the second. The "appreciation of intelligent workmanship" in Bach's work, of "design" in the things which he designed, has always existed, and it is even now the point chiefly urged in expounding his works. It is "the expression of thought," toward which Bach's masterly workmanship tended, that has so often escaped even those who have studied him most persistently. It sometimes seems as though an enthusiasm for counterpoint were dangerous. The scientific habit may, even in art, cripple the fresh delight in sensation and feeling, just as the botanist's habit of exploring structure and vital processes may kill the nature-lover's rapture in form and color.

The cry of our age is for expression, it is characteristic

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beauty, not general or typical beauty, that is sought, and if the old masters are studied with eager zest, it is for the universal human interest in them and not for the mechanics of the forms they used. And so Bach comes to us moderns with a message which we, first of the generations, truly understand. It would, of course, be extravagant to claim that Bach divined all modern feeling and foreshadowed every means of expression which has been developed in an era so different from his own. Much of his work, it must be admitted, is out of date, scholastic and formal, cold and dry because the product of routine, "school music" like that of the hundreds of cantors and organists of his epoch whose works well typified the barren dogmas of the religious system which they served. But if this were all there is in Bach, his vast knowledge would not have served him; the wonder is that there is so little that is obsolete. He was a man who possessed the formulas of the system from which he grew, but was not possessed by them; his insight penetrated to that substratum of human emotion which indeed issues in forms which this or that age has found available, but which those forms do not exhaust. His art is by turns quaint, austere, playful, incomparably grand, yet mystical, haunting, unfathomable, endowed with a suggestiveness and a charm that are inexhaustible.

If Bach is all this (and those who would doubt it are fewer every day) then the question comes, how shall the musical world, especially the rising generation, be taught to see him as he really is? Bach is needed, he cannot be ignored without loss, and yet the old partial pedagogic view of him is in many quarters still ascendant. There is a dread of him among a great majority of students, and on the part of the general public sheer bewilderment and an almost ludicrous misapprehension. That this is so has been largely the fault of those who teach him, of his commentators, and of those who have left him without any commentary. For it is not true, as some hold, that the greatest artists are those whose greatness is most obvious and who appeal to the largest circle. Every message which is brought by the true kings of thought comes dressed in the garb characteristic of its period, and this to the unenlightened often serves as a disguise. To comprehend Bach in the fullest sense we must get into another century, among an-

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other people, into an order of ideas that has now become alien. We must learn the tone and spirit of the German mind in the reformation period and after, its stern individuality and proud aggressiveness, united to a piety which was often positive to a pugnacious dogmatism, yet rarely losing the inner fervency which has given the poetry and music inspired by it a singular edification and charm. Together with this background of religious ideas and the mystical temper of the German mind, we must consider the sources of the musical speech which Bach employed as found in the German hymn-tune and the special German art of organ playing, reinforced, for the sake of individual expression in his vocal works, with the new Italian recitative and cantilena. Bach created no new forms or styles; he simply carried to completion the forms and methods which had been growing under the hands of his predecessors, and charged them with a higher and more universal meaning. His involved manner of utterance was his native inherited speech, in which he expressed himself with spontaneous ease and freedom, and to receive the force of it we must free ourselves from the exclusive control of modern melody and coloring, and learn the resources of the language of his time and country.

All this, of course, is the task of the advanced special student —it is out of the reach of the beginner and the general musical public. Can Bach, then, ever be popularized? Can he become something more than the musician's musician? This can be decided only by experiment, and if the experiment were tried in common-sense fashion the results would often be surprisingly gratifying. Given a mind capable of appreciating Beethoven and Schumann (for one that obtains satisfaction from Chaminade does not come into the reckoning) it is then easy to add Bach to the group of poetic intimates. But the approach must be made through the proper avenues. The sweetness of melody, grace of movement, and tonal wealth that are found in him must be disclosed through the works which exemplify these qualities most conspicuously. The youthful mind cannot easily make leaps, it must proceed to the strange by gradual transference through the accustomed. The first study of Bach must be on the side where he is most modern, not on the side where he is most antique. Those who introduce students to Bach by means of the inventions know

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not what they do. The inventions are beautiful without doubt, but their beauty is of a sort that can be felt only by one who has gone deeply into Bach already. It cannot be too much emphasized that it is hardly less than sinful to run the risk of creating a lasting prejudice against a great master by using him merely as a means to attain some specialty of technic. Any amount of mechanical skill is no compensation for the intellectual loss that may be involved. It is the same blunder that was once made in our colleges (and perhaps is now in some of them) of taking students into Homer before they could read a line without the dictionary, with the result that the impression derived of him was not that of a mighty poet but an exponent of the laws of Greek syntax. Not so must one be brought before a great artist like Bach. The way must be judiciously, even craftily prepared, and the youthful mind must be enticed by the master's smile, not terrified by his austerity. Certain numbers of the Twelve and the Six little Preludes, the Suites in G and E, the Gavottes from the Suites in G minor and D minor, the Prelude and the Gigue from the B flat Partita—such as these attract from the outset. And then the preludes of the Well Tempered Clavichord, how fresh and irresistibly winning many of them are. What strains of innocent archness and naivete, pensiveness, serenity, thoughtful joyousness expressed in dainty turns and sweet surprises, do we find in such preludes as the G major, G minor, C major, C sharp major, E major, and A flat major in the first part, and those in E flat major, E major, F minor, G major, and A major in the second part. Of deeper emotional content are the preludes in C sharp minor, E flat major, E flat minor, and B flat minor in the first part, and those in C major, F major, G minor, A flat major, and B minor in the second. The B flat minor prelude in the first part has the whole of the St. Matthew Passion concentrated in it, and the E flat minor prelude of the first part has been compared to one of Chopin's most touching works, the Etude in C sharp minor, which it surpasses in grandeur and mournful suggestiveness. As Bach was the first composer to put pathos into instrumental music, so he remains one of the greatest masters of the pathetic.

The fugues of the Well Tempered Clavichord cover an equal range of feeling; their variety and beauty is a source of perpetual wonder. Breadth and granduer, shaken at moments

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with a sort of elemental passionate force, in the C major, C sharp minor, E flat minor, and B flat minor fugues in the first part; celestial calmness, dignity and tenderness combined, in the fugues in E flat, E and B major in the second part; mirthfulness, sustained with undulating grace, in the C sharp major, E flat major, and F sharp major fugues in the first part, and the G major in the second part; solemnity as of religious meditation in the G minor and A minor fugues of the second part,—these are but examples which might be multiplied in which the most subtle artifices of counterpoint are made to minister to expression and instantly to touch the native sense of beauty. Such works have in them the elements of wide popularity and they justify John Hullah's bold prediction that the Well Tempered Clavichord will outlast all other existing music.

Bach is best known to the general public through his organ works. There would seem to be the best opportunity through the organ recital to bring the people into friendly relations with the great master. Bach was first and last an organist. Many of his greatest piano works, notably the C sharp minor and the B flat minor fugues in the first part of the Clavichord seem to have been written with the organ in mind, as they certainly require the organ's agencies to unfold their real power. In his organ works his genius ranges freely, and all the resources of modern registration and tone building are not in excess of his rightful demands. Organists, however, have often done him injustice in two ways, first, by restricting themselves to a limited repertory of his pieces in public performance and emphasizing his most severe side, and second, by giving their audiences too little of him at a time and persisting in bringing him into immediate comparison with the sensational modern style. Bach is certainly well able to hold his own against Guilmant, Dubois and Saint Saens, but when he is brought into close juxtaposition with such as they, the average listener is unable to maintain the impression which Bach is adequate to make. And so the notion has become prevalent that an organ recital must open with some heavy work of Bach as a sort of obeisance to the proprieties, a sacrifice to the gods before the banquet, while the real musical enjoyment is to come later. Not in this way is Bach to be understood. Lotze uses as a proof of the lack of artistic judgment at the present day the custom of crowding art galleries with pictures incongruous in

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style, so that their impressions are mutually destructive, and a similar inference might be drawn from the jumbled programs of recitalists. Let Bach sometimes be heard by himself, let an hour be given up to him, let the varied moods of this rich mind be presented in judicious contrast, let the sublimity of his towering fugues, preludes, and toccatas be set over against the calm, melodious beauty of the choicest of the Chorale Vorspiele and the piquancy and blitheness of some of the sonata movements—then as the hour goes on there would grow little by little a sense of the many-sidedness of this man, his exhaustless imagination, his great human heart. One cannot spring suddenly into the mood which this music demands, there is necessary a preparedness of mind, a displacement of the ordinary mental habits, an absorption in the Bach atmosphere, and this surrender to the master is effected only by means of the music itself. It is a misfortune, as soon as the proper frame of mind is established, to be jostled out of it. I know that some will scoff at this idea. The public cannot endure an hour of Bach, they say. But whole recitals are devoted to other composers—Beethoven, Chopin, Schubert—with the utmost profit; why not to Bach? There are readings from a single poet; exhibitions of the pictures of a single painter. Every connoisseur is aware that if he would know Rembrandt he must go into a gallery and look for hours at Rembrandt and only Rembrandt, if he would feel the greatness of Michael Angelo he must go to the Sixtine or the Medici chapel where he will be safe from distracting impressions. The same is true of Bach. I have seen the experiment tried, and what I felt in myself was the experience of others, that then I had had a true vision of Bach, the depth and loveliness of his creations was at last revealed to me. It must be understood that the Bach recital has a practical serious purpose. The program must be selected and assorted with an eye to the facts of human nature. The listener must be tempted and charmed, and happily the material for this may be found in Bach's organ works. Bach was really one of the greatest melodists that ever lived, although his melody does not lie upon the surface. There is no melody more satisfying than is to be found in such Chorale Vorspiele as the "O Lamm Gottes unschuldig," "Wir glauben all an einen Gott," "Schmucke dich, O liebe Seele," and "O Mensch bewein' dein' Sunde gross."

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Such lyrics as these may be used as the flowery paths which lead up to the rugged heights of Bach's larger works.

My illustrations of the emotional side of Bach have been drawn from his instrumental works. If we enter the field of his cantatas and other church compositions we should find a still more definite and individual expression, a still ampler range of invention. The musician who may wish to teach others the real humanity of Bach should draw largely from the cantatas. Even to the majority of musicians they are a terra incognita, but there is no single group of works by any composer that offers richer rewards. When we are able to take Bach for all that he was, we can easily endorse Rubinstein's enthusiastic conclusion, that "a time will come when it will be said of him, as of Homer, this was not written by one, but by many."

In the nature of the case, Bach can never become a popular composer in the sense and to the degree that Chopin and Wagner are popular. There is truth and there will always be truth in what Robert Franz says in his essay on Bach's Magnificat, that the lack of general interest in Bach is due to the disposition of the public to view musical performance from the standpoint of instant sensuous effect, and the supposition that works that are not immediately intelligible are inaccessible and unprofitable. This lack of reflection on the part of the public requires that the popularizing of Bach, even to the qualified extent that is possible, must be effected by slow diffusion, by action upon individuals rather than upon the mass. Yet there is so much in Bach that is immediately intelligible, charming in melody and captivating in rhythm, so much that is impassioned and thrilling, that by means of proper selection and presentation it might even be said that the common people would hear him gladly. The encouraging fact remains that Bach's conquests are permanent. A progressive music lover may have his Schumann period, his Mendelssohn period, even his Chopin period, of longer or shorter duration,—his Bach period, if he ever has one at all, lasts him his lifetime. And the reason lies in the grand balance in Bach of the noblest qualities in art. He is a type of classic art in its highest attainment; expression is so merged in form, so conditioned and regulated by the laws of form, every element so adjusted and all so devoid of excess, that we are convinced, even before we are aware, that the prime

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necessity of great art is design and order. In the interpenetration of strict and legalized form with intense life and sincere emotion, Bach stands as the most complete illustration in music of the maxim of Edmund Spenser:

> So every spirit, as it is most pure,
> And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
> So it the fairer body doth procure
> To habit in, and it more fairely light
> With chearefull grace and amiable sight;
> For of the soul the bodie form doth take,
> For soule is form and doth the body make.

Oberlin Conservatory of Music, April, 1897.

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PHILIP AND CONSTANCE.

BY W. S. HARWOOD.

The sun was going down behind a golden bank of clouds and bearing with him the sweet glories of a perfect summer day.

Over the low hill which made a slender break in the prairie horizon there came just a faint tinkle of a bell. It was so far away it seemed almost as though it had come from the low-hanging star, so bright and clear just above the earth-line.

Then the faint bell was stilled, and as the dusk grew deeper there came up from the place where the bell had sounded out so musically a human tone, then another and another, and, though they were far away and distant and though the notes hardly fell into any tune or melody, nor distance, nor lack of uniformity, nor anything else could still in them a rich and mellow music.

You do not need a tune for music. You do not even need a melody; you may have added pleasures from all these, but what you need for music is what this voice had, coming up so rich and full as the singer neared in the deepening twilight—a soul. With the soul there was a voice of such deep and sweet manliness, such a round, full voice, and yet, with all its sonorousness, such a voice of spiritual beauty as well.

After a little the voice took to itself a song. It was, strangely enough, a recitative and aria from a noble oratorio. It sounded so strangely out of place, someway, on this wide, western prairie, so far from the city where such music would seem most appropriate for singing, so many, many miles from any town of any considerable size. The song was not always true to the notes of the master. Now and then a false tone would be struck, to be dropped by the singer so quickly when his rare ear knew it had been imposed upon by spurious coin. It was evidently a beginning effort, this attempt at the rendering of one of the most difficult of all arias.

But it was not the defects in the air one would be so apt to notice as the wonderful richness of the magnificent voice,

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sounding through the coming night like the voice of one gifted with more than human powers.

The singer reached the brow of the little hill and stood there in the on-coming night, his form outlined in unreal proportions against the dim sky beyond him. One could not see the face in the night, but in the pose of the form and in the poise of the head there was that which said this was no man of common clay; his face must be one of rich beauty if it belonged to the form standing there, while the stars came up the sky, like some prophet of music, foretelling harmonies for a discordant world.

The voice was stilled now and he stood with face uplifted toward the deep vault, his features more sharply defined as the twilight faded and left a clearer light upon the hill.

Not long he stood thus, for soon the words of the majestic aria again smote the air, this time that most impassioned appeal to the Lord God of Abraham, Isaac and Israel. Again there were faults in the notes, but the ear gave no heed to them, it was enough to hear the grand voice and to feel the thrill that only comes when the human voice is the medium of melody. All the soul of the singer vibrated in the song. It was as though he were in clear communion with the Most High, pleading for his people, and yearning with passionate earnestness for that recognition from them which the song implored.

Again the song rang out and then there was no sound but the strange, unreal noises of the night which no man can understand and whom no man can explain.

The singer had started down the little hill and soon he paused at an old fashioned stile in the road which made an opening in the crooked fence which had interrupted his pathway.

"What! are you here, Constance; how came you here in the night?"

"I knew you would come this way," a low voice responded, "and so I waited for you. You don't know how beautifully your voice sounded coming up from the hill, there, and someway it seemed to me that it wasn't you; it seemed as though it must be some angel who had come down—"

"No, no, dear one," as the grave-faced one beside her stooped down and interrupted the words, "you must not say so of me,

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it is not right; it will do harm to you and me to have such thoughts."

"But is it not true? Is there anyone who has ever heard so grand a voice as yours?" There was no stopping the speaker now.

"Is there any other voice in all the world so sweet, so grand? And did not Mr. Montfort when he was here last summer tell you that you would be a great singer some day if you only would study?"

There was a sudden start at the mention of this name. Mr. Montfort was a teacher of music who had found his way the summer before from his eastern home to this far western point for a hunting vacation, and in the village choir on Sunday had heard what to him was a most remarkable voice. He hunted the young man up, found him the son of a humble farmer, but with a strangely sweet and delicate temperament for one whose life had been passed in but little else than hard toil, with only such relaxation as came from the winter-time school and the study of the scant supply of books in the neighborhood libraries.

In the few times which the teacher visited this strange, shy youth, but at the portal of manhood, he had done what he could to persuade the young man to in some way give him or some other teacher a chance to cultivate the magnificent voice which God had given him.

The teacher could gain no promise from him and no satisfactory answer other than that he did not see how he could afford to take so long a trip and pay so much money for study.

No explanations that with his voice he could easily make far more than enough money to pay all his expenses while studying, were of any avail, and Mr. Montfort left a week or two later, much as a diamond lover might leave behind him a priceless gem in the unsympathetic, undeveloping hands of an ignorant South African. But he gave to the young man a copy of Elijah which he happened to have with him, his personal copy with all the markings of the oratorio in it, a by no means small gift, for it was a whole course in oratorio, that much-marked book with its pasteboard covers and its brown-lined figures in and around the names of the great composers printed on the front page. He told the young man to study the music as best he could, learn all the arias and recitatives, as well

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as he could, and when he came back for his hunt the next season he would hear him sing and help him again. Perhaps by that time he would be able to go away for training; he must not put it off too many years, for there would come a time when the most flexible voice in the world would refuse to yield and would be unable to free itself from flaws.

When the sweet-faced girl at the young man's side had mentioned the name of the teacher, the start which the slender form at her side gave was a warning of some kind she hardly knew what; a sort of a suggestion of something ill to befall, an unreal, intangible something she could not define.

"Why did you start so, Philip, when I said Mr. Montfort's name?"

"Did I start, my dear one? I am nervous, perhaps; you know how I am sometimes when I have been working so hard."

"But you are always rested after you sing," she said quickly, "you always tell me how much it rests you to get away from everybody just as you did this evening and sing all alone by yourself, and, oh, it is so grand, so grand," the enthusiasm driving away the spectre of doubt, "so grand to hear you sing. Do you know, Philip, that it seems to me sometimes you are almost like somebody from some other world, you are so full of such strange thoughts, you are so grave and quiet, so much unlike anybody I ever saw or even read of before. And then when I hear you sing as you did tonight as you stood there on the hill looking like somebody from some other world who had just stepped down from a star in the sky—"

"You must not say such things, my darling, for they make my heart full of pain. So; let us go; we will be late in the morning with our works if we stay here longer in the stars' sweet light."

II.

"Stand over there farther; so, there, that will do. Now from that distance try it again—so; that is better—not so strong this time, more like this."

The noble aria rang out clear and full and rich as the strong-faced, middle-aged man sang it in a trained baritone.

"Now, then, my boy, you sing it for me; I'd give half my

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life if I could sing it as you can if you only overcome the difficulties in your way. Once more, now."

It was a queer sight.

The vast barn was unstored with the season's hay soon to be piled load on load to the topmost line of the rafters. It was a huge, warm place with only the light of two windows away up near the ridge pole and with hardly a breath of air coming up from the cooler stables below. At one end of the big room stood the music teacher from the eastern city, back once more for his annual hunt; not for an instant unmindful of his promise to come again to the young singer who had so impressed him in the days of the former season. He had had the young man in mind more than once when he had been struggling as only a conscientious teacher will struggle with all sorts of voices, many of whom would never be worth the time or the patience or the money spent upon them, but voices, the owners of which would persist in training till the crack o' doom. More than once he had thought in his elegant city studio of that strange, shy singer he had met in the village choir; many a time he had looked forward to the time when he should meet him again and hear again a voice with such qualities in it as no voice he had ever heard before.

He stepped back a pace or two as he gave the warning, correcting words to the young man, and gave him a better pitch from the tube in his hand which had to answer for piano and orchestra.

Then came that furious, powerful aria, "Is not his word like a fire?"

The teacher stood with bowed head, each note of faultiness not escaping him, his ear catching the errors in phrasing, but his whole soul moved as it never had been before by a great soloist in one of the greatest of solos.

When the fiery passage was concluded he asked the young man to sing one more selection for him, "Lord God of Abraham;" then he stood with silent mien.

Looking up after the second aria he saw in the face of the young man, which had been flushed with the fervor of his feeling, a strange, sweet look, not that of some easily moved man with the shallow waves running near to the pebbles, the look, rather, of one whose currents were flowing seaward with resistless power.

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The face had paled after the impassioned prayer. The teacher stood silent a moment and then said in a low tone, so low the young man scarce heard it across the hay-strewn floor:

"That voice will move the world; will you come with me?"

There was silence again in the room. Then the young man said slowly, and as if weighing every word with care of a goldsmith parcelling out his precious store:

"How long would I have to be away, sir?"

Eagerly catching at this question as a token that there was hope that the voice might be saved to the world, the teacher answered. It would need a year or two of study in the rudimental parts of voice culture, perhaps, with his rare voice so well placed by nature, not so long as that by a month or two. Then it would take a year or two abroad and then he would be ready. In three years, or perhaps two years and a half, he would be able to make his first appearance in oratorio. Then, if no untoward accident befell the voice, it was the opinion of the teacher that the greatest success of the decade would be his.

When he had finished, there was silence again.

Coming closer to the teacher in the vast barn, with no other living thing in their presence save a gentle dove far up through the distance on a projecting timber, the strange, sad-faced young man, with his eyes not yet recovered from the intense excitement of the singing, said as he paused and looked down at the hay-strewn floor:

"I could not go without Constance, sir; it would kill her if I did, and I could not go with her, for we could not afford it. I love the singing as I never loved anything else in the world—but her. It would kill her if I went."

One day as he was sitting in his city studio, worn and weary with the toil of teaching, the post brought to Mr. Montfort a soiled, much-be-thumbed newspaper, done up in an old yellow envelope. He opened it half mechanically, half curiously, running his eyes down the provincial columns in search of what might be of interest to him. His eye caught a clumsily inked place, and he read:

"Philip Edgerton, of Rose Township, and his young wife were drowned Saturday in the high water in Bassett's Creek. They were buried in one grave. Edgerton could have saved

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his own life easily, but lost it in trying to rescue his wife. They put a singing book he had with him into the coffin with him, some book a singing teacher had given him and one he seemed to think a heap of."

And when the next pupil came into the studio he found the teacher with his head resting on his arm, and when he looked up his eyes were wet with tears.

W. S. Harwood.

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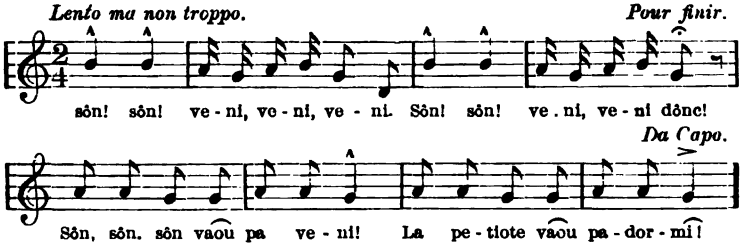
POPULAR CRADLE SONGS.

BY E. DE SCHOULTZ-ADIEWSKY.

(Continued from p. 512, March, 1897.)

Encouraged by the sympathy which certain readers have been pleased to express in my enterprise, I now proceed to give a second selection of popular cradle songs, and without further preface I pass to the musical analysis of other popular cradle songs, representing a higher degree of development than the very simple ones in my first article—a higher degree in melodic inspiration as well as in the development of musical form.

My sixth example is a Berceuse from Languedoc, sent me by Mlle. Madeleine Sabran (Paris).



If sleep fails to come at the call of so pretty a melody, so caressing, so piquant in its rhythm, it must be that the ear is refractory. What insistence in the "Come, come, come" (veni, veni, veni). Moreover, the theme rises almost to a thematic development like some of those of Haydn. And the refrain, which imitates the monotony of the monotonous oscillation of the cradle—verily we have here program music! Moreover, they say that this same refrain is sung also in Italy and beyond. It is the true "leit motif" of the cradle song.

Measure binary, without preliminary up-beat, final cadence female, a soft dwelling which avoids abruptly arresting the rhythm, "ambitus" restricted to six notes, or almost to three (the ambitus of the songs of Orpheus, according to tradition) because the D below is no more than a passing tone; finally

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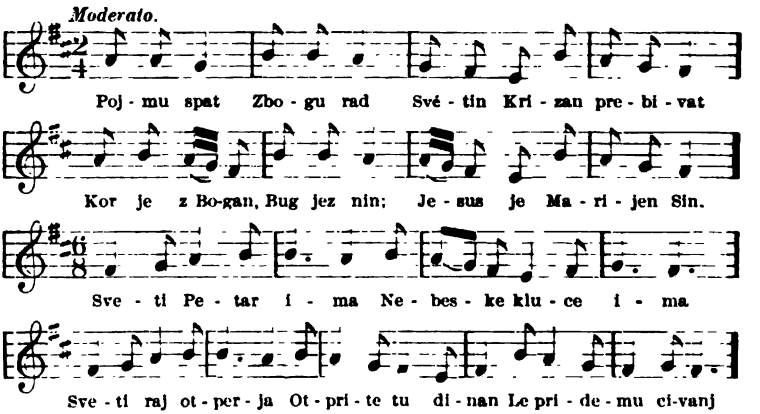
the end upon the tonic, G, absence of the leading tone, perfect symmetry of the musical forms, composed of three tetrapodies, phrase of four measures, counting the da capo—we have in these the qualities of an ideal cradle song; and when we sum up these qualities it is impossible to discover any reason why the child should not sink into slumber.

Our seventh example is a slovene cradle song, from northern Italy, sung by Cassaz Teresa, aged thirty-five, married at Battoja, living at Vedronza, native of Taipana, district Tarcento, province of Udine.



Returning from an excursion to Luzevera, one of those little slav villages picturesquely perched upon high rocks along a gorge coming down from the high mountains of Frioul, by a "white" torrent, I entered a little auberg for rest. It was kept by the carpenter, and I prayed his wife, still young, to sing me a cradle song of her native town, Taipana, a little village towards Monte Maggiore, near the confines of Austria. And so it was that I first heard this little song, which she said she had often heard from her mother.

The words have the character of a prayer, of a religious song. It may be a remnant of a hymn for domestic use, such as flourished during the middle ages among the Slavs of Russia, known as "dimetsvenny." Nevertheless the melody has all the allures of a cradle song, in this which forms its original characteristic, namely, that it reunites the two forms of binary measure which cradle songs present. (2-4 and 6-8).

Are these two different cradle songs which have become, so

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to say, welded together? I do not attempt to decide this question at this moment, but content myself with transcribing them as they were sung to me, the cantilena sweet and gracious, which proceeds by conjunct intervals according to the habitual fashion of popular melodies of the Slavs. This cradle song belongs to the class without a preliminary "up-beat," of which in the former article there were several examples. The final measure is feminine, that is to say, it ends upon the weak part of the measure; in this also it resembles the others. The final cadence, however, differs in many points, which merit attention:

First, the final note is not upon the tonic, as required by the reposeful ethos of a cradle song, but upon the third; in this respect it classes itself with almost all other Slav Italian songs, around the basin of the Adriatic and upon the plains of Venetia, which have the final cadence upon the third.

Second, the last phrase is extended a measure longer than the others; it has five measures in place of four. The amplification of the last phrase by means of repetition is a very common phenomenon in popular chansons, but there is still, generally, an observance of certain simple numerical relations, such as $2+1=3$, $2+2=4$, or $4+2=6$. Here the prolongation of the phrase is effected in an irrational manner, $4+1=5$, which destroys the equilibrium, and disturbs the order necessary for awakening a feeling of calm, which disorder can never awaken, no matter under what form it appears.

As to its architecture, then, this melody represents a particular case, a deviation from the general rules, which indicate symmetry as one of the essential conditions of a cradle song. I am inclined to believe that the young singer may have confounded and poorly retained the end of the song, from a metric point of view. But we can afford to pardon her this in consideration of her having transmitted the group of three last notes (mi fa mi), which the Greeks called "Proslemmatismos," and in the neumatic language of Gregorian chant are called "torculus," which indicates its ancient and traditional origin and confirms, moreover, the suspicion above mentioned that this song had in some way come down from the music of the church.

Our eighth example is a Slovene cradle song, heard at S. Pietro at Natoisone.

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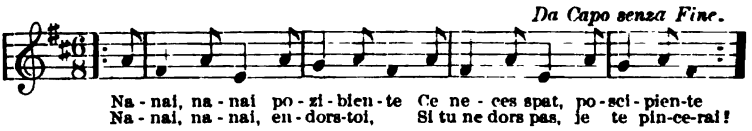
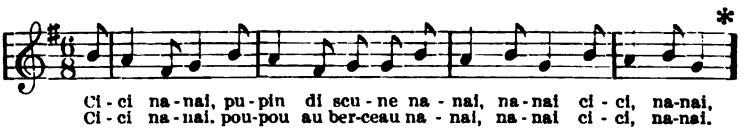


Ninth, a cradle song, Slovene–Friulane, sung by a woman of eighty-six at Luzévera, district of Tarcento.



(The remainder of the text of this song, without music, may be found in the very interesting collection just published by Fiorita, by Eugénie Lévy, Bemporad, Florence.)

I have brought together into one group these three little melodies, not so much because they are unworthy of being examined apart, for there is nothing small in art, but because the juxtaposition of these themes, or above all, the melodic motives, which appertain to the category of what I would call embryonic cradle songs, appears to me instructive from an ethnological point of view. We have remarked that the cradle songs of Slav origin begin with a light "up-beat," and an unaccented syllable, while the Italian cradle song constructed upon the words ninna nanna, having the accent upon the first syllable, commence the initial measure with a strong accent corresponding. The first are in iambic meter; the second are trochees. The Slovenes of upper Italy and eastern Veneto consequently put their babies to sleep upon a meter absolutely opposed to that of the Italians.

I do not wish to be understood that there are no other types, and my collections, which I repeat, is far from complete, far from representing the complete material necessary for formulating at present a conclusive opinion; I leave, then, this question open, that the collaboration of my savant friends may throw a desirable light upon the question, namely:

(1) If my observation upon the employment of iambic meters, with the Slavs in general and with the Slovnes in particular, applied to cradle songs, is found justified or not by more numerous examples; and if on the other hand the use of

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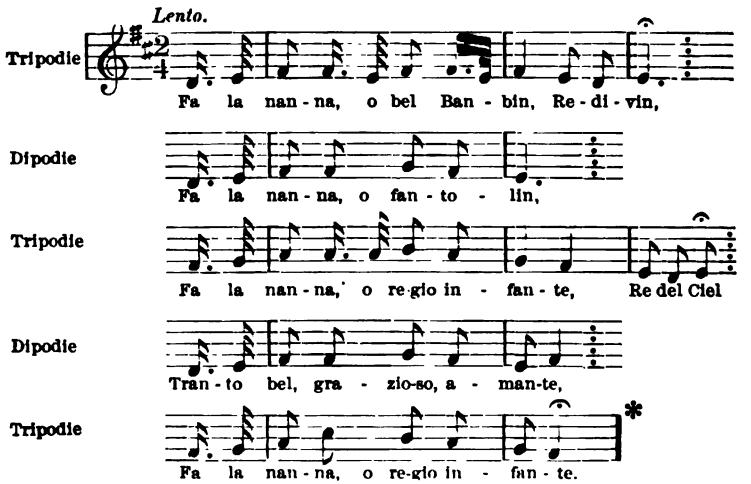
trochaic meters is demonstrated in the greater part of Italian cradle songs.

This in turn would throw a new light upon the psychic and psychologic sides of the question, and would establish the fact that the "up-beat," simple, monosyllabic, might be employed in the cradle song not alone from an art point of view, but also in the moral order, because its constant use would seem to demonstrate that it did not destroy the calming character, the hescastic ethos of a melody intended to tranquilize infants to slumber.

I do not quite know at precisely what point language enters into the case to influence the structure of cradle songs. People who have a strong accent upon the first syllable are less inclined, it seems, according to the opinion of the illustrious Slav linguist, M. Baudouin de Courtnenay, to let it dominate than those who have the accent upon the following syllable. I have no idea to what point the Slav women are influenced in their cradle songs by their imagination; only I have noticed this peculiarity uniformly in cradle songs of Slav origin.

Example eleven, "Ninna-nanna della Madonna," sung by Francesca Bottignoli de Orsage (Treviso).



This melody belongs to the religious cradle songs, that is to say, has for its subject an invocation to some saint or the Madonna for protection for the child. The Slovene cradle song quoted above is another example.

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These two cradle songs, the Slovene and the Italian, have this in common, that they have a larger melodic structure than usual and a greater freedom of rhythm. Observe the effect of the little phrases thrown in, as it were; "Re Divin" and "Re del Ciel," which interrupt the regular rhythmic structure of phrases balanced against each other, and lengthen what originally were phrases of usual length to three measures instead of two. These larger phrases of three measures, hexameters, alternate with phrases of two measures, tetrameters; and a supplementary phrase of two measures crowns the whole. The melody, therefore, is in a five-fold division, such as we find among the chansons of the ancient Bretons. It remains to note the employment of a preliminary "up-beat" and the cadence upon the third at the end—both characteristics more conducive to agitation and incompleteness than to repose and slumber.

(To be concluded.)

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THE MUSICAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

BY HENRY M. DAVIES.

Everyone knows what it feels like to be moved by the strains of music. In theater, concert hall, church, in the privacy of home—wherever we have heard music, we have felt certain experiences more or less pleasing. Probably there is no more catholic fact than the fascination of sounds—a fact which seems to indicate that human consciousness is peculiarly susceptible to this species of stimulus, savage and civilized alike coming under its spell. The history of music, with its drum, fife and lyre stages (cf Rowbotham's His. of Music, 3 vols.), is a proof, if proof were needed, that these modifications of our consciousness, which take place upon occasion of the right sort of stimulus, do not depend upon chance. There is, in other words, a measurable relation between our experiences and the musical sounds we hear, which justifies the title of this paper; we have a musical consciousness, as well as a religious and moral consciousness—not perhaps separable from the total life of the individual at any one time and place, but sufficiently distinct to be recognizable as somehow and for some reason unique.

The significance of this fact has doubtless suggested itself to those who, like Isaac Walton, look even at angling as an art. When listening, for example, to Walther's song in "Die Meistersinger;" or one of the passionate outbursts of genius in a symphony of Beethoven; or perhaps more commonly in a religious service to the Ave Maria of Bach, we have raised the question, What does it all mean? Why am I the subject of these strange and mingling emotions? How comes it that I am in possession of this delicate organism capable of such exquisite response? If these questions had never come to mind; if men had never asked them in connection with their experiences of musical sounds, music would not deserve the prominent place it has attained in the social life of the world. For it is precisely such questions as these which lie deep and in-

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choate in our minds, and which prompt the effort of musical expression. We cannot, therefore, like Schopenhauer (Die Welt als Wille, 1, sec. 52, iii, e, 39), regard the phenomena of music as somehow beyond those laws of growth and causality which determine the evolution of consciousness in other departments of its activity. This paper, in short, aims to describe and explain what is implied in our experiences as beings capable of aesthetic, particularly musical, appreciation as dependent upon this evolution. If we appear to apply the knife, dividing asunder soul and spirit, joint and marrow, in our analysis and criticism, let it be understood that it is only with the object of satisfying the natural tendencies of our minds as reflective, self-conscious and rational; not to indulge in prejudicial or malicious criticisms, which do not arise out of an absolute devotion to truth.

"Nothing extenuate
Nor set down aught in malice,"

should be the spirit of all enquiries into human life and character, especially in so delicate a sphere as music.

The method must be scientific. It is one of the most unfortunate aspects of aesthetic philosophy up to the present that it has developed no method. Books on art are turned out from the press with amazing rapidity; for the age is committed to art and art culture as to no other interest. But beyond monographs and a few volumes on the scientific aspects of the subject, we do not possess a book dealing with the method of aesthetical enquiry. Being one of the latest of the arts to develop, music has been entirely omitted in the circle of scientific and philosophical methodology. But this cannot be a permanent attitude towards these culture interests. Indeed, the accumulation of material, in history, psychology, and observation of nature (Witchell—"Evolution of Bird Song," 1896), is forcing us to treat the phenomena with that relative independence which belongs to an important group of phenomena. A method always becomes necessary when this is the case. Now, valid aesthetic method, I submit, will attempt three things. (Prof. Basch read a paper at the recent Psychological Congress at Munich on this subject. See Philosophical Review, 1896, Oct.). First, it will analyze the data, with a view to discovering the psychological elements,

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the laws of their growth and causality, which enter into the aesthetic field. Second, it will attempt a logical work, the chief aim of which will be to set forth the implications of the data, so far as these form the elements of a theory of aesthetics. Thirdly, it will raise the question of the why? of the subject. In brief, valid aesthetical method must be psychological, logical and metaphysical. It is this method which we shall now proceed to apply to the musical consciousness as an aesthetical product. In the present article the psychological standpoint is taken. In the next section the critical standpoint is assumed.

I.

Our first effort must be directed towards the analysis of the musical consciousness, which is an exceedingly complex affair and which, therefore, must be investigated, by observation and introspection, before we undertake to form any theory of the facts. And we shall begin by seeking for the dawn of musical sensibility in the vague and inchoate reactions, which take place upon occasion of physical stimulus. (cf. a series of articles on the Psychology of Music by M. Dauriac, in Revue Philosophique.) Physiological, physical and psycho-physical science are our first servants.

1. That there is a physiological basis to the musical consciousness can no longer be doubted by candid minds. Just how far to permit the application of physiological elements is the only question. In general, it may be said, that all our mental processes are more or less instinctive and much of what has been regarded as purely spiritual is now generally relegated to the region of bodily processes. This has been one of the surprises of modern science. But the other aspect, viz., the psychical, has also made gains upon the physiological. So that now many of our so-called bodily processes have been recovered to psychology. (cf. a recent article in "Mind" by Miss Hamlin, January, 1897.) Instinct is one of these vague regions, which seems to partake of the characteristics of both sides of our dual nature; the tendency being to regard it as a conscious complex, and so far forth as a spiritual rather than a merely bodily form of activity, as applied to the beginnings of a musical consciousness, this means that the sensation connected with the first reactions of the infant to musical

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sounds are of a primitive conscious order, though closely related with external and internal organic processes; and that this primitive, instinctive reaction involves intellectual, voluntary and emotional elements in an obscure way. It is useless, however, to endeavor to find the chronological prius out of which all musical experience comes. Children have been known to manifest distinct pleasure on hearing music as early as the tenth day. But no conclusion, having philosophical value, can be drawn from these early experiences. The reaction on the part of the infant is largely automatic, and dependent upon bodily fusions, and is of the nature of an impulsive action. The "dawn" of music, therefore, is, like the dawn of the day, gradual and mixed with the shades of night.

"Every object that excites an instinct," says Prof. James, "excites an emotion as well." ("Principles of Psychology," vol. ii, p. 442.) The relation between these two activities —instinct and emotion—is one of the knotty questions in psychology. Prof. Lloyd Morgan ("Emotion and Instinct," ch. 8. Compare, however, Prof. Ladd's chapter 25 in his "Psychology, Descriptive and Explanatory.") inclines to the belief that the relation is established by means of association and visceral heredity. Our original experiences differ from the acquired experiences in this: The impulse of the former is efferent, out-going; the impulse of the latter is afferent, ingoing. Our emotions, therefore, belong to those acquired experiences which are correlated with out-going and in-coming impulses associated together by habit, and transmitted in the form of "instincts." In this process, Prof. Morgan gives a prominent part to the automatic activities connected with the lower brain centres, such as the viscera. These visceral data are the physiological basis of our emotional states. From them arise the "coarser" conscious states, which give character to our emotions. This means, as applied to the origin of our aesthetic appreciation of musical sounds, that the child's emotions, on hearing the notes of a piano, are the result of association and the transmission of instinctive visceral activities by heredity. This theory, however, is open to grave doubt both in itself, and in its application to our musical consciousness. Considering the accidental character of the origin of music it seems too cut and dry, over estimating the influence of association in the instinctive life of the animal. It

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is a matter of fact that in the same family a son may be without any "ear" for music, whilst another will be a genius; and both will owe their origin to the same parents. Moreover, the location of our genetic emotions in the visceral region and lower brain centres, does not take account of the fact that we are not conscious of the location and actually experience a very opposite state in emotional reaction. Our emotions present themselves as massive and diffused; not restricted in area. About all we are justified in saying, in the present state of scientific investigation, is, that our primitive sensations of a musical order, are a complex in which bodily processes are fused with mental processes; that these processes are connected, but what the connection is no one can tell, because we know so little about the functions of the nerves in promoting and impeding the passage of the stimuli to the mind.

One feature, however, of musical consciousness presents itself with a relative amount of fixedness in the early stage, viz: the pleasure that musical notes always excite in us. This fact must be carefully distinguished, however, from the refined enjoyment that the cultivated musician is capable of, and which depends upon a long and laborious training of the mental faculties. What we speak of now is the mere sensuous delight in sound which belongs to the earliest experiences of human beings. The so-called "recapitulation theory" may serve us here with an illustration. According to this theory the origins of music in the race may be taken as typical of the experiences of the individual. The love of natural sounds—birds' notes, the sound of cataract water, the sound of the thunder, etc.—is the underlying reason of musical expression. Under the influence of the natural environment pleasant were distinguished from unpleasant sounds. The pounding of two sticks together, in a rhythmical way, as affording pleasurable imitative experience, would, thus, be the real beginning of music. History shows the origin of musical pleasure to consist in the value set upon these rhythmical sounds. All sound is not aesthetical in effect; it becomes aesthetical only when it becomes rhythmical and expresses imitative variety and force. Originally, all the world found the pleasure of music in drum-like noises, producing rhythmical sound; just as the inhabitants in certain parts of South America and Lapland do at the present time. Similarly in the individual. The baby finds delight

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in rhythmical noises, which it soon learns to control by itself. Part, therefore, of every musical sensation, is this fact of agreeableness, dependent upon a more or less clear discrimination of measure and beat. Physiology, however, can give us no explanation of this activity of discrimination, whereby the mind sets value upon the sounds presented to it. We must, therefore, pass the further description of the phenomena over to physics and psycho-physics, taking note, meanwhile, of the fact.

So far, then, the dawn of the musical consciousness does not reveal much of the complexity which characterizes the matured mind. "Ear" seems to be largely a matter of accidental or incidental causes. And this would have remained the situation of things had not science addressed itself to the more thorough investigation of the factors involved in our instinctive reactions to musical sounds, physics investigating the nature of the stimulus sound; psycho-physics the correlation of the conscious state with the stimulus and the quantitative determination of that relation. We need not delay on this part of the subject, as our chief interest is with our consciousness of musical emotion. Physics has clearly demonstrated, however, that "nature" is so constituted that sound depends, for its peculiar effect, upon periodic waves. These waves have definite and calculable characteristics, such as velocity, period of condensation (wave length), frequency and the like. From this objective standpoint the nature of our sound-sensations has been calculated. Perception of sound has been found to depend on T (period) and musical sounds are perceptible between 20 and 40,000 periodic beats. The agitation of the "drum" of the ear is possible between these limits. From the same standpoint (of the stimulus) the various qualities of these sensations have been studied. Thus, pitch depends upon the number of waves concentrated in a single sensation, advancing at a definite speed from some sounding body. No numerical value can yet be given for the intensity of musical sounds and the sensations dependent upon them. It varies with the waves, i. e., with the remoteness of the sounding body and with the amplitude of the waves. But it seems likely that when the nature of the medium through which these waves travel (the elusive luminiferous ether) is more thoroughly understood, this matter also will be cleared up. (cf. "Theory of Physics." J. S.

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Ames, 1897, p. 161, f.) The quality of these sensations has been discovered to depend upon the difference in the forms of the waves, i. e., upon the super-imposition of partial vibrations upon the fundamental ones through affinity in the tonal harmonies. It was Helmholtz who gave such impetus to the physical investigation of musical sensation (Tön empfindung and Popular Lectures) and latterly he has been followed by Stumpf (Tonpsychologie) on the broader plain of general psychology. Helmholtz, upon the basis of his now famous siren experiments, discovered the source of our pleasure in musical notes in the upper partial tones. The "ton stosse" or tone beat-tones discord were found to depend upon the irregular succession of the vibrations and to disturbances in the aerial waves. Mathematically it was discovered that beyond 132 beats a second an unpleasant effect was produced, and tracing the experience further, a tone-shock or discord was due to the impingement of two of the adjacent tones on the same organ of Corti. For the same reason, the regular stimulation of the organ is pleasant and produces musical reaction or the sense of harmony. Thus the "ton stosse" are the physical cause of discord and the regular stimulation of the organs of Corti is the objective basis of harmony. In his own words, this fact is expressed by Helmholtz by saying: "Consonance is a continuous, dissonance is an intermittent, sensation of tone." (Mr. Rutgers Marshall "Pain, Pleasure and Aesthetics," ch. 3) has made still more general inductions as to the nature of our pleasure in aesthetical consciousness. He finds the cause in the energy of the organic activity involved. He states his principle in the following words: Pleasure is experienced whenever the physical activity coincident with the psychical state, to which the pleasure is attached, involves the use of surplus stored force. Pain is experienced whenever the physical action, which determines the content, is so related to the supply of nutriment to its organ, that the energy involved in its reaction is less in amount than the energy which the stimulus habitually calls forth." This principle, like that of Helmholtz and Prof. Morgan, however, when applied to the concrete states of the mind in a condition of activity, shows us how highly speculative all physical theories are, and how far short they fall of the richness of life. As to their tenableness, it may be said that the earliest

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musical sensations in the concrete life of the race do not reveal the fixed and stable condition implied in these statements. As a matter of fact, all these theories imply a developed system of musical notation, and, therefore, a more or less developed state of aesthetical consciousness. They throw no light, or very little, on the dawn of the musical intelligence. The child, indeed, admits all sounds and not a few noises, through its organs. It is to be doubted if we can generalize as to the cause and nature of its automatic responses, inasmuch as we have, in physiology and phycho-physics, no means of determining the principle whereby it differentiates its aesthetic from its ordinary experiences. This, surely, is not a physiological or a physical matter. Helmholtz clearly saw this when he insists that "we have to distinguish between the material ear of the body and the spiritual ear of the mind." All that experience justifies us in saying, at present, is that the dawn of musical feelings shows us a complex in which sensations are fused with bodily activities and vague discriminative elements. We shall have more to say in the next division of the subject on this matter, from the logical standpoint.

It is only when we have emerged from these vague and inchoate experiences that we begin to see, clearly, the influences which have operated in the production of what may be called the musical perception. These influences are the activity of voluntary attention, repetition and association or habit. By means of these activities sensations organize themselves into groups, forming complex systems of sensuous feeling. (Wundt, "Outlines of Psychology," ch. 2, and Ladd, "Psychology," pp. 61-85, 253 cf. Preyer, "Development of the Intellect.") In every musical sensation we have to take account not only of stimulus and organ, which may be regarded as the apparatus of musical consciousness; there is the elementary discrimination of the intellect, whereby sounds and noises are distinguished as concordant and discordant. In fact, it is not too much to say that there are psychic elements running loose over the whole key-board of the sensorium, seizing this, that and the other sensuous impression of sound and co-ordinating them into great groups, which serve as the foundation of our musical memory. The pedagogical value of an environment wherein musical sounds may be systematically heeded, will be obvious to the reader. For the beginnings of musical con-

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sciousness; for ear and memory, the early discriminations seem to be decisive for the mind of the child. It is not for a moment to be supposed, of course, that an infant notices the differential in the nature of the stimulus—the difference, e. g., between a piano note and a note bowed on a 'cello—but the difference may be discriminated, and this discrimination points to the existence of intellectual potentialities, manifesting themselves in the earliest dawn of mental life. The aesthetic memory consists of the synthesis of these elementary discriminations, and it is of the highest importance that the activities of perception be so trained that the judgment be not distorted; for the mechanism of mental life will see to it that whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap, musically, as otherwise.

In summing up this primary stage of our analysis, we have to notice the darkness which surrounds the dawn of musical perception; the accidental origin of the "taste" for musical culture and the vague discriminations of the mind in the beginnings of musical consciousness. Science justifies us, at present, only in saying that the musical sense is a complex in which sensations are associated together in groups, dependent partly on the nature of the stimulus and partly on the mental activities of perception and the elementary processes of the mind. The discrimination of the pleasure of some sounds, repeated at definite intervals in rhythmical order, is the origin of music so far as we can get at it. For the rest, ignoramus.

2. We have next to inquire into the process of musical elaboration. We have to analyze the process whereby the "ear" of the child develops into the "ear" of a Beethoven, or a Brahms. We have to take account of the uniformities which underlie the varieties of musical consciousness. We have, if possible, to explain how these varieties come about. For, it is obvious, before Beethoven could write the exquisite symphony in C, he had to pass through the ordeal of growth. A remark or two may, therefore, be made on the process, as it bears on the subjective conditions of musical consciousness. (cf. Sully, "Sensation and Intuition," ch. 4, 5, 6.) In the first place, in the process of musical elaboration, there is an extended use of the elementary mental activities, involved in musical perception, upon the data of sound. The child's elementary reactions to sound are not widely distinguished, in essence, from his reactions to rhythmical noises; though the

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amount of discrimination is greater in the latter than in the former. The fact to be noticed in this connection is that the one activity passes naturally into the other; a merely sensuous delight in noises becomes aesthetical through developing consciousness of the relative values of the various movements, excited in the emotions by means of these sounds and noises. The continuity of the mind's activity is unbroken. What is present in the advancing state is a field of individual judgment which presents itself as something vague and inchoate in the earlier stages. (Mr. Marshall's analysis of the aesthetic judgment in his "Pain, Pleasure and Aesthetic" is excellent. See chap. 3, p. 106 f.) In this judging activity, as it relates to the growth of the musical consciousness, there is already implied considerable development of the organ of hearing and the correlated mental activities involved in musical intelligence, such as perception, memory, thought, etc. Thus, under the law of progress, regularly recurring impressions of sound are now combined into series and selective attention, under the guidance of rational teleology, begins to accentuate certain members of the series, largely according to the influence of vocal and other somatic considerations. In this way "time" is built up. First comes the simplest, or two-time, which may be called march time; and next three-time. And so far forth as "time" depends upon the stability of the notes in relation to one another, the scale, as a musical creation, appears in about the same way. The same is true in the employment of the notes for musical ends. A march, in this primitive sense, means notes struck in two-note-time; and the war and hunting songs of undeveloped races shows that this is the sum and substance of the matter. Three-note-time belongs to a still more advanced state of the judging activity. Space and time, therefore, are involved in every judgment of musical values; space as the sphere of the sounds and time that of duration of sounds.

Further, conceptual processes, imagination and intellect, enter into all musical elaboration and aid in the formation of a wider field of musical display. The extension of the scale and the growing inclination to apply the conception of pitch or key to certain notes, is the great achievement of man's developing musical consciousness. Now this bodying forth of sound in an orderly manner is an act of the conceptual imagination and implies an intellectual movement. For example,

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the pentatonic system of the Chinese is far superior to the savage's rhythmical "whoop;" and the construction of synthetic phrases, passing naturally into melody, reflects the more advanced use of the intellect which these systems contain. Indeed, the scale employed may be taken as a fair objective test of the degree of musical intelligence of any people. But the subjective conditions which determine this development are the important matters for us, and these are, the laws which govern the formation of all mental images primarily. We shall speak later of the influence of national temperaments and permanent traits of feeling, upon musical development. At present we need only observe that the judgment enlarges as the conceptual processes enlarge. Notes, sounds, and the objective media of musical expression generally, have more value for our growing intelligence. Already we have passed out of the sensuous stage and begin by means of the intellect to penetrate the mystery of things and to give a "local habitation and the name" to our conceptions. This corresponds to the intellectual stage and is contemporaneous, in the experience of the race and the individual, with the mastery of the formal part of musical art.

We have seen, then, how the raw material of sense, the crude consciousness of sounds, is gradually reduced to system by means of the synthetic activity of imagination and intellect; we have seen how selective attention and association enter into the process and we have also seen how the beginnings of musical science may be accounted for, so far as this depends upon these subjective conditions. We must now further observe that the growth of musical consciousness implies a considerable emotional activity. Indeed, by a sort of informal consent, the musical consciousness has been commonly supposed to consist of this one activity of consciousness (cf. Krebiel's "How to Listen to Music," ch. 2), trained to the highest degree. This is, for practical purposes, true; but it is not true in reality. Yet, the actual, concrete, experience of mankind, the testimony of consciousness when in a state of musical excitation, bears witness to the fact that the emotional life coupled with the synthetic activity of imagination and intellect, is a large part of our musical enjoyment. It may be said that our capacity for impression depends upon the existence of the wide-reaching emotions; and the degree of our sensitiveness to harmonic

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response depends, in like manner, on the extent to which these wide-reaching emotions have been trained. Thus, the subjective conditions upon which the science of harmony depends are always comparatively late in making their appearance; yet the quality of harmony, i. e., the synthesis of sounds, is something to which our emotions are always responsive. I call these emotions wide-reaching, to distinguish them from the simple feelings and passions which depend for their character upon individual stimuli. For there is a "wide-reaching" difference between the child's feeling for single tones, sung or played rhythmically; the uncivilized man's rude apprehension of the value of sound, and what we may distinguish as the emotion of harmony. The difference lies in the far more developed activity of imagination and intellect implied in the latter. For example, the violent percussion of a drum in the frenzy of a war dance, has only a most elementary quantity of imagination in it in comparison with the quantity displayed, e. g., in the descriptive music of Gounod's "Redemption." History proves our psychological insight; for harmony is the exclusive possession of relatively advanced peoples, as these exhibit a higher and more ideal type of estimation of sound. The same is true of individuals. Some men have no emotional sense of harmony; the fact being that the musician's judgment is an individual product and shows the same degrees as all judgment. Its main characteristic, however, always is a certain capacity to be stirred in the emotions, to respond to the sensations which the conceptual imagination and intellect synthesises. Further proof of this position, viz., that there are levels of development in musical emotions, corresponding to the levels of intellectual development, is found in the patent fact that music in the modern sense of the word, as including a full equipment of harmony, is only about four hundred years old and its beginnings are distinctly traceable to the contribution made by our emotions, which had been enlarged by the widening of the horizon of men's life. In terms of psychology, this may be expressed by saying that "we get emotions at different grades, corresponding to all the grades of intellection." (Robertson, "Outlines of Psychology." The chapter on the emotions.)

Reference has already been made on a previous page to the pleasurable effect which music always exerts, and which we

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have declared to be an uniform characteristic of all aesthetic consciousness. We need now to observe that in the musical consciousness not only does this element pass over, naturally, into the higher emotional experience, just referred to; but our psychic life rests, in this particular of its development, upon the fact that we are always in a condition of pleasure or pain. When, therefore, a musical composition is listened to it goes directly to this basic experience for its effect. Now, this experience must be distinguished from sensation on the one hand and emotion on the other, yet not in such a way as to break the continuity of the conscious stream of activity. (cf. Ladd. Psychology, Descriptive and Explanatory, p. 188 ff.) For pleasure and pain are qualities of all mental states of the most general nature. (Whether there is a neutral state, which is neither pleasurable or painful, does not affect the fact contended for here.) They are closely related to sensations; but they are not mere sensations. They are closely related to emotions ; but they are not mere emotions. No one sensation, and no one emotion has the double characteristic of the feeling of pleasure-pain. Acid is always unpleasant; discord is always disturbing; neither are ever pleasant. We are thus carried back into the mysterious region of impulse and instinct, the hereditary tendencies of our nerve structures, for this fundamental characteristic of our mental life. We must, it seems to me, insist, however, that the facts do not warrant the resolution of the pleasure-pain feeling of our aesthetical consciousness, into the consciousness of more or less stimulation of the nervous system. This feeling is an original and underived form of consciousness. Of it both feeling and emotion partake; for it is a quale of all mental states. The musical emotion, therefore, cannot develop without coming under its influence. The pleasurable in music is dependent, in other words, upon this capacity of the soul to be pleasantly (or painfully) affected, by the presentation of some idea through the imagination held up in sensible manifestation. Such a capacity involves a considerable development of trained emotional judgment, the factors of which are at once the pleasurable elements which belong to the sensations from which the aesthetic state starts, and the co-operation of our fundamental faculties in their connection in an object constructed by creative imagination.

All these processes unite to form that peculiar kind of knowl-

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edge upon which the art of music rests for its nature and purpose. The musician presumes that he knows what he is about in his employment of sounds in an orderly, scientific manner. Now, what is implicated in this claim of knowledge on the part of the student of music? Take an example, such as might be afforded by any of the symphonies of Beethoven. These are serious works; not written for dilletanti, or for the mere fun of the thing. Beethoven, at any rate, thinks that three things are true of any of his symphonies. First, they are the product of his rational activity; not the mere "Epiphenomena" of his consciousness. They are the result, if you like to put it so, of the organization of his experience; from which he infers the validity of all experience of the same kind. Second, he thinks that his rational activity involves all the principles which make rational activity explain something to other minds besides his own. He thinks that other men will learn to understand his symphonies. Third, he assumes, throughout, that his symphonies epitomize, so to speak, his knowledge of the thinking, feeling and willing mind which he knows in self-consciousness; that his work stands in a relation of permanent causality to his judgment and experience. The works of Beethoven are the stored-up result of all the individual heart-beats, all the individual acts of memory, all the glorious pangs of feeling, all the effort of rational will, which passed through the consciousness of Beethoven in the course of his life. And knowledge, as an individual development, can be no more than this. It is only necessary for us to take note of the two facts upon which the claim of knowledge rests; it is a rational growth and involves all the activities of the mind in a more or less developed form. The result, therefore, of the elaboration of the data of musical consciousness must ever be the subjugation of that data to a rational synthesis, which leads far beyond the immediate limits of sensation, or the present moment, and conducts us to the contemplation of ideal reality. In my opinion, it is the very immediateness of this conviction, in the developed consciousness, that constitutes the mystery and yet the glory of all art, and especially musical art.

(To be continued.)

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THE LARYNGOSCOPE IN SINGING.

BY KARLETON HACKETT.

What benefit has the art of singing received from the modern scientific study of the throat? Has it been of any value at all? This is a question of the very greatest interest to every singer, and more especially to every teacher of singing. It is bitterly debated pro and con, and by some strange perversity it seems rather as though the theoretical voice students, the scientists and their followers were all on the pro side, and the great army of singers and the makers of singers were ranged in the ranks of the opposition.

The first question that comes to the mind is:—have the scientists succeeded by the aid of their technical knowledge of the throat in making great singers, or even a large number of good singers? Echo alone seems to answer. On the other hand, where did what famous singers the world boasts today receive their training? It really seems as though it had been from those ignoramuses—so far as science is concerned—the old fashioned teachers of the voice. But, says some one, the art of singing is in a state of great decadence, and the modern singers are not to be taken as a criterion. Well, what of it? The farther back you go for your really great singers, the farther you get from any possible influence of scientific throat study, either for good or bad, on the singer.

It is not necessary for either teacher or singer to know anything about the throat from the scientific standpoint. That much may be unhesitatingly affirmed as a basic proposition. How may this be said? Because if we know anything about singing at all—we know that the most famous singers the world has ever seen, lived and died before the laryngoscope was invented. And another race of singers equally famous, while singing after the actual discovery of the laryngoscope, made their careers before it began to exert any influence on the art—and while the modern scientific study of the throat was in its infancy. If knowledge of the throat, such as the specialist has

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today, be necessary either for singer or teacher, how can we account for the fact that the most glorious period of the art of singing was before any such knowledge existed in the world?

This is the whole question in a nut-shell. There is no getting away from this fact. It stands fronting the scientist with serene countenance, saying: "You may be an aid, you can never be a necessity." The generation is by no means gone that remembers Rubini and Mario in their prime—who assisted at Patti's debut. I know one old gentleman who studied with Lablache himself. How much need had they to thank the laryngoscope and its teachings?

Then arises some laryngoscopist and in his might thunders his crushing answer: "Then you maintain that the less you know about the subject you profess to teach, the better able you are to give instruction in it." And all the ranks of science set up a joyful shout and shake one another by the hand—while the abashed teacher is supposed to slink away blushing in shame. But in well merited humiliation the homely thought of Josh Billings comes whispering words of cheer—"It is better not to know so much, than to know so many things that ain't so."

No, the scientist, in his zeal for acquired knowledge, has lost sight of one fundamental fact—that singing is a natural act, the expression of emotion, and does not have to be learned arbitrarily from observation and study, as the use of the laryngoscope needs must. A normal healthy youth with the desire to express himself by singing instead of speech, may and frequently does sing, that is vocalize, beautifully without the benefit of any instruction whatsoever. To become a finished artist, of course, requires something more, and most people are not born with such physical and artistic make-up as teaches them to produce beautiful and correct tones without the need of a special course of study. But such people there are and there must be some way of accounting for them. They never had to learn how to sing, not even from a singing teacher, to say nothing of a laryngoscopist.

There is a case in point of an Italian who has won for himself a position of honor on his native stage. He came from the city of Florence and his social rank was the lowest of the low—he was one of those who scraped together the merest sustenance by picking up cigar butts in the streets of his native

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city and selling them to dealers. Absolutely without education of any kind, sleeping where he found himself, eating what he could get—but like so many of his gifted race, with the love of song in his heart, and the power to express it by his voice. On pleasant evenings he used to wander up and down the Lung Arno with his guitar, singing in front of the fashionable hotels for the few pennies thrown him. But ten o'clock found him with his lantern and sharp stick scouring streets and alleys for his prey. However, his voice had attracted interest, and finally one of the singing teachers took him into his own home, washed him and dressed him decently, taught him to read and write and use his voice intelligently. For a time it was like the song bird brought from the freedom of his forest to a gilded cage. He lost his voice; he could do nothing. But by dint of patient, affectionate labor the teacher brought out what was in him, and in four years launched him on his career—and his teacher told me that so far as his voice was concerned, he used it as well the first day he entered the studio as he did the day he left it.

The scientific students of the voice do not pretend to aid the art of interpretation, the making of the artist—they only work on the voice itself—its correct production. There, in their chosen and only field, they are unnecessary. What they may be able to accomplish in the cure of disease is one thing, but as for training the voice, unless they have further understanding than is furnished by a knowledge of the functions of the various muscles and cartilages—the names of which are so readily obtainable now anywhere that it is hardly an evidence of deep research to be able to mention them correctly—they are quite valueless. As one distinguished specialist, who was studying the correct production of voice with a singing teacher, said, "there are certain things about singing, at least so far as my observation goes, that analytical knowledge of the throat is powerless to give a man—he must go to the voice teacher for them." Another interesting evidence of the powerlessness of merely scientific knowledge of the throat is the fact that a specialist cannot tell from the appearance of the throat whether it be the throat of a singer or not. He can say that from the formation it ought to be a good singing throat, but whether it is actually the throat of a singer, or a student, or of one who never sang a note in his life, he cannot tell. As this same spe-

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cialist, before quoted, said: "If you should put the throat of Jean de Reszke beside that of any coal-heaver of the same size, the specialist is nearly powerless to tell which is which—he has one chance out of two to make a correct guess."

Singing, after all, is not merely a physical act—it is psychic. The production of tone on a given pitch is a mystery. Any ordinarily musical child, if you strike, say C, on the piano, can reproduce that tone exactly on the pitch. But how he does it, neither he nor any scientist of them all can explain. It is easy enough to talk of that little cell in the brain that controls the nerves that move the muscles that produce the tone—but that doesn't explain anything. Strike sharp C, and the child will immediately reproduce that tone with precision, yet the modification of the apparatus is so slight as to quite defy science, the camera, and all other aids yet brought to bear on the subject. That, however, does not disturb the child; he can produce those tones by natural instinct, or God-given gift, or whatever you wish to call it. That is enough for him or for us. Science is able, after a fashion, to explain the means by which certain results were produced. But to turn matters around and produce those results in singing merely by explanations of science, is an altogether different matter. Just about as successful as articulating a skeleton, covering the bones with colored parchment and trying to make it walk like a man.

This leads us directly to another side of the question and one which the uninitiated must touch on with becoming diffidence. This is the perfectly chaotic state of vocal study from the purely scientific point of view. Since Garcia first arranged a series of mirrors whereby he could see his own vocal cords, anatomists have been in a pretty muddle. First they denied that he saw anything at all. After he had clearly demonstrated that he did see something, then began the quarrel over what he saw and what it meant—a quarrel which seems still to be merely in its lusty infancy. The teacher of the voice, earnest in his work and anxious for any aid he may find, determines to study into the revelations of the laryngoscope. He consults with some scientific friend who recommends "So and So's book" as "by far the best and most accurate that has yet been written on the subject." He buys it, plunges into its depths, and is immediately assured that all the knotty points that have so long bothered him are to be smoothed away by the simple

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truths of the laryngoscopic mirror. Certainly that is worth any amount of labor, and he goes on with redoubled zest. Soon he reaches a melancholy spot, a cemetery of scientific reputations. For there comes a record of the researches of past delvers into the Unknown, with explanations of their mistakes of the things they thought they saw, but did not; of the things they ought to have seen, but did not; most important of all, of the entirely erroneous conclusions they drew from these faulty premises. Truly a "bad quarter of an hour" does he pass in this Slough of Despond. But help is near. His author takes him reassuringly by the hand and tells him that all these errors are of the past, and that there spread out before him are accurate, scientific expositions of all the facts, and that the possibility of error is removed by a series of plates carefully prepared from photographs of the throat in the very act of producing a tone. Never did an oasis smile more bewitchingly for the wayfarer in the desert. For we all know that prevarication is an impossibility to the camera. So on he goes with a light heart and a clear conscience, all unknowing that there are not only oases in deserts, but also mirages. He studies the anatomy of the throat, learns the muscles by heart, sees the action of the vocal cords and builds up a science in place of his old worthless "voice teacher" studies. While in the midst of all this he notices the prospectus of a still later book, enriched with more photographs of the vocal cords—therefore a still greater repository of scientific truth. He buys this in turn and dashes in. But to the list of previous failures—in truth merely disseminators of error, blind leaders of the blind—is added another name. Horror of horrors, it is the very book which he had cherished to his bosom, from which he had conned his lesson until he knew it by heart. Now he finds that the fundamental truth was not reached; that the whole superstructure is out of plumb, and, in short, worthless. He must begin again at the bottom and readjust his ideas in order to keep abreast of the "best modern thought." Here a new doubt begins to percolate through his skull. "There are many minds constantly studying over this subject—what if this last book in its turn should be displaced by another, and that other by still another, all with more photographs of the vocal cords in the very act of producing a tone. Is there no end? Can we not plant ourselves firmly on some already as-

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certained facts and build our theories without the haunting dread of each new 'advance of thought' in book form, which always tears down our carefully raised structure and shows us its basis of error?" Echo alone gives answer.

Meanwhile, ridiculous as it may seem, the plain voice teachers, these aforementioned ignoramuses, continue to produce pupils who give pleasure by their singing, some of whom even, more rarely gifted than the others, become celebrities. This furnishes food for thought. The voice teachers with much charlatanism, more plain ignorance, but also with thought, earnestness and love for music, have in the past, and do today, train great singers. The singers produced by "scientific" methods may be many and equally great—only we have never heard any of them, so our opportunities for judging are somewhat limited. Also the scientists themselves are not only engaged in a warfare on the ignorance of the voice teacher, but in a bitter fraternal struggle with one another as to who has the real scientific truth. The voice teacher is apt, after a course of reading in this controversy, to say to himself, "I will try and master the principles by which the great singers of the world were produced—meanwhile, gentlemen of science, when you have fought it out amongst yourselves and can come to something like a unanimous decision as to what the truth is, then I will study the matter from your standpoint."

The scientists seem to have made the mistake of trying to accomplish by purely physical means something which is at least half psychic. We all know that many of the greatest singers have been quite unable to instruct others. As we say, "they can sing, but they don't know how they do it." As one of our best singers once said: "I know I can't teach, for I never had any trouble with my own voice. If I wanted to sing anything I just sang it, and that was all there was to it. So when a pupil has trouble I can't for the life of me tell what the matter is." On the other hand a student of anatomy may know the function of every muscle and cartilage, as well as the science of today can teach him, and still not be able to produce one really beautiful tone.

Must Rubinstein know the function of every muscle and ligament of both his arms and hands in order to play with that exquisite legato touch, that cantabile, which was so entrancing? Did he master that by scientific study? He himself

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does not seem to think so. For he says in his autobiography that when a young man in Paris he was enraptured with the legato of Rubini, then in his prime. Every night he sang, Rubinstein was at the theater, and next morning was up with the lark trying to coax from his piano a tone like that of the great tenor. One of the best singers on the stage today taught himself to sing while playing the cello in an orchestra in Italy. When practicing his instrument he used to try and reproduce equally rich and sonorous tones with his voice. It is doubtful if to this day he knows the difference between the thyroid and arytenoid cartilages—or even that every time he vocalizes a tone he makes use of both of them.

The very fact of producing a tone on any given pitch is one of the great mysteries. It requires a perfect co-ordinate action of the brain, the ear and the vocal apparatus—yet it is all done instinctively by any normal child of ten or a dozen years. That how this is done should be an interesting and fruitful study to the anatomist is easy to understand. Just as the action of the heart or liver is interesting. That his knowledge may be of very great value in the cure of disease is cheerfully admitted. But that it is a necessity, or even of value to the voice teacher, by no means follows. For at best his knowledge is available only at the throat and in the resonating chambers above the throat. But if the tone be not right before it reaches the throat, no amount of scientific knowledge applied to the larynx itself will ever make it right. The foundation of the purely physical part of singing lies below the vocal cords in the great breath reservoir of the chest. If the breath be not well taken, firmly controlled and carefully used, the best understanding of the throat is as worthless as the House built on the Sand. Let us always remember the last words of advice to students of that plain voice teacher, Lamperti—"Bear in mind this important truth: He who has the best command over his breath is the best singer."

There is something deeper even than this. If there be not a right conception of tone, either intuitively or as a result of instruction, even the right breathing will not avail. Here is where the teaching of the art of singing has its place. It is not enough to set before the pupil the purely physical means by which tones are produced; he must have instilled into him the idea of beauty of tone. Some ideal toward which to strive

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must be set before him, or no matter how beautiful the instrument, his voice will be colorless, his singing inartistic, unmoving. The violin of Paganini would give forth but a sorry squeak in the hands of a blacksmith.

The anatomist can study the action of the vocal cords with his laryngoscope—can take photographs of them, and make plates and diagrams from those photographs—but all the time he is working after the fact. He is putting down the result in the throat of the co-ordinate action of many different parts. But supposing there was no dispute amongst anatomists themselves as to what he said and the conclusions to be drawn from it—where is he when all is over? He knows how a certain part of the vocal apparatus acts when all is right, but how will this help him to go back to the beginning and produce a tone so that it shall be right? He cannot take his larynx in his hands and say to the various tiny muscles, "You stay so," or "act in this manner." If his conception of the tone to be produced is good; if his support of the tone be firm and well controlled; if his throat be relaxed, open and free, then he may give a good tone—and no thanks to his science. But if he has no conception of tone, if he pays no attention to the taking and controlling his breath, but confines all his effort to an endeavor to compel a certain action of the muscles and cartilages of the larynx, he can no more give a good tone or get the action of the vocal cords for which he strives, than you can polish a rough, unplaned oak log.

That the laryngoscope has shown some things of value is true. But that it will ever do what its advocates have and still do claim for it as an aid to good singing, is more than doubtful. There is at least as yet no favorable proof to be shown. Study of the structure of the brain never yet produced a poet, and the study of the structure and functions of the throat muscles never yet has produced a singer. There is something in good singing that may not be analyzed, weighed, nor measured; that comes from the heart and speaks to the heart. That is all that makes singing, and in this the throat is but one and by no means the most important of many parts. It is the musician, the teacher of the voice, that must show the pupil the way, and the scientific student with his laryngoscope may be sent to delve in the laboratory; he is not needed in the studio.

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JOHN BARRINGTON, JR.

BY EMILE LOUIS ATHERTON.

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PART IV.

Narrative Continued by Mr. Earlington.

It was most embarrassing. I stood there, dress-suit-case in hand, irresolute. The butler was equally disturbed.

"If it were not so very late, Sir," he said propitiatingly. I showed my impatience.

"If it were not, I could get a train back to the City."

"Exactly so, Sir."

"What shall I do?"

"I would not step out of my place to advise a gentleman, Sir."

"If you are so cock sure that I am a gentleman why do you not admit me?"

"Sir, I have my duty to think of. I was told nothing about your coming."

"When did Mr. Earlington go away?"

"Wednesday morning early. They do say that he got a telegram and went without a word to anyone. I come on that afternoon, having been engaged so to do, and the lady is all that I have seen of the family since I come."

"What lady?"

"Miss Anna Earlington, she is called, I believe, Sir."

"Well, you dullard, go and tell her that I have arrived, and you will find that she knows all about it, but has forgotten to tell you."

"She has retired, Sir."

"Then you will have to awaken her. I cannot get back to the City, and as there is no hotel here, I have no alternative but to disturb her. Is she very old?"

"I'd not call her old, and then again I'd not call her young, but she is old enough to be about. I'll waken her, Sir." He smiled broadly as he closed the door. I felt sure that she was pretty far along in years to have retired at ten o'clock, and

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my heart sank at the thought; I had had some previous experience with the cautious principles of old-maids. Mr. Earlington had invited me to visit him until my book was finished, and the first train that I had been able to get, left the City at a little after nine o'clock, and it was at this time after ten. I had at first been doubtful of the propriety of accepting his invitation, but he had been so tactfully pressing that I would have found it difficult to have refused, even if I had so wished. For many reasons I was very glad to get away from town, not the least of which was the wish to escape from the importunity of my creditors and the necessity to go each day to that bank. I had great faith in Mr. Earlington's critical ability and in his knowledge of my character. If any one could help me with my work he was the man.

The village in which Mr. Earlington lived was about thirty miles from New York and was composed of gentlemen's places, and in a little cluster in the valley a few cottages and stores. The roads were all finely made and kept, and I noticed that there were no disagreeable lapses back to squalor between the handsome places which joined each other for several miles in an uninterrupted line of beauty. From where I sat, I could, looking out between the supporting pillars of the porte-cochere, see the long stretch of snow-laid lawn that seemed to run rapidly away from me undulating over the long sweeping terraces in soft white pillows, and then sweeping clear and free a hundred yards or more to the dark evergreen hedge at its foot; the snow sparkled in the moonlight and the trees which had been cut into various grotesque shapes, cast weird shadows on the snow. For all the beauty of the night it was a very cold one, and I was glad to hear the snap of the lock and the butler's voice saying:

"Will you step in, Sir, Miss Earlington will be down in a few moments." He took my luggage and my overcoat and after graciously accepting a fee, he placed all my belongings just inside the door of the library, as if he expected that I would soon want them again. This library was a spacious room, decorated entirely in a rich dark wood. The ceiling was crossed by many heavy beams in the style of some old English houses. The fire-place was a tall man's length in breadth, and in it roared a fire of great logs. Over the whole stretched a canopy of carved wood which was supported by delicate pillars. At

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the sides of the little enclosed space thus formed were two low and heavily cushioned seats, on these one could recline and look directly into the fire or talk without effort of voice, or eye, to anyone occupying the opposite seat. The walls of the room were entirely lined with bookcases, the doors of which were separated into diamond-shaped panes by strips of dark wood. Above the bookcases, against the dark paneling of the walls, hung various landscape scenes, all of a fresh and clear coloring, all crying of the out of doors. Tables stood here and there on the soft rugs, and they were ladened with a pleasing number of new books and magazines and other papers.

I sat down by the fire on one of the seats I have described and looked dreamily at the leaping flames for a long time. So long, indeed, that at last I became impatient; suppose, I thought, that she decides at the last not to come down at all, and then she may want me to go away again; if this should be her decision, my plight would be a most unpleasant one. I looked at my watch, I had been waiting quite a half hour. The door was back of me and was a broad and substantial one, and as I turned slowly to look towards it, I said grumblingly to myself:

"Why does not the old creature come," and as the words left my lips, my eyes caught the picture of her standing there framed in the doorway, and I came to my feet with a rush. The mind picture of her which I had formed disappeared as if it had never been, for as she stood looking at me I saw that she was but a girl, and a girl of a wonderfully delicate beauty, with a daintiness that charmed and a strangely felt strength that made one mentally kneel to her. Her forehead was very white and her hair caressed it. Her lips were full and red, her eyes exceptionally large and clear and of a curious light brown coloring. Her neck was long and slender and very white. She held her dress a little aside as she came toward me and I noticed her little satin slippers and the free direct character of her walk. Though her face was in no sense haughty, it possessed a certain quality of dignity, and curiously mingled with this an expression of quiet humor, and yet one was sure that she would not laugh heartily, no matter what the provocation, but would instead enjoy fun in a very intense but very undemonstrative fashion. She was certainly the first girl that had ever embarrassed me, and I felt in every way as if she was a

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queen and I an humble subject who had intruded upon her privacy. She came, I have said, directly toward me, her lips brimming with amusement.

"The old creature has come at last, Sir," said she demurely, inclining her head and person in her bow to me.

"Oh! did you hear me, Miss Earlington? I had somehow thought that you were quite an old lady," said I, embarrassed to stammering.

"Please sit down," said she easily, smiling reassuringly.

"Will you take this chair?" said I, my heart beating unpleasantly hard.

"That was very thoughtful of you," she said as I placed a footstool for her, for the chair she occupied was unpleasantly high.

"You are Mr. John Barrington?"

"Yes, Miss Earlington."

"My callers come earlier as a rule, or I would not have kept you waiting so long a time," and she smiled as if she was enjoying something immensely.

"My position is a very difficult one," I began. "Your uncle, as perhaps you know, is one of the executors of my father's estate, and on Tuesday evening when I came here to see him he asked me to come and stay until the time when I should have finished a work connected with the business of the estate on which I am engaged."

"Oh, I know about that, Mr. Barrington," said she, "and the only question for me to decide, is"—she hesitated—"regarding your identity."

"I can soon satisfy that doubt," said I, and I felt in my pockets, which, to my chagrin, did not contain a paper. I then examined my great-coat and with a like result.

"I am afraid that you are a robber after all," she said, with a certain deliciously humorous appreciation of my position in her tone.

"I assure you, Miss Loveton—Oh, I beg your pardon—Miss Earlington," said I, coloring hotly. "I am as I represent myself to be."

"Perhaps what you are looking for will be in your baggage," said she inquiringly.

"But I packed it so hastily," said I, in alarm.

"Still I must insist—"

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"Very well," said I, desperately. I opened the dress-suit-case, and there followed a clatter on the floor. I pushed the things back and perspired and pushed, but I could not keep them in. I saw that she was smiling, and then I made no further attempt at concealment, but let the things fall out, and not being able to replace them, returned with the papers to her. She was smiling in the most complete enjoyment, and yet not unkindly.

"That was cruel," said I, handing her the papers and then sitting down opposite to her.

"So it was," she said with mock pity, "and—I—am—afraid (reading) from—these—letters—that—you—are not a burglar after all."

"Would you have liked me to have been one?" asked I, laughing at her pretended disappointment.

"I delight in adventures," she replied.

"A friend of mine, a Miss Ruth Loveton, used to say that she was anxious to meet a robber, and she was wont to add that if she did have the good fortune, she was sure that she could so charm the worst burglar that he would forget to burgle."

"I would not care to be polite to a burglar, but I would like to embarrass one into leaving without any booty."

"You have great confidence in your dignity." She turned her head slowly until her eyes rested upon me.

"I am sure that you are quite right to rely upon it," said I, hastily.

"Do you think so?" she answered seriously.

"I do," replied I, mentally comparing her ease of manner with my lack of it.

"I had a strange experience last summer," she began in a slow and softly delicious voice. "You must know that we go to a place called 'The Isles of Shoals' in the summer. One day I was standing in one of the parlors when a man ran in and cried: 'How dare you. I'll kill you.' I turned as quickly as I could." I could imagine how slow and stately she must have been in doing it. "And then he said: 'Madame, I beg your pardon,' and afterwards, do you know, he ran into an old lady and quite injured her, and still a little later he leaped into the sea and drowned himself."

"And you were not frightened?"

"No," she replied, looking at me closely as if studying for

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the reason of a singular question. There followed some moments of silence.

"I know your friend, Miss Loveton," she said finally, looking full at me. I flushed hotly.

"She is no longer my friend," said I, but with a pain at my heart as I said it.

"She told me a great many things about you."

"Nothing pleasant, I'll be bound?"

"Some of the things I knew were not true."

"How could you know that?"

"Women rarely tell the truth, and women like Miss Loveton never tell it to other women."

"She is pretty young to be able to deceive every one."

"She is not so young as you evidently suppose," said Miss Earlington, smiling at my ignorance, "and," she added, "she is going to marry a man twice her age."

"Ruth Loveton?" I cried, "you must mean someone else," but I knew that she did not, and that it was what I ought to have expected. Somehow I felt very miserable and mean about it, as if I were the one who had done a disgraceful thing.

"Are you sure?" I asked finally, as she did not speak.

"His name is Mr. Alfred Blaming," she replied. I sat and stared at her.

"He has lately come into a fortune," she went on, as if that explained it, and I realized that it did.

"I did not know that I would hurt your feelings or I would not have spoken about it. She is stopping in the neighborhood for a visit, and it was only yesterday that I met her. I thought, of course, that you knew about her engagement. Perhaps you would like to go to your room now?"

"Thank you," said I, gratefully, and we rose and walked together towards the door. The opened baggage and its overload of articles lay where I had left them. As we passed them she laughed pleasantly and looked at me, and I laughed also, and took her extended hand to say good-night; without realizing what I did, I looked for a moment full into her beautiful eyes and equally unknowingly I pressed her small hand, a curious wave of delight sweeping over me as I did so. She gently withdrew it and a faint flush stole up her cheek to her forehead. An almost imperceptible increase of dignity was

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noticeable in her manner and her smile was cold and constrained. She held her head a little high and back as she looked at me, and said some commonplace, about breakfast I think it was.

I did not remember to be sad about Miss Loveton until I had been some time in my room. Miss Earlington was a type of womanhood that I had never come in contact with before. She was like the ideal of our grandmothers when they were young that some of us have.

That is, she was not prudish, and yet not coquettish, not blind to her own attractions and not forgetful of them, not too emotional, yet having warm sympathies, possessing a knowledge of the world, but with no pride in it. In short (for I see that I could not, in the space allotted to me, tell all that she was and was not), she was like that wonderful woman our grandfathers tell us about, who bewitched them in their youth, and held them enthralled and faithful through a long lifetime. Who at seventy possessed all of the graces of twenty, as well as a certain stately beauty. Our grandfathers could not have analyzed Miss Earlington's beauty or charm, and as I am sure they would not have cared to try, I am sorry that I have attempted to. But there was a life sorrow for one man in his love for this girl, and it is well that the reader should know why he cared so much and why he sorrowed for so long a time.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

"The most difficult of fulfillment and thus the most unhappy of all desires is the wish to express great thoughts of which we realize only the shadows," said Mr. Earlington. He was speaking in regard to an essay which I had written and of which I was very proud.

"You have not," he continued, "expressed at all what you meant in this fragment. Like many immature writers, you have mistaken the truth of your metaphor for the truth you wished it to illustrate. I would not for the world discourage you, John, but you must know that your attitude towards your work is all wrong. On your attitude depends the degree of your future success or failure."

"I do not understand what you mean by my attitude, or that

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it is wrong. I certainly feel the reverence and respect for it that I should."

"That is exactly the fault of which I have to complain," he said, smiling kindly at me. "You are too emotional, your work seems almost holy to you. You have, in short, become a slave to the desire for emotional effects, and as your intellect strives to overcome this, you continue in it, cloud your seeing and critical powers and are thus unable to judge your work. In this you are not an artist. If you applied the principles that influence you in writing, to sculpture, you would have to close your eyes and chip away in the resulting darkness. Every piece of writing, whether it be in the form of a story or of an essay, is as tangible, and to be good must be modeled and worked over with the intelligence as active and alert as if it were a piece of statuary. The beginning of your essay must be as much in proportion with its close as the head of a marble figure with the feet. In literature, as in sculpture, it is necessary to keep your eyes wide open if you would realize fully the possibilities of your subject and how far your abilities go toward developing those possibilities. Emotion should influence you, it must never direct. Art may express, may portray emotion, but if the picture of it, or any other expression of it, is in itself emotional, the result is no longer art in the highest sense. You must not lose hope because of failures. Every failure that teaches a man a lesson in his art (that is if he understands why he has failed) is of distinct benefit. The more effort—properly directed effort—you make, the more you will personally develop and the better your work will become. I have felt in talking to you that you might think that I was unduly free with my advice, and perhaps you also think that this advice is based on principles that I have gained from books, to which you can have access. Whatever I tell you about writing I had first to find out for myself, at the price of time and labor which I wish to spare you. I, in my youth, had to discover that the rules I now call principles of art were principles before I could apply them to my work. I learned to apply them only after countless failures. By talking to you in this way I shall hope to eventually lead you to a broad road of method, along which you can travel alone toward your success." He laid his hand on my arm as he finished speaking, and I felt the kindly influence of the man heartening me to

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new effort. He had spoken earnestly and forcefully, but never as if he cared about the wisdom of his words or as if he was proud of having said them.

"Before you read the story, call Anna, she will want to hear it." In a few moments she came tripping in and sat down on the seat under the wooden canopy so that she faced both her uncle and me. Under the canopy it was darker than in the room, and every now and then the fire would flare up, and shutting out the daylight, illuminate her face for us for a moment with its deep red glare, and then the cold shadow of daylight would make it seem pale from the contrast. I had at the time of which I am writing, been at Elmhurst for over a month. The time had been spent in finishing the last few pages of my story and in either talking to Miss Earlington or in awaiting opportunities to do so.

The story began with a description of my hero, a young Southern gentleman who was returning home after twelve years of absence in foreign parts, where he had been completing his education. The time of the story was 1860, just before the war. At the station Hero is met by a Dr. Tugs, who has come to meet him in place of Hero's father. The drive from Fredericksburg to the Manor house of Hero's family is very long. It was a road I had often traveled myself in going home, and I knew the sentiment of its every turn. The conversation between Hero and this Dr. Tugs told of the condition of Hero's family and a good deal that the reader had to know, sprinkled in with this necessary information were little descriptions of the scenery, which I liked when I read them then, and I am not sure that I dislike them now. I refer to such passages as:

From the open carriage I could look back across the sweep of the hills and the stretch of the valleys to Fredericksburg, bathed in the sunlight, and to the line of the Rappahannock, winding like a glittering silver thread far to the southeast towards the great waters, and I said heartily, "Indeed I do love Virginia, Doctor; it is a wonderfully beautiful country, and I cannot tell you how I have longed to see once more the dear old Potomac over the Barroni Bluffs."

I had begun to read with great confidence in my writing, but as I continued all of this feeling left me and I realized the pedantry and the hollowness of most of what I had written. I could see that this paragraph was out of place, and that this other sentence was vague in meaning, and I found a little con-

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solation only in the descriptions of scenery which I believe expressed the sentiment which I knew the long road to possess. I could have cried when I realized how false it all was and how blind I had been to its faults. But as I came toward the end of the chapter I remembered a part of it that I liked and I felt that it would redeem me at least in part; for it expressed a feeling that I myself had felt, and the writing, as I had read it, seemed to me to contain the very essence of this remembered emotion. Before I came to this last part, I repeat, I took comfort in it, and so when I read it I did so more surely and with a different expression. It read:

It was a little later when a shout from William informed me that we had turned into the drive which led through my Father's land to the house.

With a crack of the whip, we whirled through the stone plantation gate, and I felt the chill of the pine woods upon me as the home feeling stole through my heart, as if both nature and emotion would embalm in their fragrance all that was sweetest and best in the memory of my childhood, and as though both crept from the twilight of trees to enfold me. Common sense man that I was the almost forgotten sounds of home, the cawing of the crows away in the distance, the sound of a negro's voice singing a lullaby my old nurse had sung, and farther and fainter, so like home at evening, the tinkle and clatter of cow bells; the sight of the old landmarks, the great pine on the hill and the cherry trees in the hollow, the cabins and the faces, and then the great Gate of the Manor Park, brought a rush of emotions over me that left tears in my eyes, and a great impatience in my heart to reach home, and I shouted to William—

"Put them to it, we must go more quickly."

The horses felt the unaccustomed touch of the whip, and we were galloping.

"I know I shall love you, John," said the Doctor, taking my hand. "Why, confound it, young fellow, I feel as much moved as though I were going home myself."

Up the hard gravel road swept the carriage, I sitting on the edge of my seat like a great boy (and that's about all we men are at such times, and I for one would not have it different), straining my eyes until, as we turned at the curve, I could feel blowing strongly in my face the fresh salt wind from over the bay; and in another moment we could see the long lines of shouting blacks, who, when they saw us, waved their hats and fairly danced with joy, shouting, "fo de yong Masser." But I did not notice them, nor did I recognize the many white faces about the porch, I being always too slow to appreciate much at once. I looked but for one face, and when the carriage reached the portico I jumped from it ere William could pull up the horses, and though I heard the hearty cheer my

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impatience had excited, I only knew that my mother's face was before me filled with a wonderfully tender yearning; I only knew that her arms were returning the warm hearty pressure of mine about her waist; that I was kissing the tears of happy pride and love from her eyes, and that I saw the great happiness I had brought into them and—and—but my tears are on the paper—the memory is too sacred to her son's heart—my pen cannot trace another line."

I looked up from my manuscript with tears in my eyes. As I had read, the face of my mother had been the one my hero had kissed, and for the moment I was that hero. Emotions were sweeping through me which I had supposed were created by what I had read, and I thought that the words had the power to create the same feeling in every one who heard them. There was a moment's silence, and then Mr. Earlington said:

"A fine opportunity lost through over emotionality and lack of due control. In part it is very well done." His words were blows in the face of my tenderest memory, and they destroyed the greatest standby of my vanity. In an agony of feeling I threw the chapter into the fire, saying rudely:

"If it is not worth reading it's better burned."

"Now the rest of it, John."

"I will not read it," said I.

"I meant, John, that it would be for the benefit of your work if you sent the balance of the book after the first part." With a sweep of my hand the book was whirled into the fire, and angry as I have never been before, raging at what I thought his injustice, I strode out of the room. Mr. Earlington sat and smoked, paying no apparent attention to me, his niece sat, with her eyebrows slightly raised, and her head bent down, looking at her hands which she had folded in her lap.

I had intended to go to my room, but instead seated myself in the hall. As I sat there I heard Mr. Earlington say:

"Much of what he read was very good, indeed, and the best of it all was that he saw, as he read, the parts which were fundamentally wrong. I am glad he burned it all up. It has served its purpose and I am sure that it contained nothing which could have been used again, or which he could not do better a second time. It was good to see him so angry; why, a year ago he would have cared as little about what I said as if it had not concerned him, and he would have probably joked with me about it. He is waking up, and when he has that

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fine emotional force and that abundant imagination in control, he will do great work, and the right kind of work, too."

"But he seemed to care so very much, Uncle."

"I trust that it will teach him to care in the right way in the future."

"It did not seem so very, very bad to me, Uncle, I was quite moved by the last part."

"Were you, little girl?" said he, and then I heard him laugh pleasantly as if he had discovered a secret.

To be continued.

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JOHANNES BRAHMS: HIS INDIVIDUALITY AND PLACE IN ART.

A SYMPOSIUM.

It is the lot of a composer who happens to manifest marked originality and distinction to have his artistic truth denied for

JOHANNES BRAHMS.
(From the Chicago Times-Herald.)

quite a long period. Later his works begin to make way among the more enterprising connoisseurs, but still for a long

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time the impression of the early verdict lingers in the general public, and too often it is not until his death that wide-spread appreciation and affection find their voice. Something like this is to be observed of the lately deceased Great Master, Johannes Brahms. Not alone in his native Germany is his fame pre-eminent over that of every living master, but in all lands where the art of music is cultivated the same high rank is accorded him, at least by those entitled to form an opinion. Even in America this is true, and for the fuller verification of the fact, MUSIC sent out to several prominent musicians and artists the following list of questions:

Dear Sir:—In the nature of the case a very great master in any department of art can be accurately estimated by those only who are themselves sufficiently advanced in the art to understand his works from the higher technical and aesthetic standpoints. The newspaper notices upon the death of the late great master, Johannes Brahms, were many of them curiously insufficient with regard to this master's work and place in art. For which reason, and for the information of students, MUSIC desires to accumulate the opinions of as many American musicians of high rank as possible upon the qualities of the Brahms music. Wherefore, you are respectfully invited to answer the following questions, or as many of them as you like, or otherwise cover the ground in your own manner, in order to define the eminence and limitations of the musical work of Brahms, as it appears to his contemporaries at the time of his death:

1. Are we to consider Brahms a great master of music in the same sense in which we say this of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Wagner and the like?
2. Which particular works of Brahms appear to you to illustrate his powers at their best?
3. What do you say of Brahms in regard to his constructive technique?
4. What with regard to his sense of the beautiful in general and of tonal beauty in particular?
5. What do you say with regard to his treatment of the pianoforte? Is it a new chapter opened, or is it a mere specialty?
6. What do you suppose will be the verdict of posterity concerning Brahms and his music?

An early answer will oblige

THE EDITOR OF MUSIC.

MR. THEODORE THOMAS.

Brahms will be better appreciated when people have become more familiar with his music. It is true that he appeals much to the intellect—so did Bach and Beethoven—and, therefore,

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does not satisfy those who regard music as an amusement, or only as an emotional factor. He may, nevertheless, outlive his more popular contemporaries, because his music is freer from the influences of the times in which he lived than that of any other composer of his day.

MR. EUGENE GRUENBERG.

I received your letter of the 5th inst., and hasten to reply, although I fear neither time nor my knowledge of English (or better, my lack of knowledge) will allow me to treat the matter in question as thoroughly as such an important subject would require. I will beg, however, to strike the points of your questions as nearly as possible.

1. No, because he was not the creator of any new style, nor did he develop any existing form in a manner as, for instance, Beethoven did with the Symphony, Schubert with the Lied, Wagner with the Music Drama, etc.

2. Although Brahms' style is not to be considered a new one, we shall always recognize it by its strong individuality in all his works. I personally, being a great admirer of the deceased master, find it very hard to say which of his great works appear to illustrate his powers at their best. Still it always seemed to me that his "Deutsches Requiem" might be recognized as his grandest and most characteristic work.

3. Brahms' constructive technique appears to me to be the strongest element in his accomplishments. This ability, for instance, to elaborate themes by rhythmical and harmonical combinations, was wonderful.

4. Not as pronounced was his sense for tonal beauty; at least not to that degree as we have seen it in the cases of Berlioz, Wagner, Liszt, Saint Saens, Tschaikowsky, etc. Speaking of "sense for tonal beauty" I understand, of course, the tendency to find or invent new, original and striking Tön-colors by means of orchestration.

5. I am not pianist, but it strikes me that his works for the piano are more music-pieces than piano-pieces (with a few exceptions).

6. The verdict of posterity? To know that I ought to have the imagination of Flammarion or Jules Verne. When Beethoven's 7th Symphony was first performed in Vienna,

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it was ridiculed by some of the most prominent judges. What did they care for posterity. They thought "Apres nous le déluge," and so we might think also.

The foregoing are some of my thoughts aroused by your questions; and, hoping not to have disappointed you too much,

I am yours very truly,

EUGENE GRUENBERG.
Boston Symphony Orchestra.

MR. CALVIN BRAINARD CADY.

A mere categorical statement of one's opinion, carries only the weight of the public's confidence in the individual, but a judicial analysis and synthesis of the qualities involved in the works of a great writer may do much to smooth the way to an acceptance of the man and his thought, or at least awaken a desire to become acquainted with them. Since this, so far as Brahms is concerned, would require a volume, it only remains for one to be silent or hope that a few words may awaken an interest in the art of the greatest musician, pure and simple, since the deaf bard of Vienna proved no need of ears terrestrial to catch the strain supernal. Categorically then:

1. Brahms has but three compeers—Bach, Beethoven, Schubert. The greatness of these men lies in the dignity, purity, depth of the subjects of thought; strength, beauty and inexhaustibleness of melodic invention; rugged vigor, breadth and vastness in harmonic conception; simplicity, classic purity and richness of rhythmic imagination; and the capacity not only to discern the possibilities of their themes, but the unlimited patience and power of development. Brahms' works, when known, will be seen to exhibit all these qualities in the highest degree.

2. One of the greatest tests of these high qualities is the form of composition known as variations. In this field, whether as contributing his quota to the development of the resources of the piano, as in the Paganini variations, or as presenting a work of pure music as in the Handel variations, Brahms in no wise lags behind Bach and Beethoven. In the symphonic field the Suite Serenade, op. 16, and E minor symphony are prophetic of what we may look for in the works that rumor says lie hidden away in the pigeon holes of the Brahms secre-

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tary. In chamber music the sonata, op. 100, for piano and violin, op. 120, for piano and clarinet, trios, op. 101, for the piano, violin and 'cello, and op. 114, for piano, clarinet and 'cello, quartet, op. 60, for piano and strings, and the clarinet quintet, op. 115, the world will some day recognize master pieces comparable only with those of Bach and Beethoven. The clarinet quintet is, to my mind, the greatest work since Beethoven penned the immortal C-sharp quartet. In the field of song there is only one before him—Schubert.

3. This has, in a measure, been anticipated in answering question one.

This must be said, that Brahms has stood almost wholly uninfluenced in his processes of development by any one but Bach, Beethoven and Schubert. The so-called Wagnerian cult passed by him like a wave by the Eddystone lighthouse. Schumann may possibly be faintly discerned, but so faintly that only the most external facts, and these merely coincidental, can be discerned. The variations display no imitations, but certainlv their principles and mode of development are one with those of Bach and Beethoven. In his power of unification we find the same unerring instinct, and capacity of evolving his matter for the various movements out of one germ. In tonality, in its broad and only legitimate sense, there is a remarkable return to the rugged strength and catholicity of Bach as exhibited in the latter's treatment of the ecclesiastical modes in his vocal works, especially the chords. In his larger sense of rhythm, especially do we find him on parallel tracks with the Hellenic richness, grace, and flexibility of Bach and Beethoven.

I have mentioned Schubert and Brahms together. The influence of Schubert is seen in the songs of Brahms. Like Schubert, Brahms goes to the heart of a poem, and deals lightly with extrinsic elements. Like Schubert, he never repeats himself, so that it cannot be said that when you have heard one or two songs, you have heard the whole of Brahms. Each song is so individual that an evening with Brahms', as with Schubert's, songs, brings to the listener an ever varying source of the highest delight. Like Schubert he has poured out his heart in song many times more largely and fully than in any other form of composition. His latest published utterance was "Four Serious Songs." Brahms has been declared

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deficient in melody, but it is hard to believe that any one acquainted with his songs, not to mention any other works, could have perpetrated so huge a joke.

In coloring we never find him lost in a sensuous contemplation, but ever keeping it subservient to idea.

4. Not having had the pleasure of conversing with Brahms on beauty in general, and possessing no occult power of discernment, this will have to be passed by with only the remark that if he has written works of art, beauty is not a stranger to him.

5. Every great writer for the pianoforte has his idiom. Brahms is no exception. His contribution to the technique of the instrument lies in the direction of redeeming the pianoforte from the tricks of virtuosity, and submerging it in music as art. Notwithstanding, no greater demands are made upon technique than his pianoforte variations. In fact, it is conceded by pianists that the Handel variations are, at present, the ne plus ultra of virtuosity.

6. Only posterity can answer, but in my best judgment there can be but one verdict, that given by Von Bulow—three B's.

In closing, let me say that in the passing of Brahms the conservative and conserving element of German art is gone, unless his works steadily forge their way to leadership. In the passing of Brahms, the sceptre of pure music art passes from Germany to—what people shall it pass?

MR. OTTO LOHSE.

1. The works of Brahms have not predominantly marked such an epoch as those of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner.

2. The German Requiem, the symphonies in C minor and D major, many chamber music works, and the greater number of songs, are his most characteristic works.

3. Brahms mastered marvelously the technique of modern musical composition, and his rhythmical originality was particularly extraordinary.

4. His sense for general beauty manifests itself in the noble and aesthetic development of his works; although it is ackowledged that he sacrificed tonal beauty for complicated rhythmical forms.

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5 His treatment of the pianoforte was masterly in the style he embraced, as successor of Schumann. Though a new departure in piano method he could not create; nevertheless being identified with a wonderful gift of combination in that direction.

6. Brahms figures among the best composers of the nineteenth century; whether posterity will place him on the same pedestal of immortality as Bach, Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner is doubtful. Musicians will always admire him as one of the best technicians, but I doubt whether in fifty or one hundred years the general public will equally admire him; as Brahms seldom touched the heartstrings of humanity in his music. I believe principally his many beautiful songs will forever exist.

MR. HENRY EAMES.

1. Yes.
2. F major and E minor symphonies.
   B major Piano concerto.
   Violin concerto.
   "Deutches Requiem," op. 45.
   Trio (Piano, clarinet and 'cello), op. 114.
   Piano compositions. Handel theme, op. 24.
   Paganinian theme, op. 35.
   Rhapsodies (Two).
   Choral. Geistliches Lied, op. 30, No. 3.

From my standpoint (in piano works especially) Brahms' constructive technic is upon a par with his musical thoughts. His constructive technic is upon new lines expressing highly individualized musical ideas, and appears, upon first acquaintance, to be forced and unnatural; but upon a full understanding of Brahms, his seriousness and that of his works, one finds him strong in that constructive ability which is necessary to support and present the musical forms he builds.

4. The major portion of his works will, I believe, show him to possess a keener sense in the particular line of tonal beauty that that of beauty en masse. The study of his Chamber music and songs will bear me out in this statement.

5. Both. His treatment of the piano is a specialty, since no former composer's ideas required this same means of ex-

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pression as did his. It opens a new chapter (but not a new epoch) in pianoforte treatment in that it demands and obtains new effects and new beauties from that instrument with the voices most unusually situated as to one another, and as to the instrument itself as written for by other composers. The words and phrasing of many a masterpiece in prose and poetry seem labored and artificial, until we are thoroughly acquainted with them. It is then, when we have grasped their truest meaning, that we realize that the so-called "ponderous and studied" phrases, which, at first, fall so unnaturally upon the tongue as they do meaningless on the ear, are the exact and proper vehicles necessary to convey to us through the best preparatory channels the real import and truth of that work. It is just so with Brahms' "peculiar treatment of the pianoforte."

6. I believe he will be ranked with the great masters. Not as an epoch-maker himself, but as a genuinely great master following in the main the lines laid down by Beethoven.

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EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

When the great heart of Johannes Brahms ceased to beat upon the night of the third of April, 1897, a rich, fruitful and well-rounded musical life came to an end. Born in the city of Hamburgh May 7, 1833, the son of a player upon the double bass, Johannes Brahms from the first manifested qualities which plainly marked him out for a musical career. Carefully trained in Bach and other classical masters for the pianoforte, the boy made concert appearances at an early age, and among his remarkable performances were certain compositions of his own. Musical history generally begins with the career of Brahms in 1852, at the moment when as a young man of about twenty he went upon a concert tour as accompanist to the already great violinist, Edouard Remenyi. Remenyi took him to Liszt, who was much impressed by the wonderful talent of the young composer. A little later came his visit to Robert Schumann, then just about closing his active career, the shadow of the mental disorder already at times hanging over him. Schumann, even more generously than Liszt, entered into the aspirations of the young composer, and better than this, voiced his appreciation in the long since famous article in the "Neu Zeitschrift für Musik," in which he makes glowing mention of the youth over whose cradle the graces and heroes kept watch. Much he said of the new worlds opened by the sonatas or veiled symphonies of the young composer.

Encouraged by this appreciation, Brahms went straight on with his composing, directing, playing, and in every way living the life of a musical student and creative artist. For some years he directed a choral society in Detmal; later he was in the Swiss town of Zurich, but as long ago as 1862 he came to Vienna, that favoring city of music, the home of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and many others. In Vienna, an honored citizen, a distinguished figure, and a great master, Brahms lived and worked.

His opus numbers have reached to the figure of one hundred and twenty-one, representing probably something like four

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hundred pieces. And what a world of varied activity these pieces represent. Behold a classified list:

Orchestral works: Four symphonies, two serenades, variations on a theme of Haydn, two overtures, two piano concertos, one violin concerto, a double concerto for violin and 'cello.

Choral works with orchestra: "A German Requiem," "Song of Triumph," "Song of Destiny," "Song of the Parzen," "Rhapsody" for alto solo, male chorus and orchestra, etc.

A variety of choruses and collections for male chorus, female chorus and mixed voices.

Chamber music: Five string quartettes, trios, quartettes, quintettes, etc., for various combinations of instruments, a string sextette, sonatas for violin, cello, and other instruments.

Pianoforte: Two concertos (as above), three sonatas, a variety of rhapsodies, ballades, and especially four very important sets of variations, several intermezzi, fantasias and the like.

Songs: About two hundred, of every sort; some short, some long, some serious, some playful, some intense, heartfelt, some light, many reflective, deep, somber. All serious in their loyalty to a mood and to the text.

* * *

The questions naturally arise why the works of Brahms should not have made more way among music-lovers, considering the length of time he has occupied such a peculiarly honorable position in the estimation of artists and connoisseurs, and what is properly to be held concerning them by the musical public, and what is likely to be held concerning them, a generation later. With reference to the first point, several reasons might be given. Foremost, of course, especially in the works for pianoforte, we have the unusual style of the writing, the difficult work required of the hands, and, above all, the rather grave mood of so many of them. While there are many compositions for piano which tax the resources of a player well-nigh to the utmost, and are in fact beyond the resources of any but those exceptionally gifted with technique, there is no single passage in all of them where piano sensationalism as such is the ruling consideration. They make, in concert parlance, "no effect"—that is, do not indulge in cadenzas. If properly done they sound like music, pure and simple—music which is grave, serious, capricious, well-contrasted, and at times gay. But the difficulties of the playing

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are all concealed, so that while the player labors under the disadvantage of having had to carefully prepare the piece for performance, when it is done it does not appeal to the hearer as a difficult or sensational thing, and, its subject matter being strange, it fails at first of being recognized as something new and precious in tone-poetry.

Nevertheless, it is quite certain that the difficulties of Brahms' works, both technical and aesthetic, have been exaggerated, and there are many signs that now at last the piano-playing world is about ready to enter this new province of art with interest, even with zeal. Piano playing has advanced; the older works have been rather played out, and players are ready for something new.

* * *

Such a work as the Ballade, opus 10, No. 2 (it can be found in the "Famous Composers and Their Works," page 269) is an example of a composition of Brahms which ought to succeed with any musical person. It opens with a serious melodic page, at first in D major, then in B minor, a page entirely melodious, serious and interesting. The next page contains a second theme in B minor, with a very curious rhythm of four eighth notes and a half note. This page has nothing in it of a pleasing character. Apparently the story has taken a turn almost matter of fact. Then another page in B major, staccato, all parts low in the range of the piano, a quasi mysterioso strain. This brings us back to the second subject again for one page and this at last to the first subject, but now in B major, the piece ending in B minor. This Ballade has an individuality as pronounced as any of Chopin. It has an undertone of mysterious musical appeal. It is delicately done, the harmony being full of deep sympathy and seriousness; there is nothing tragic in it at all, and at the same time never a single note of passage or empty effect. The player who introduces it, therefore, has to expect nothing but the thanks of the musical hearer, who in turn might need to hear the ballade several times before fully grasping its beauty and significance. In the opus 79 there is a Capriccio which is a most charming example of Brahms' lighter mood, the playful, graceful and pleasing. It is a piece well worth place in any first class program, and, as piano playing goes, not difficult, any more than is the Ballade quoted above.

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The variations, indeed, are susceptible of currency as technical displays, and in this form they are beginning to occupy a prominent position upon programs of artists able to play them well. They are, however, much more than illustrations of piano technique; each variation is a new mood, a fanciful piece of unfolding from out the manifold possibilities of the theme; when played and heard in this spirit they form an important addition to our volume of tone-poetry.

* * *

From an external standpoint Brahms follows the suggestion of Beethoven, in the Arietta of the sonata opus 111, in placing the treble and bass far apart. His basses are generally disposed in extended chords, taken arpeggio, covering from a tenth to two octaves or even more, the effect designed being a soft harmonic support without anything impertinent or protuberant in the line of rhythm or figure. Above this the right hand carries a melody, often in extended chords, but always with a singing and sympathetic quality of tone.

The key to the Brahms cult is found in his songs, since the piano pieces are also songs spread out for the ten fingers of the hands and the sympathetic resonance of the piano. It was this peculiarity of his style which gave point to Paderewski's saying that Brahms' works consist of a "treble" and a "bass"—illustrating by placing his hands at opposite ends of the keyboard.

The amateur undertaking the study of Brahms' pianoforte music must remember that everything in this writer requires to be played melodiously. There is never a passage of the kind so familiar in the works of Liszt, and not unknown in Chopin, where the player takes chances and makes a rush, as in cadenzas. There are no cadenzas in Brahms. When it is in slow or moderate movement, he expects a sympathetic touch, melodious tone, and delicate playing, which may at times be deep and solemn, at other times gentle as a cradle song; in the fast passages he expects the passage to be played simply and evenly, when, if the touch and musical feeling of the player are what they should be, the passage will be found to have a resonance and an imaginative suggestion which is above and behind the mere finger work as such. In this way the variations, as before mentioned, become tone-poems, sonnets, each a new picture, a new mood.

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The same reserve and seriousness meets us everywhere in the songs, where the melody and accompaniment work together for a certain musical meaning, the key to which the text furnishes. They require musical playing and musical singing; with these elements, their future is assured. They are not effect songs, on the one hand, nor are they everywhere morbid, or tragic. They generally are well-bred, serious, poetic, and worthy the admiration of intelligent music lovers. That they are not melodious in the same sense as those of Schubert, belongs to the later development of music. Brahms stands a half century after Schubert—and a half century is a long period in the flowering time of a fine art.

The question of the future estimation of Brahms' works, therefore, is already practically answered. If his works really contain the qualities here assigned, their future is assured. The world is by no means so rich in musical imagination that it can afford to lose, or be willing to ignore, additions to its stock so individual and worthy as these of Brahms. Other men may provide the sensationalism and the passion; but here is a tone-poet to whom every accent is sacred; not one is to be wasted. The ideal, the noble, the beautiful are here brought to expression in congenial tonal forms. It is a question of ears to hear and hearts to feel.

* * *

I have a friend, a musician, who has arrived at the period in life when in the natural course of things he is fast approaching the end of professional activities, yet he would not thank me to call him old. After a silence rather longer than usual he suddenly broke out: "I would like to die up to date, if I might." Upon my asking him what he meant by such an expression, he went on: "Here we are teaching year after year; I am in my forty-fifth year of continuous teaching work. Much of our time we spend upon pupils who are not yet ready to derive from our instructions that we could give if they were ready to take it. With our advanced pupils, you know how it is; most of the time we go over and over with the prominent pieces of the standard repertory, and the consequence is that not alone do our teaching books furnish in a series of years duplicates of pretty nearly the same list of pieces, but worse than that, the most of them belong to the classical or romantic school and were composed long ago, or the newest of them by Chopin,

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Schumann and Liszt, the latest having been written about thirty or forty years ago."

"But," I said, "you attend the concerts of the Chicago orchestra, and in the large list of novelties which Mr. Thomas has been giving this year, surely you must feel that you are being brought 'down to date,' as you call it, in the department of orchestral music at any rate."

"Not a bit of it," he quickly answered. "If anything, the repertory of the orchestra is even poorer than that which I am accustomed to use in my own department. I mean this. The musical world is now settled down to the idea that Mr. Ludwig Beethoven was a very great master, and that his nine symphonies mark the highest reach in this direction, for the first half of the present century at any rate. You and I do not need to remind each other that these nine symphonies are of anything but equal value. The first is light; the second is perhaps redeemed by the beautiful largo; but the third, fifth, seventh and eighth stand out above all the others. After Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Schumann tried their hands at symphony. Mendelssohn wrote delightfully, as to style, and with a delicate and poetic sentiment; but it is not the fashion to play his symphonies so very much lately; they are regarded as not being quite up to the standard—although, for my part, I would rather hear one of them now and then than to be eternally hearing these overdone works of such recent writers as Richard Strauss. But Mendelssohn is fast becoming a name and little more. Schumann, as you know, never acquired the vernacular of the orchestra. He was musical, but he wrote badly for instruments, except the piano, which he thoroughly understood, and in which indeed he made many innovations, and, in fact, opened the way to very large new paths. But as an orchestral writer he was hampered, and in spite of many beautiful passages there is no one symphony of his but contains not a few tiresome moments, or if you object to the term tiresome, we will say not a few moments which are by no means so fortunate as the better parts of the work. But the world of music did not suddenly come to a stand-still when the light of Robert Schumann finally went out in that most dismal of darkness, a darkened mind. He had marked the opening of the second half of the century by his famous article upon the appearance of the youth around whose cradle the

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graces and heroes of art had held counsel—Johannes Brahms. For a long time Brahms left the world in doubt whether he would fulfill the presages of Schumann. As every great master must be, he was ahead of his times. At the very first step he opened a new door, and while he has the name of having confined himself to classical forms, it is nevertheless with very different accents that he writes in these forms. Now Brahms lived to give us four symphonies and such a well rounded list of tone-poems of every sort as fills me with wonder and admiration, but also at the same time with dismay, for I see that I have never heard for one single performance so much as a tenth part of these works. What do we know of Brahms anyway? How many of his two hundred songs have you yourself heard? And yet, you, with your critical responsibilities, have been obliged to hear a very wide range of music from first to last. I doubt whether you have heard so many as twenty of these songs; you probably have heard at one time or another a full hundred of Schumann's songs, and perhaps even more than that of Schubert."

"Yes," I said. "The case is pretty bad in respect to Brahms, but you must remember that we had the second pianoforte concerto played beautifully by Joseffy; and the violin concerto played several times; and the double concerto for 'cello and violin; the 'cello part by Bruno Steindel, who created the role, as actors call it, under Bülow at Berlin."

"All this," he went on, "I freely admit; and I will add the very nice performance of the fourth symphony of Brahms last year. But Mr. Brahms wrote four symphonies—all pronounced by connoisseurs to be great works. Where are the other three? Have they either of them been played here?"

"Stop, my friend," I interrupted him, "you seem to have not read the program of the twentieth concert, which will take place next week, upon which, in addition to the astonishing piano playing of the fascinating Carreno, there will be the third symphony of Brahms."

"You are right," he said. "I had forgotten, and when this work is played I would like to talk it over with you."

It was agreed, and my friend went on.

"But this is not all my complaint," he added. "Where is Tschaikowsky? Here is a great master whose stupendous imagination as displayed in his fifth and sixth symphonies has

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filled the tone world; and so much of his work we have heard. Also his grand concerto, at the hands of his fellow countryman, Godowsky. I recognize that even the student world 'do move,' for it was only last month that a pupil of Mr. Liebling played the first movement of this very concerto in public, with accompaniment of second piano. But what I want to know is, where are the first four of the Tschaikowsky symphonies? Why do we not hear them? We get his fantastic and noisy '1812' overture; but the tone-poems we do not yet get. Even the symphonies of Tschaikowsky are only a small part of the tonal imaginations of that fertile and intensely gifted master. Where are the two hundred songs of Tschaikowsky? I do not stand upon the number, for at the moment I do not know how many there are of them. But last week I was speaking with a singing friend who had been examining some of them, and he reported that they were most intense, graphic, and full of interest. In his opinion the union of music and poetry was more intimate in them than even in the songs of Schumann, which until now have stood as the highest point reached in this direction. I have never heard one song of Tschaikowsky, have you?"

I modestly admitted myself to be in the same position of ignorance, and my friend went on.

"Then where are the operas of Tschaikowsky? Do you happen to remember that this great genius composed eleven operas, I think it was, several of which have made a distinguished success in Russia? Mr. Godowsky tells me that his 'Eugene Onegin' is a great work, full of passion, human interest, and the heart-throbs which thrill the listener. Then consider the melody of Tschaikowsky. Here is a composer whose original bent was entirely to the melody of the Italian cantilena, according to the Donizzetti and Bellini school. Yet the modern world of music moved within him, and with his passionate organization he has written some of the most advanced music of any one. And when we are making such heroic attempts to hear and enjoy the operas of Wagner's 'Niblung Ring,' which were never expected to be heard as ordinary incidents of the stage, but only as something exceptional and of high significance, why do we not take up one of these operas of Tschaikowsky, which besides illustrating the modern orchestra and the modern musical spirit, have also dramatic movement, intense passion and brilliant appeal to lovers of music? Some-

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time this is bound to come. We take things in the wrong order and in the wrong proportion. Just as Wagner is explained by his scenic movement, some of the more human works of this Russian giant would bring us by a shorter and easier route to his astonishing music. And at the same time, though perhaps you would not care for this, would lead us to a new sensation."

"But," I answered, "do you not remember how tiresome you found that very long movement from the Bruckner symphony when Mr. Thomas introduced it; and how unkindly the critics generally treat works which are essentially new and therefore not quite intelligible to them?"

"Oh, yes," he answered, "I well remember. But I am not asking that we should have symphonies by Bruckner, works which have at least two qualities well ascertained, but neither of them clear recommendations, namely, great length and enormous difficulty. I am asking for operas which have already made their way and are played successfully and with popular interest; works which represent the national school."

"But you seem to forget," I answered, "that we have no means of producing new operas. Opera in America is a speculation and not a form of art. To mount a new opera requires first of all singers for the roles. And since the public will not pay to hear leading singers of unascertained greatness, and since great singers cost enormously, and besides are too lazy to risk themselves in new roles, except where something is to be gained by doing so, whence are we to have our leading singers? Moreover, it costs money for the mounting, and you know very well how the unaccustomed newspaper man regards the injury of being subjected to a new sensation. He always says that the new work, 'although graphic in places, and with here and there a pretty bit of instrumentation, is so modern that it has no singable melody, and is, therefore, merely a new and ingeniously devised form of punishment for that part of the Hades-deserving public hankering after new sensations.' If our critical writers were to inform themselves in advance of the art-standing of a new work about being produced, perhaps they might even help the public. This, however, is another story. I admit that we are extreme 'back numbers' in opera at any rate."

"Moreover," he went on, "we are but little more advanced in

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the department of piano. Here is our great master, Brahms, who has just died. How often have you heard one of his works upon a piano recital program? Our pianists seem to have planted themselves upon the standpoint of the late good old Boston critic, Mr. John S. Dwight, of whom Dudley Buck once wrote, that the standpoint seemed to be: 'Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Schumann, Chopin'—Oh Lord it is enough; now let me depart in peace.' Look at our talented, nay, genial friend, the ever-fresh and fascinating Mme. Carreno, and a sad heart-breaker is she. She has now been in Europe at the very head center of pianistic art for about seven years. Yet here she comes back without a single new thing in her repertory. She does the same old things; some better, some not so well. When her shoe is tight she does not think very well with her right foot, and the pedal suffers. But let that pass. What I am asking is, where are the representative new works? Is it possible that there is nothing of Brahms which one could enjoy? Has the sensational Tschaikowsky nothing to stir our blood with a new thrill?"

"These, my friend," he concluded, "are some of the reasons why my desire to die in an 'up to date' state as to my music, appears to me not only proper, but eminently apropos. Do you not think so?"

* * *

I missed the opportunity of talking over the Brahms fourth symphony with my friend, wherefore I will mention right here that it was played extremely well by the orchestra, and the work, while not so immediately intelligible as those we have heard so often, is nevertheless free from sensationalism, elegant, full of beautiful moments, and consistent with itself. While lacking in toto the intense passion of the symphonies of Tschaikowsky and to that extent tame, from a modern standpoint, it is symphonic in every grain of its texture, beautiful music, likely to last. The applause after the movements was warm, and the slow movement was evidently very popular. This also illustrates the fact I have several times mentioned, that the common chords still have potency if one happens to have to have something to say by means of them. The main theme of this slow movement is about as pure, harmonically, as any classical work that can be mentioned; yet it never palls. I liked also the color of the orchestration. I have not asked

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Mr. Thomas about the writing for the instruments, whether the parts are easy or difficult; but the effect is musical, well-blended, and satisfying, and this only sharpens me up to hear more. But, alas, the symphony concerts are now about closing for the year. Will they have a future?

* * *

For the first time the orchestral association has published its financial statement, which, as news, I take pleasure in presenting:

Loss first season, 1891-2.....		$53,907.99
Paid by Guarantors.....		49,000.00
Carried forward		$ 4,907.99
Loss second season, 1892-3.....		51,381.18
		$56,289.17
Paid by Guarantors.....		49,000.00
Carried forward		$ 7,289.17
Lost third season, 1893-4.....		48,972.21
		$56,261.38
Paid by Guarantors.....$ 49,000.00		
Paid by Guarantors, extra subscription	7,261.38	56,261.38
Carried forward		$ 000.00
Loss fourth season, 1894-5.....		34,474.02
Uncollectible accounts charged off..		1,436.80
		$35,910.82
Paid by Governing Members.....		30 850 00
Carried forward		$ 5,060.82
Loss fifth season, 1895-6.....		27,159.73
		$32,220.55
Paid by Governing Members.....		23,700.00
Carried forward		$ 8,520.55

With all its apparent frankness, this is not quite clear. What is the relation of the sums paid by the governing members towards the deficit to their benefits in the way of seats? Were these sums paid by them in addition to what they paid for the accommodations they enjoyed? Or are they offset by the tickets they had? In other words, if I wish to be a "governing member" (it is a suggestive and fascinating title) do I buy seats amounting to a certain sum with no farther liability? Or do I buy seats of at least a certain minimum value and in addition agree to be bound for a sum additional by way of deficit?

Without pressing this point, it seems that the history of our orchestra has not been more expensive than is customary in establishing such an apparatus. Perhaps with a little better management the concerts would do better. The programs

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this year have sometimes been dull, very dull, and there have been few solo artists. In this respect there might be improvement. The box-office tells the story. Had Mr. Godowsky been engaged again a month or six weeks after his appearance in the Tschaikowsky concerto, there is reason to think that the box-office would have testified in no unmistakable way regarding him. And the re-engagement of Carreno was a stroke of luck. Then we have several local pianists who ought to be heard. At least Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Liebling are entitled to this distinction, as also is Mr. Hans von Schiller—one of our most cultivated and interesting musicians.

* * *

What a world of good music is being cultivated in the country at large. I was some days in Detroit recently, and there I heard two pupils of that most energetic of piano teachers, Mr. J. H. Hahn, play in a distinguished manner. One, a Miss Deering, played MacDowell's first concerto with splendid effect, the accompaniment being upon second piano. She had several other concertos in stock. I did not learn the reason of this unwonted interest in that impracticable form of music, the concerto, in a country where first there are no orchestras, and where, when there are, they will not give you a chance. Platonic love is a beautiful thing, and this must be what made concertos attractive in Detroit. W. S. B. M.

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THE MAGIC ORGAN.

BY MRS. PFIRSHING.

Long, long years ago, there lived a very skilful young organ-builder. He had made many organs, and the last one was always better than the one that preceded it. Finally he perfected a noble instrument that was so artistic it began playing by itself when a bridal couple stepped into the church, a bridal couple that God loved!

When this organ was finished the master organ-builder looked at all the maidens in the land, chose the most pious and the most fair, and made preparation for his wedding.

As he crossed the threshold of the cathedral with his bride, and friends and relatives followed in a long procession, each one carrying flowers or wearing a breast-knot, his heart was filled with pride and ambition. He did not think of his beloved, nor of God, but only what a wonderful man he was, how no one could equal him, and how all the world would be surprised when the organ began to play by itself!

Thus he entered the church with his beautiful bride upon his arm, but the organ remained dumb.

The master organ-builder became very unhappy. He thought, in his self-esteem and in his haughtiness, that it was his wife's fault, and that she had dishonored him. He did not speak a word to her all day; at night he secretly packed a little bundle and deserted her.

After he had traveled many hundreds of miles, he settled in a strange country, where no one knew him nor spake to him. Here he lived a lonely life for ten long years.

Suddenly an intense desire took possession of him to see his home and his forsaken wife. He thought constantly how pious and how beautiful she was, and how despicable he had been to forsake her.

After he had done everything possible to overcome his longing for old ties, he finally decided to go back and beg to be forgiven. He traveled night and day, until the soles of his feet were sore, and the nearer he came to his home, the

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stronger grew his impatience and the greater waxed his fear lest his wife of a day might not be as good and as friendly to him as she had been during the time she was his bride.*

At last he saw afar off the towers of his native town, as they sparkled in the sunlight. He ran as fast as he could, and the people who saw him shook their heads and said: "Either he is mad, or he is a thief."

But when he entered the gates of the city he met a long funeral procession. Behind the coffin walked a crowd of people who wept.

"Whom are you burying to-day, my good people, and why do you weep?" asked the traveler.

"It is the lovely wife of the master organ-builder, who was forsaken by her wicked husband. She has done so many good deeds since then that we are going to bury her in the church."

As the organ-builder heard this he said not a word, but walked silently and with bowed head near the coffin, helping to carry it. None knew him, but as he sobbed and wept incessantly, he was not questioned. All thought him one of the many poor pensioners of the woman who had died.

The procession finally reached the church, and as the pall-bearers stepped over the door-sill the organ began to play by itself, but so beautifully that no one present had ever heard such music before. They placed the coffin before the altar, and the master organ-builder leaned against a tall pillar and listened to the wonderful tones that swelled louder and louder, until the very foundations of the cathedral trembled. His eyes closed, for he was very tired on account of his long journey, but his heart was happy, because he knew that God had forgiven him; and as the last tones of the solemn anthem died away, he fell dead upon the stone pavement of the church.

Then the people raised him up, and when they discovered who he was, they opened the casket and laid him beside his wife. As they closed it again the organ began to play very softly. Then it ceased, and has never played a note since.

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*Maidens in Germany are called brides from the time of their betrothal.

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THE SINGING BOYS OF LUCCA DELLA ROBBIA.

BY FLORENCE EVERHAM.

We present this month another series of the panels of "The

"WE PRAISE THEE, OH GOD."

Singing Boys" of Lucca Della Robbia, designed for the choir railing in the cathedral at Florence.

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When it is remembered that the material in which these sculptures were worked was wood, the spirit and finish of the detail and the variety illustrated in the different panels are all alike remarkable. The faces, as noted in a former series, are

"WE WORSHIP THEE."

almost exclusively of the peasant type, although on the extreme left of the first group this month there is a face of a more advanced character. The girls' faces, also, in the third panel are perhaps a trifle more refined than those of the chil-

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dren, but of all, the charm lies in the baby faces, such as those in the fourth panel in this series, and also the small boys in the foreground of the first group.

In the first group seven boys are singing from notes in a book held by two smaller boys in the foreground.

"WE GIVE THANKS TO THEE."

In the second, a group of five are reading from a scroll. These are larger boys, more mature than those in the former group, and right heartily they are engaged.

In the third group we see a number of girls, of whom two are playing upon lutes, somewhat conventional in form, playing and singing at the same time. In the foreground are two cherubs pointing upward to the instruments.

The last group is a most excellent one, having nine figures,

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of small boys. On the right one plays the lute, the next a small harp of a form common to the Middle Ages. In the center is a boy with a portable organ of a form conventional in mediaeval sculpture. In so far as regards the pipes this instrument appears to be all right, but there is no apparent means

"FOR THY GREAT GLORY."

of filling the pipes with wind. This, however, is a matter in which posterity properly has no concern.

In all the groups the somewhat dull, pleasant faces, the chubby, well-fed limbs, and the hearty entering "into the service of His courts with praise."

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PRELUDE OPUS 52, NO. 3, BY SAINT SAENS.

(EXPLANATORY REMARKS BY EMIL LIEBLING.)

Since Tschaikowsky's untimely death, Saint Saens easily takes first rank among living composers; Verdi, the grand old man, still occupies the unique position of serving as a connecting link between the early Italian opera and the music drama of the present age, illustrating in his own work, from Ernani and Trovatore, through Aida to Otello, the complete evolution which has taken place. When we consider Verdi as a musical force we do not think of him as the composer of a masterly string quartet in E minor, nor as the creator of an impressive Requiem; we only deal with him as an operatic writer; to speak of Brahms and Dvorak involves a more complex discussion, and is far beyond the limits of the present remarks; to approach their work in a purely subjective manner and judge of it simply by our own liking or dislike is manifestly absurd; it is best, not to say more prudent, to adopt the estimate of a master mind like von Bulow as to Brahm's worth and importance. Brahms has created many great compositions, but from some cause or other they are more heard of than heard. Perhaps their difficulty has much to do with this state of affairs; but the fact remains that a serious risk is involved in placing one of his larger works on a recital program which even the magnetism of a Paderewski does not always succeed in avoiding successfully. His muse is austere and unyielding; only once in a long while, when the creative genius finds a reproductive master of equal rank, a mighty and convincing effect is produced, as was pre-eminently the case when Joseffy delighted us with his interpretation of Brahms' B flat concerto.

In Saint Saens we find the most astounding versatility, coupled with an engaging and charming individuality; the personality of the typical Frenchman is everywhere discernible; his melody is elevated, his science—but why speak of this in connection with a master whose knowledge of Bach, as exemplified in his transcriptions of Bach's works, is most pro-

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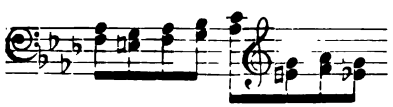
found, and who has all the tricks of counterpoint in its most involved problems at his fingers' ends. His orchestration is original, clear and brilliant; he has distinguished himself in every branch of musical art, writing with equal facility piano and organ pieces, concertos for piano and also other instruments, sonatas, trios, symphonies, symphonic poems, operas and cantatas; no matter what he essays, it is always complete, artistic and clever. He is also a distinguished performer on the piano and organ, giving the lie to the popular error which claims that proficiency on one injures the chances of excelling on the other.

His opus 52 consists of six etudes for the piano; the sixth is in form of a very brilliant and difficult waltz, which fairly bristles with technical possible impossibilities; number 3 is a prelude and fugue in F minor, dedicated to Anton Rubinstein, and the prelude under discussion is taken from it.

Technically considered it is a mere wrist study, but it involves a great deal of work in that specialty; the element of fatigue also enters largely and will have to be successfully mastered; slow practice will naturally form the foundation with a very gradual increase to the metronome marks indicated; the movement will have to be first an alternating rise and fall of the forearms, followed by a quick, vibratory movement so as to produce the triplet repetition. The pedal should be applied as indicated. It is often used effectively even in chromatic scales and progressions, and Liszt expressly marks it for such purpose in his Ruins of Athens and Lucia fantasies; a similar effect occurs in Beethoven's Sonata op. 57, before the coda of the first movement. In the first measure the last note of the broken bass chord, C, can be played with the right hand. The left hand is usually placed over the right hand, but there are many exceptions, as in the second half of the 25th, 27th, 31st and similar measures. The notes with the stems placed above are intended for the right hand, and vice versa those turned down for the left.

The decidedly melodic kernel of the prelude can be ascertained by omitting the repetition and playing only the eighth notes, thus:



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A natural crescendo will take place towards the highest point of each melodic group, which usually forms a chord; in fingering these and similar passages involving a quick repetition and the crossing of hands, it will be found advisable to avoid using the thumbs, which must be held high and above the other fingers.

The form of the prelude is simple, logical and perfect. It commences in F minor and presents an episode in C major, commencing with the 12th bar. The 24th measure ushers in an interesting change to A flat major, the relative major key, and in the 37th bar the F minor mode and first phrase are resumed. The end in F major is very forcible and effective. I would recommend the intimate acquaintance of the entire opus to all pianists.

Chicago.

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MUSIC IN SHAKESPEARE.

BY IRA GALE TOMPKINS.

III.

MUSIC IN THREE PARTS.

My lessons make no music in three parts.
—Taming of the Shrew, iii. 1.

In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. —Pericles, iv. Gowers.

BREAKING TO THE LUTE, AND BREAKING THE LUTE ON HIM—MISTOOK HER FRETS.

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bowed her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,

FRETTING AND FUMING.

'Frets, call you these?' quoth she; 'I'll fume with them:'
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way:
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;

TWANGLING JACK.

While she did call me rascal fiddler
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As had she studied to misuse me so.
—Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1.

LOVE'S MUSIC LESSON—SETTING A NOTE—THE BURDEN—CANNOT REACH SO HIGH—SHARPS AND FLATS—MEAN—UNRULY BASE.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

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Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' Love.'

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy! belike it hath some burden then?

Luc. Ay, and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song. How now, minion!

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.

—Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 2.

"THREE-MAN-SONG-MEN"—MEANS AND BASES.

She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man-song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes.

—Winter's Tale, iv. 1.

SINGS A MEAN MOST MEANLY.

Nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly: and in ushering
Mend him who can; the ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.

—Love's Labor Lost, v. 2.

SINGING HIGH AND LOW.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.

—Twelfth Night, ii. 3.

METAPHOR.

Sec. Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him.

—All's Well That Ends Well, iv. 1.

TECHNICAL TERMS IN MUSIC.

KEY.

Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

—Much Ado About Nothing, i. 1.

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TUNE, MATTER AND METHOD.

What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter and method?

—Measure for Measure, iii. 2.

BOTH IN ONE KEY.

Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds
Had been incorporate. So we grew together.

—Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2.

SETTING THE PEGS TO MAKE THE MUSIC.

Iago. (Aside) O, you are well tuned now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

—Othello.

Having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear.

—Tempest, i. 2.

LUTE-STRING STOPS.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string and now governed by stops.

—Much Ado About Nothing, iii. 2.

BASE-STRING.

I have sounded the very base-string of humility.

—1st part Henry IV., ii. 4.

HARPING ON ONE STRING.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

—Richard III., iv. 1.

CROTCHETS.

I will carry no crotchets:
I'll re you, I'll fa you; do you note me?
First Mus. An you re us and fa us, you note us.

—Romeo and Juliet, iv. 5.

SOL, FA, ETC.

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;
I'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.

—Taming of the Shrew, i. 2.

Music, who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa.

—Love's Labor Lost, iv. 1.

Shakespeare is himself a great musician. The wide range of the English language is his gamut, and he plays upon words,

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sounding what stop he pleases, deducing harmony of sense from contradictory phrases—such as "melodious discord," "discord dulcet," and "jarring discord," etc.

MUSICAL DISCORD—NOT IN TUNE.

My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favor as in humor alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified.
—Othello, iii. 4.

KEPT NOT TIME—MINIM'S REST.

I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer; he kept not time.

Nym. The good humor is to steal at a minute's rest.
—Merry Wives of Windsor.

O, he is the courageous captain of complements. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom.
—Romeo and Juliet, iii. 1.

MINSTRELS.

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick: here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!
—Ib.

HEAR NOTHING BUT DISCORDS.

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows!
—Troilus and Cressida, i. 3.

Let's hear. O fie! the treble jars.
—Taming of the Shrew.

JARRING CONCORD—DULCET DISCORD.

His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet.
—All's Well That Ends Well, i. 1.

MELODIOUS DISCORD.

Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Ear's deep sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.
—Venus and Adonis.

FINDING THE CONCORD OF A DISCORD.

Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?
—Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 3.

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DISCORD IN THE SPHERES.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can nowhere find him like a man.
First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.
Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
—As You Like It, ii. 7.

HARSH DISCORDS AND UNPLEASING SHARPS.

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
—Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5.

O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay.
—Hamlet, iv. 1.

JARRING NOTES AGREE.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree.
—Taming of the Shrew, v. 2.

For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.
Cymbeline, i, v. 2.

DISCORD IN MUSIC AND MUSICAL DISCORD.
MUSIC OF MEN'S LIVES.

Music do I hear?
Ha, ha! keep time: how sour sweet music is,
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.

NOT KEEPING TIME.

And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But for the concord of my state and time
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
—Richard II., v. 5.

NO MORE AGREE THAN 100TH PSALM TO TUNE OF "GREEN SLEEVES."

And yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.'
—Merry Wives of Windsor, ii. 1.

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THE COMPOSER'S LETTER.

BY IDA BELLE DISERENS.

I had been to the Opera and indulged in some miserable reflections, which must have inspired me to continue the luxury in my dreams, for that night I attended the initial performance of a new satiric opera.

On the programmes was printed an open letter from the composer. As I unfortunately came away without my programme, I am fain to write out for preservation the substance of that curious note, which greatly cleared up my hither-to dim perceptions as to why one opera "takes" and another does not. I. B. D.

"Though this is called a satiric opera, I wish to assure the audience that on that account they will not be cheated out of a true operatic performance, as the only departure from the legitimate opera is the orchestration, which I have chosen to confer mostly upon toy instruments, they being more readily procured and more easily mastered; thus placing the opera within the means of all, even of the most inexperienced amateurs. But I beg to state that the content of the work is not impaired in consequence of this petty variation from traditional method. The instrumental part, as every one knows, is of little importance; merely serving, first, to drown the soprano when she gets too shrill and the tenor when he falls flat; secondly, to preface with a blood-curdling brazen blast the entrance of the hero or other interesting personage; and thirdly, to serve as a stuffing between the numerous solos, duets, choruses, etc.; to prevent them from collapsing one upon another and showing their inter-connection and uncongeniality. In all other respects I have faithfully endeavored in composing, as well as afterward in drilling for this performance, to produce a perfect imitation of accepted models of this form of art. To prove that I have not entirely failed in my efforts, I beg to call attention to a few points of similarity.

"The bass will sing bass. The tenor guarantees to sing tenor. The alto will positively take the alto, and the soprano

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will do the soprano with airs and frills, all after the approved method and in the usual way.

"In thus confining myself to that which is pronounced to be proper and fitting, and carefully following the advice of a competent authority to 'avoid the desire for originality,' for 'deviation from the primitive' and 'for discovery of new forms,' I trust that my good judgment will meet appreciation.

"The plot will be harrowing, and many trials will beset the heroine—after the usual way. The villain will be blacked to the deepest dye to spare the audience from sympathizing with him at his final discomfiture.

"The recitatives will all be modeled alike without considering the characters and dispositions of the various personages who voice them, or regarding the nature of the scenes in which they occur, thereby securing that monotony which is so essential to the recitative. As far as possible I have ended them with a drop note and cadence,—in the usual way.

"To my soloists I have given roulades, ad libitums, etc., on one syllable, at the very moments in the drama where a climax is expected. By thus waiving the point, I interrupt the logical development of the action and compel it to come to a complete standstill,—after the usual fashion—until the soloist feels her breath giving out and brings her long trill to a brilliant bring-down-the-house close.

"Then again I have caused certain words of sentences to be reiterated many times by the separate parts of the chorus, and afterwards proclaimed in a body until all the previous portions of it have vanished from the memory, then I have finished the sentence. And by many other devices known to composers, I have violated the natural laws of punctuation and enunciation, and destroyed the sense of the words to such an extent that even the most unsophisticated members of the audience will perceive the impossibility of following it. Said members will find themselves not only guided, but subtly compelled to center their attention upon the first, last and only point of importance in an opera, namely, its melodies.

"The chorus I have drilled to stand around listlessly and not take much interest in passing events. Especially when addressed, or when anything important is narrated to them,—I have enjoined upon them the necessity of absolute indifference, —after the usual manner of choruses.

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"In this performance the only thing I regret, and for which I must apologize, is the tenor. The one I have engaged does not correctly personify the usual tenor. He unfortunately possesses a spontaneous, sympathetic nature, and, what is still more deplorable, intense eyes which he persists in using, though I declare to him that it is not the usual way. At last, however, after many warm arguments, we have compromised upon one scene, which he agrees to render as I command. In this, when his lady love addresses him in impassioned strain, he will gaze blankly over her head into the wings. When his turn comes he will face the audience and look vacantly before him, not minding that the words he sings are addressed exclusively to her and are embodying the most intense emotion. I need not state where this particular scene occurs in which the tenor relents. Every musical critic will recognize it,—being in the usual way.

"At some point during the progression of the opera the audience will undoubtedly encore and demand a repetition of some pleasing scene, 'thereby impairing the integrity of the dramatic impression and the scenic illusion' in their usual way. So important has this proceeding become, not only from historical and traditional custom, but modern usage as well, that I would deem myself very unwise if I should leave the fulfillment of its practice to blind chance. Therefore I myself have arranged to have one scene played twice; feeling sure that by so doing I shall gain the hearty endorsement and support of the musical critics, who will agree in saying that by arranging the matter previously there will be gained the double advantage of relieving the audience of unnecessary trouble and responsibility, and allowing it to devote its undivided efforts to absorbing the melodies, so as to be able to hum them the next morning at breakfast; and, on the other hand, securing some certainty in regard to the length of the performance. It will be conceded that the audience often forget (unwittingly) to enforce their ancient privilege, thus causing the performance to end sooner than the composer had intended, and so giving the performers a little more time for recuperation than the law allows to persons in their position.

"As for the scene to be repeated I resolved that its selection should not be the result of mere caprice, but rather of deep reflection. While wondering how to choose judiciously, I be-

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thought me that the most logical conclusions are reached by starting out with two irrefutable statements, and deducting the final from them. So, quietly ignoring the flippant advice of a chorister to select the liveliest scene if I would please all, as being alike thoughtless and unreasonable, I set me down in my study and proceeded in this wise; resolved, first, no one thinks well of the villain; resolved, secondly, everyone will be pleased at his downfall; therefore, as everyone stands for the multitude, and no one is a nonentity, that which gives everyone pleasure must carry the day. And I thereupon arose and gave orders that the villain's death scene should be enacted twice at each performance of the opera. This decision was met with a howl of remonstrative anguish from the villain; whose wife exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, that now they never could save any money, for it would require the whole dozen of Milwaukee's best to replace the nerve cells which that heavy scene nightly shattered, whereas before it had been bad enough, when six bottles was sufficient.

"But I am convinced that a wise course, persistently pursued, must ultimately yield results; hence I go firmly on in my way, not heeding the petty complaints and obstructions that are prone to surround men of my fame. If this small innovation meet the approbation of the press and musical connoisseurs that I fondly anticipate, I shall continue the good work in my next opera by causing each act to be repeated.

"Compliments of the composer of

"'Ah There,' a Satiric Opera."

(In regard to the opera itself, I would say that it was neither very good nor very bad, but was, as the composer so carefully explained, quite in the usual way and a fitting continuation of the one I had heard. There was nothing new in it, nor have I yet realized where the satire came in.)

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BACH, BEETHOVEN, SCHUMANN AND CHOPIN.

(Ten Evenings with Great Composers. No. VIII.)

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

There are endless selections of compositions which might be made in order to bring together into a single evening enough of the music of these four great masters to give a taste of their individualities, style and sentiment. Following are examples:

I.

Bach, Prelude and Fugue in C minor, Clavier, No. 2.
Beethoven, Sonata Pathetique, opus 13.
Schumann, Forest Scenes: "Entrance,"
"Wayside Inn,"
"Prophetic Bird,"
"Homeward."
Bach, Fantasia in C minor. Loure in G (Heinze).
Chopin, Nocturne in G minor, opus 37, No. 1.
Waltz in A flat, opus 42.

II.

Bach, Prelude and Fugue in D major. Clavier, No. 5.
Beethoven, Sonata in D, opus 10, No. 3.
Schumann, Phantasy Pieces, opus 12. "At Evening."
"Excelsior."
"Why?"
"Whims."
"Dream Visions."
"End of the Song."
Chopin, Nocturne in B major, opus 32, No. 1.
Ballade in A flat, opus 47.

III.

Bach, Prelude and Fugue in C sharp, Clavier, No. 3.
Beethoven, Sonata in A flat, opus 26.
Schumann, Phantasy Pieces, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8.
Chopin, Nocturne in B major, opus 32, No. 1.
Ballade in A flat, opus 47.

IV. (Regardless of difficulty).

Bach, Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue.
Beethoven, Sonata, opus 111. C minor.
Schumann, Etudes Symphoniques, opus 13.

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Chopin, Nocturne in D flat major, opus 27, No. 2.
Polonaise A flat, opus 53.

To discuss these selections in detail would take us too far, for which reason only those observations will be made which seem more essential. Throughout the intention is to alternate the thematic work of Bach and Schumann with the lyric or quasi lyric writing of Beethoven and Chopin. While Beethoven was also at times thematic, his work is generally well-balanced as to its structure, and so melodious that in comparison with almost anything of Schumann (excepting a few distinctly lyric pieces) or of Bach, it seems like lyric melody. It was also the first intention in these programs to preserve an agreeable succession of keys. The first three programs are of moderate difficulty, although not so easy as might be made. Still, in the present state of piano playing, there are few seminaries or private circles where these numbers cannot be played well enough to afford pleasure and instruction.

Of the various Bach numbers upon the programs the following distinctions may be made. The preludes and fugues are generally contrasted in respect to the qualities of lyric and thematic writing respectively. The prelude in C minor, for instance, is almost an exercise, being without clearly expressed melody (for the accents in the soprano suggest a melody very distinctly) and the whole is rapid and incisive; the fugue, on the other hand, opens with a very sprightly idea which is carried out delightfully, quite in the manner of a scherzo. The prelude in D major, again, is very light and graceful, yet having a character somewhat between a fancy piece of tone-poetry and an exercise, being capable of receiving either construction, according to the ability and skill of the player. The fugue, on the other hand, is rather firm, resolute and marked, yet with distinct touches of sentiment—which latter quality is always to be sought for in the playing, but without resorting to rubato; it is not enough to present these selections, they must be made to display the best effect of which they are capable. It is not a question of composers merely, but why we should love and reverence them. The prelude in C sharp is one of the loveliest in the entire Clavier. It is lyric in its principal motive, and there is a very pretty interlude of alternating work between the two hands upon the dominant, just before the return of the principal theme, which is quite in modern style. The fugue also is very melodious, yet at the same time rather difficult, and it will be a good player who is able to produce this fugue successfully in anything short of about a month's practice. With the last program we come upon a very different grade of difficulty, especially in the matter of interpretation, for in mere finger work the last Bach piece is not so much more difficult than the fugue in C sharp major.

The Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue is a very curious illustration of Bach's genius. No one knows the circumstances under which it was written or the time. There is absolutely nothing else in his works which is at all like it upon the whole although each one of

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its peculiarities occurs elsewhere in his works not uncommonly. It opens with a bravoura run in scale work the two hands co-operating interchangeably which must have the character of a bold flourish, such as a virtuoso might give upon taking his place and beginning his piece. This is followed with a delicate harmonic passage in which a melody is very distinctly suggested, a very delicate and musical passage it is. Then the bravoura run returns, and then the harmonic arpeggio motive as before, but always carried out in different keys and chords. Upon these two elements the first part of the fantasia is constructed. In the 49th measure begins another chapter, in which we have a series of recitative like phrases, the most of which end upon diminished chords, and contain or suggest enharmonic modulations of extreme modern type. The recitatives are very expressive and their proper delivery necessitates a high degree of musical sensitiveness and experience in singing. After the recitatives, at measure seventy-six, a coda begins, which brings the fantasia to an end. The coda is perhaps the most beautiful part of this great work. I have here also forgotten to mention the series of arpeggios upon chromatic chords, beginning in measure twenty-seven. These Bach wrote merely as chords to be played arpeggio, and it was for a long time a question as to what manner of filling up the time would be nearest his intention. Mendelssohn, in one of his letters, says he wishes that he knew what Bach meant here, and I believe it is generally thought that the carrying out of the arpeggios in Hans von Buelow's edition of this piece is very near the solution suggested by Mendelssohn. At any rate I advise using the Buelow edition, particularly as the figures are written out in full, and the fingering is carefully marked—a very important consideration in one or two places in the fugue.

The fugue also is interesting and is elaborated to two quite imposing climaxes, the first beginning in measure 60 and the other in measure 140, where the bass has the principal theme in octaves. Mr. Liebling does not regard this fugue as quite up to Bach's standard, inasmuch as Bach has repeated quite long passages in different keys without materially changing the treatment, something which he rarely does, his fertility of fancy being such that he always or nearly always avoids exactly repeating himself, no matter how many times he chooses to bring back the principal theme. The composition as a whole is by far the most modern of Bach, and it is a veritable tone-poem. In order to realize this it will be necessary to hear it several times, its elaboration being so great and the difficulty of playing so considerable that only very good players will have enough sentiment and surplus of technique to interpret it with sufficiently musical quality. But when so played it is one of the surest master pieces in the entire repertory of the pianoforte. And in consequence of its elevated and poetic sentiment, its caprice and program-like character, it affords one of the best possible studies in Bach's style at its best.

The sonatas by Beethoven, named upon the lists, are of quite

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dissimilar value. The sonata "pathetique" is a very strong work indeed, and if we have many times seen its name we must not forget that after all it is not very often played in any one place. Moreover, new players are all the time coming on to whom this strong and original work is new. The introduction carries out the emotional spirit of the Bach fantasia, as also does the work itself. The headlong Allegro, the slow, sustained and beautiful Adagio, and the easy-going finale each have their own beauties, and continue the story which as Beethoven thought it was one story, from beginning to end. The least satisfactory part of this work is the rondo, the tempo of which is not altogether easy to determine. I prefer it at rather a slow tempo. There is a unity of movement in this work which is not always observed. In a general way the eighth note in the introduction, the whole note in the Allegro and the eighth note in the Adagio, and the half note in the rondo go at about the same rate—approximately from 60 to 72 by the metronome. If any modification is made, take the rondo faster, say about 84.

A very important technical point of the work is the treatment of the chords in the introduction and in the Allegro. All must have a melodic quality in their highest tones, since the melody passes through the chord. Neglect of this imparts a brutal and unmusical quality to the tones of chords struck so forcibly. Throughout the work strong contrasts continually occur between the impassioned motive and the pathetic or appealing idea. These two elements struggle for mastery throughout. The Adagio is one of those slow movements for which Beethoven was noted. The cantilena is lovely and the sentiment deep and tender.

In some respects the sonata upon the second program is even more remarkable. Its general build is rather light and pleasing and neither in length nor in dramatic contrast is it to be compared with most of the pathetique. Especially is this the case when we confine our attention to the light and pleasing first movement and the finale. The latter, opening with that capricious little motive which seems to say "Why don't you?" is all the way arch, sprightly and pleasing. But the second movement is one of the strongest and most impassioned in all the sonatas. It opens grave, serious, as if fate herself impended. A very slow and appealing motive is carried out thematically, almost in the modern style of Schumann or Brahms. It is a slow movement which might have been played upon Olympus or in Walhalla—provided the dissipated gods of the old dispensations had been developed to the capacity of remorse and repentance. Out of this profoundly sad despondent slow movement grows the tender flower of the delicious Menuetto in D major, which follows it. This is not to be taken too fast, remembering that we have our fast movement still to settle with later. It is a melodious, tender, gentle movement, which is one of the most characteristic and beautiful of the kind to be found anywhere in the volume of the sonatas. In point of technical difficulty this sonata presents no very great problems.

The sonata in A flat commonly remembered from the "Funeral

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March," which takes the place of a slow movement, opens with an air and variations. These were for a long time the most played of anything in the entire collection of sonatas. Latterly, under the influence of the greater variations of Schumann and Brahms, they are becoming relegated to the more remote seats in the musical synagogue. They are nevertheless very interesting variations, quite in the "character" line, each variation being a new picture, a new mood. Opposed to this kind of variations is the "formal" variation, where, although the theme is varied in its figuration and rhythm, the harmony remains unchanged, and the aesthetic character of the successive variations remains practically unchanged. The "Funeral March Upon the Death of a Hero" is one of the famous pieces. It no longer presents material difficulties to the student. The Scherzo must not be played too rapidly. The finale is to go about as fast as possible, and with the greatest possible lightness and delicacy.

The great sonata in C minor, opus 111, is the last which Beethoven composed, having been written after the ninth symphony, about a year or two before his death. It is very difficult, technically, very serious in its spirit, and has the curious peculiarity of consisting of two movements only, excepting a short but very profound and serious introduction. The first movement is very impassioned, and the entire movement is developed from one or two short germs thematically, quite in the manner which Schumann took up and accomplished so much with. The spirit of the Allegro is almost like that of the sonata pathetique, but naturally vastly more mature. The slow movement, again, consists of an Arietta of two eight-measure strains, the first in C major, the second in A minor. These two strains alternate throughout the variations which are of the formal order; but here Beethoven manages to attain a very considerable development of interest and rises to an imposing climax without ever quite forsaking the peace of the opening measures of the Arietta. The variations are quite difficult to play, and the ending is very troublesome to treat in any manner to make it sound as one thinks an ending should. The whole, while perhaps but little more characteristic of Beethoven than the sonata appassionata or the great sonata for hammerklavier, opus 106, is nevertheless a very beautiful illustration of Beethoven's tone-poetry for pianoforte.

The Schumann "Etudes Symphoniques" here chosen for illustrating this capricious and humoristic master, is also a most astonishing work. It is in form of a theme and variations, but the variations almost require the newspaper libel-saving reservation "alleged" since the theme in some of them is not referred to at all while in others it occurs but for occasional measures here and there. Except for the monotony of key, this piece might as well have been called "studies" as variations. Nevertheless, it is a most delightful example of Schumann's imagination and of tone-poetry for pianoforte. Each variation or successive movement is a new leaf from the world of the ideal. Nothing more contrasted, no more agreeable succession of moods, no more imposing example of poetic treatment of the piano-

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forte is to be found in the entire literature of the instrument. It is a work which the more one hears the more one likes it. It is curious, now that this work is so often played, to remember that Schumann wrote concerning it to a friend that he had just been writing a set of variations which interested him very much, but which he doubted whether would ever be played in public. Naturally, he said, it is unfit for such a position. It is for the musician in his closet. Yet of all the Schumann piano works this one probably is oftener played, the immortal fantasia in C not excepted.

The length to which these observations have been extended precludes saying many things about the Chopin and Schumann selections. The nocturne in B major is a beautiful melody and not difficult to play. The Ballade in A flat is perhaps the most popular of all the larger works, while the polonaise in A flat is a famous piece of pianoforte virtuosity, which is also a heroic poem, quite in the manner suggested in the passages from Liszt in the previous number of these lessons.

It will be quite possible for the player to combine still other numbers in place of some of those here; or to rearrange the matter here presented, for the sake of using pieces which one can play well. In arranging the programs, however, it is desirable to preserve an agreeable succession of keys, a due contrast of moods, and a fitting illustration of the masters concerned.

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MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

A DEPARTMENT FOR THE FREE AND IMPARTIAL DISCUSSION OF METHODS, RESULTS PROPOSED, AND PRACTICAL QUESTIONS GENERALLY.

The need of a free and impartial discussion of questions in public school music teaching has long been generally recognized, and for several years it has been intended to add this to the general scope of MUSIC. Beginning with the present issue, such a department is now undertaken, to which several leading teachers have agreed to contribute, among them eminent practical teachers engaged in school room work, educators in other departments of music, and still other general educators interested in pedagogics as a philosophy and a practical art. Accordingly, the department will be conducted under the general supervision of the editor of MUSIC, the contributions of each writer signed, and a general invitation is hereby extended to all interested to send in questions, comments, suggestions and other matter, which will be impartially considered upon its merits and full or partial use made of it as the general interest shall seem to demand.

What is desired is to clear up methods, define the proper scope of the music instruction in public schools, the careful treatment of voices, whether anything can be done to correct national defects in the ordinary habits of pronouncing and delivering the English language and the cultivation of an agreeable and musical speaking tone. All these and many others are here to be discussed, rather than personalities or polemics of so-called "systems." It is taken for granted that every writer is responsible for his or her own opinion, and the editor disclaims all connection therewith except when otherwise indicated by editorial comment. As for the "systems," inasmuch as all experienced teachers have used anywhere from one to ten "systems," or sets of books and have found themselves able to do more or less creditable work with all of them, we may leave this part of the case for publishers and school boards to work this way and that, as the gods may decide. And may heaven defend the right!

The department now opens with a paper by the distinguished teacher, Mrs. Emma Thomas, of Detroit, on the use and scope of dictation exercises in the public schools, according to her practice in the Detroit public schools.

MUSICAL DICTATION.

Within the past month I have had a number of inquiries from teachers as to whether I thought Dictation Work very helpful to the

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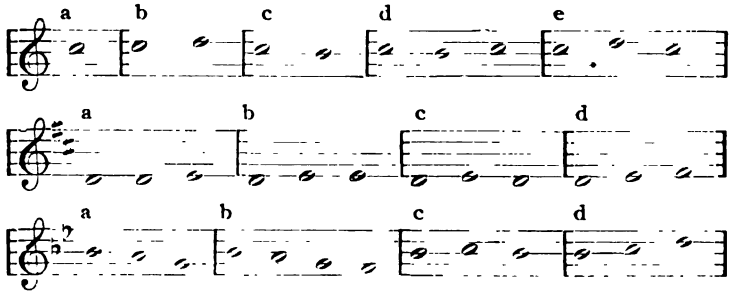
pupils, and how to carry it on. It has been thought best to begin the work in this department on that subject.

I certainly believe Dictation Work very beneficial to the pupils. Children should be taught to listen with understanding. Little children are very enthusiastic about their songs, but they hear them as a whole. They do not think whether the song is "high" or "low," "fast" or "slow," or "loud" or "soft." In our first grades we sing with the syllable "loo" or hum little exercises with consecutive intervals, to the pupils and instantly they will be able to sing the exercise. In the second grade or year we begin to have them write the music they hear. We would have a written lesson once a week. Have your pupils use practice paper and slate until they get used to the work. When you feel that they can use music paper have the pupils write their name and grade upon each exercise.

In the second and third year we use exercises without time. Always tell the pupils what number of the scale the first sound is; also tell them where "do" is. Care should be taken not to dictate too much at once, and never allow the pupils to write while the teacher is singing the measure or measures. We will give a few examples:



We begin with two sounds at first, and then three, and so on. For the next step we take skips between one and eight. It is very interesting to see with what eagerness the children listen and the pleasure it gives them to sing and write the exercise correctly.

In our fourth grade we give time exercises as well as tune.

One note for each beat. Two, three and four part measure.

One note for two beats.

Use the half, quarter and eighth note for a unit.

Rests.

In our fifth year of school we give work with time and tune exercises combined. Teacher sing the exercise with "loo," giving a strong accent on the first of each measure. Let them write their meter-signature from what they have heard. Tell them the lower figure. Have them think how many measures. We give a few illustrations that we have used for a number of years, and teachers can develop similar exercises in different keys.

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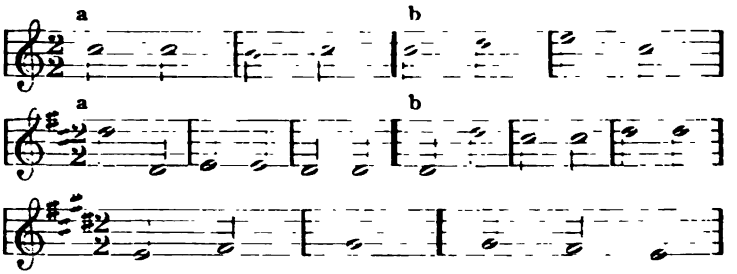
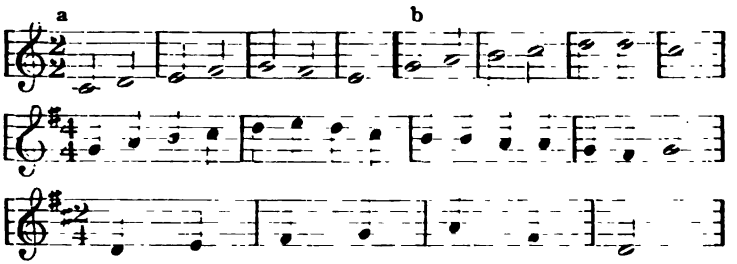
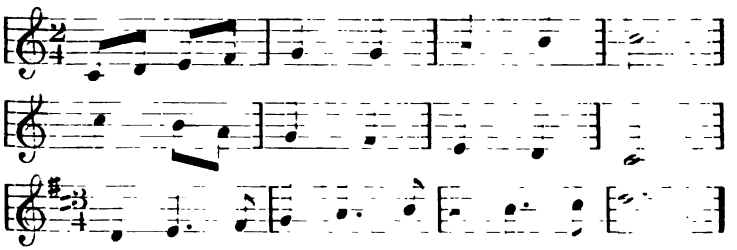
Fifth Year:



Sixth Year:



Seventh Year:



Eighth Year—Pupils write scales from memory, placing flats and sharps correctly. Review the meaning of the different meter signature and measures written in one meter should be expressed in others until all kinds of notes and rests are perfectly familiar. The pupils should be able to write chromatic tones, Normal Minor, Harmonic Minor and Melodic Minor scales. We have just given a few illustrations in each grade, the teachers are to follow out each set in all the keys. If any teacher wishes a complete set of Dictation exercises we should be pleased to send them a set, as we have them taken off on the mimeograph for our teachers.

In the June number of MUSIC we will answer the questions asked as to the care of children's voices and will give some devices for making the chart and time work interesting and helpful. We are always very glad to answer any questions in this department.

MRS. EMMA THOMAS, Detroit.

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TEACHERS' CONVENTIONS.

At the various Teachers' Conventions in the Middle States during the past few weeks much interest has been manifested in public school music, and at nearly all of them there have been special meetings of the Music Session at which papers have been read by the leading teachers of the State.

At Galesburg, Ill., on March 26th, a very enthusiastic meeting was held under the direction of P. C. Hayden, of Quincy, Ill., President of the Illinois Music Teachers' Association. At this meeting, besides the reading of papers, there was held a typical singing class conducted by Mr. Housel, the special music teacher at Galesburg. Immediately following this, on the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th, there was held in Elkhart, Ind., the largest local Teachers' Convention in the country, at which something like two thousand teachers were present, and at which the music section was so large that its session had to be conducted in the Opera House.

Papers here were read by Mr. Bergen, of Lafayette, Miss Harrison of Columbia City, Ind., Miss Birchard, of Anderson, Ind. and several others of the leading teachers, and the program was pleasantly varied by musical numbers, chief among which were several solos by Mr. Louis D. Eichhorn, of Logansport, Ind.

The next week, April 9th and 10th, the Southern Indiana Convention was held at Franklin, with a much smaller attendance, but with a very successful music session, and much on the plan of that at Elkhart.

Following this on the 22nd, 23rd and 24th of April, the Northern Illinois Teachers met in convention at Rock Island where the music session was very small but very enthusiastic and listened to interesting papers from Mr. C. D. Weeks, of Ottawa, Miss Rork, of Streator, and Mr. Haynes, of Morris.

The topics that have been discussed at these meetings have largely been the same, which naturally are the problems that most frequently confront the grade teacher such as methods of obviating "flatting" in the children's work, of dealing with monotones, means for awakening the musical perception of the child, means of persuading boys to sing after they reach the fifth or sixth grade, the time for the introduction of two and three part singing, and other such technical points. The discussion of these topics has proven of great interest to the teachers who have attended the meetings, as has been shown by the rapid increase in attendance at the musical section.

In Elkhart, for instance, there were some fifty or sixty teachers present who are actually engaged in public school music teaching. This section is but four years old, and at its first meeting had but seven in attendance, two of whom were music teachers, Mr. Bergen and Mr. Brown, and five of whom were agents for various Music Publishing Houses. The organization has been so completed that instead of being merely a department under the executive committee, the music section has obtained autonomy, and elects its own officers.

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At nearly all of the conventions recently held in these States resolutions were drafted and adopted looking toward some means of making a display at the State Music Teachers' Association as well as the National Educational Association, by which further privileges and greater consideration could be obtained for the Music Department of the Schools, both among teachers and associations.

Great attention is also given to the means for introducing music in the district schools, the topic which is now the most prominent in this region, and which seems to have met its best solution at the hands of Mr. Haynes, of Morris, who has formed a plan of organizing the district schools through teachers' classes as well as through personal supervision, by which he is engaged to give slight time each month to each school at a very small cost to the school district, in one case the cost being about $1.50 per month for his own salary, which has been made practicable for him through the consolidation under his direction of thirty-five country districts and ten village schools.

There is no space here to speak of many interesting features of these conventions, and the many instances which go to show the great value they promise for music teaching, but mention may at least be made of the chorus before some of the teachers of the Rock Island Convention. This was a dress rehearsal of "The Pirates of Penzance," given by the local talent at Moline, the chorus of which and most of the stars were pupils who had had their training and had sung together under Mr. Giddings, formerly instructor in the high school at that city, and under whom they had formerly given "The Creation."

The singing of this chorus, in my estimation, was better than anything I have ever heard in a rehearsal from a professional opera chorus, and went a long ways toward showing what can be done with American voices trained under rational methods as they are in a well conducted common school course.

J. L. MATHEWS.

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THINGS HERE AND THERE.

MR. XAVER SCHARWENKA'S OPERA, "MATASWINTHA."

On the evening of April 1, 1897, Mr. Xaver Scharwenka's new opera of "Mataswintha" was produced by the Damrosch company at the Metropolitan Opera-House, New York. Of the occasion and the work itself Mr. Krehbiel, in the Tribune, writes:

Mr. Xaver Scharwenka enjoyed a unique sensation at the Metropolitan Opera-House last night. He conducted a performance of his own opera, a work entitled "Mataswintha," which on this occasion had its first representation in America. It has been an open secret for several weeks that the cost of bringing "Mastaswintha" forward was about $4,000. Mr. Scharwenka hired house, orchestra, company and scenery from Mr. Damrosch. The receipts were his, and the appearance of the audience last night indicated that daring as was the adventure it was yet carried through successfully. Nearly every one of the boxes in the second tier was occupied; so were half of the boxes in the first tier; orchestra and balcony were filled, and a large number of persons sat in the gallery. It was a gathering, too, that was handsome in appearance, unusually gay in apparel for a German audience, and, though manifestly filled with the kindliest sentiments toward the composer, still discriminating in its bestowal of applause. Of course, there were calls for the composer after every act, wreaths by the dozen, and gigantic floral offerings, whose inscribed streamers will long help to keep the memory of the occasion alive in Mr. Scharwenka's mind, should he be in danger of forgetting it.

The opera was produced under difficulties. It had withstood its baptism of fire in Weimar last October, and before then fragments of it had been performed here in concert form. When the composer took up his residence in New York he gave a concert at which the prelude, a chorus and an ensemble were performed. The pianoforte score had then been printed by Breitkopf and Härtel, and the work had been accepted for performance at Munich. Why it has not yet been heard in the Bavarian capital is not a matter of public history. The story is probably one of the familiar kind, involving personal equation on the part of intendant or manager. Certain it is that "Mataswintha" is quite as worthy of a place in the repertory of the German opera-houses as a dozen of the works which have been heard there within the last ten years. The production here was first set down for March 24, but a postponement became necessary. On Tuesday the illness of Herr Kraus, the tenor, who was to have sung the principal man's part, compelled his withdrawal from the cast. There was no understudy and no substitute to be had except Herr Steh-

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mann, an extremely useful but not brilliant member of Mr. Damrosch's company; and he is a barytone singer. He learned the part in two days, and so great was the admiration for this feat felt by the audience last night that he was permitted to carry off his share of the honors notwithstanding that he was far from letter perfect and the music was not adapted to his voice.

The opera is liberally endowed with pageantry, and, properly furnished with costumes and stage decorations, would make a brave show. Here, of course, generosity of judgment was invited, for the scenes, save the last, which presents a public square in Ravenna (time, middle of the sixth century) and ends with the destruction by fire of a public storehouse for grain, were all built up from the stock furnishings of the Metropolitan Opera-House. But the audience was as lenient in this respect as toward the singers. There was, indeed, enough to admire in the music to make such leniency easy. Mr. Scharwenka's opera is full of beautiful things. It opens monotonously, for want of variety of tempo and mood in the first act, but with the arrival of the pageantry in Mataswintha's court, which leads it to depart from the idiom of the later Wagner (which prevails otherwise throughout the score), and to adopt that of the Wagner of the "Lohengrin" period, with a bit of Meyerbeerian patois, it becomes animated and brilliant to a degree. The style is thoroughly modern. The blood of the drama flows through the orchestra, which is handled in a masterly manner, though one is tempted to wish at times that the composer had been a little less fond of muted horns and other Wagnerian effects, which are excellent when used as sparingly as ingeniously and with as good purposes as Wagner uses them. A fine sense of the dramatic expressiveness of harmony is also noticeable in the music. The vocal parts, except a few set pieces, such as a chorus of harvesters, a march in the second act, a piece of church music in the last, are all in that free arioso style introduced by Wagner.

The greatest part of the credit for the performance must go to Mr. Scharwenka, for his superb conducting of the work—so sure, so easy, so authoritative. After him to the orchestra, then to Mme. Januschowsky (whose earnestness and zeal made up for much of the want of charm in her voice and appearance), then to Herr Fischer and Herr Mertens. The rest was a struggle with the impossible by mediocre singers, though Fräulein Eibenschütz compelled some sympathy. The parts were distributed as follows:

King Witichis .....Gerhard Stehmann
Rauthgundis, his wife.....Riza Eibenschütz
Mataswintha.....Georgine von Januschowsky
Aspa, her confidant .....Marie Mattfeld
Totila, the King's comrade in arms.....Fritz Ernst
Grippa, Count of Ravenna.....Emil Fischer
Arahad, a young Gothic aristocrat.....Wilhelm Mertens
Nobles, Goths of Witichis' and Mataswintha's Suites, Ambassadors from Ravenna, Shepherds, Reapers, &c., People, &c.

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Scene of Action—Act I—Witichis's Villa at F'æsulæ. Act II—Royal Palace at Ravenna. Act III—Square in Ravenna. Time—Middle of the Sixth Century.

Mr. W. J. Henderson, in the Times: "The story of 'Mataswintha' is an excellent one for operatic purposes. It is not confused in its details, and its emotional schedule is straightforward, simple and elementary. It is a pity that all the composers who think they are followers of Wagner, when they are merely imitators of his manner, do not grasp the real significance of his theory about the employment of the myth as the subject for the drama in music. He held that the plastic simplicity and unity of mythical stories permitted the composer to concentrate his musical expression upon a few fundamental emotions. It does not require a keen observer to perceive that the essential part of this theory, an irreproachable theory, is not the myth, but the fundamental emotions. Given a story in which the action is chiefly psychological, as in 'Tristan and Isolde,' and you have a series of mood pictures, which are fully within the scope of musical illustration. 'Mataswintha' is built on such lines, and hence the story is well suited to operatic treatment.

"Witichis, recently elected King of the Goths, has secretly married Rauthgundis, a mountain maid. The news comes that the people of Ravenna refuse to acknowledge Witichis as King, but acclaim as their sovereign Mataswintha, grandchild of Theodoric. Hence the nation for the sake of peace demands the marriage of Witichis and Mataswintha. Witichis is bound by an oath to sacrifice all to his country, and he leaves his young wife to obey the call of duty. Mataswintha has already seen and loves Witichis and accepts him with joy; but, after the wedding ceremony he informs her that he has married her only for his country's sake, and that he will be hers only in name. Mataswintha sends him from her, and then betrays him to the enemy, for, of course, there is a convenient war. Witichis, wounded fatally, dies in the arms of his beloved Rauthgundis, and Mataswintha, in despair, throws herself into the flames of a burning building, which she has set on fire.

"This story is told in a well-made libretto, written by Ernst Koppel of Berlin, and is based on an episode in Felix Dahn's novel, 'The Battle for Rome.' The text is occasionally puerile, but in general it is equal to that of most recent operas, which is saying a good deal. The composer is intensely modern in his musical methods. He uses none of the set forms of the old Italian opera writers, but employs the modern declamatory arioso for his monologues and duets, discarding recitative altogether. There is not a single bar of recitative, pure and simple, in the whole work. Scharwenka also writes large scenes in musical dialogue, and introduces massive ensembles where possible. He shows good judgment in the distribution of his musical effects between the voices and the orchestra. He deserves praise for recognizing at all times the paramount importance of the voices, and never smothering them with orchestral noise. He em-

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ploys the Wagnerian leading motive with moderation and with considerable skill. He has not used it anywhere more effectively than when he introduces the motive of Witichis's love for Rauthgundis in the hero's duet with Mataswintha. The melodic measures in the work are circumscribed by the composer's insatiable hunger for changeful harmony. No composer of our period, except Charbrier, has made such a parade of key-complexity. The score of 'Mataswintha' is an enharmonic study. Such a harmonic scheme is, of course, not unsuited to the depiction of struggling passions; but one longs in vain for points of repose. There are no places in 'Mataswintha' where the imagination may pause in the contemplation of pure sculpturesque beauty as in the love song of Siegmund or the duet in 'Tristan und Isolde.'

"Hence the essentially lyric element is deficient in this score. It is all musical bustle, hurry, push, aggression. It lacks contrast; it lacks broad, elementary tints. The bridal song in the third act, the love duet in the first act, and the ensemble at the close of the second are the most symmetrical and tangible things in the whole opera. The ensemble is a broad and inspiriting piece of writing, worthy of a place beside the best work of its kind done in recent years. But much of the most ambitious writing of the composer is elusive and unconvincing, and it must be frankly admitted that there are long periods of wearisome aridity in 'Mataswintha.' The technics of his art Mr. Scharwenka knows thoroughly, and he handles the orchestra with a firm hand. But, if the truth must be told—and this is the place for it—'Mataswintha' is not an inspiration. There is no echo in it of an overflowing imagination. It is admirably made, and it commands respect. But it does not melt or thrill, and one goes away from the opera-house with only the conviction that he has heard the result of earnest effort on the part of an aspiring composer.

CHICAGO APOLLO MUSICAL CLUB.

The Chicago Apollo Musical Club gave its third concert of the present season April 21st, 1897, the program consisting of Dvorak's "Stabat Mater" and Goring-Thomas' "The Swan and the Skylark." The place was the Chicago auditorium, which was entirely filled with a very splendid audience. The forces engaged consisted of the chorus of the club, numbering about three hundred and fifty, a selection of the Chicago orchestra numbering about forty-five, Miss Ella Russell, Mrs. Katherine Fisk, Mr. Ben Davies and Mr. George Ellsworth Holmes, the whole under the direction of Mr. William L. Tomlins. The concert was the one hundred and thirty-fourth of the club, and it is probable that of these more than one hundred and ten have been given under the same director—Mr. Tomlins. These facts show the stability of the organization and of the relation between the club and the musical director.

Dvorak's "Stabat Mater," now about fourteen years before the public, is a capable setting of the famous old hymn, but somewhat ineffective for voices. Or, rather, it is written in such a way that

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the musical treatment, the working out of themes, seems to be the main thing, and the text serves merely as an incidental explanation. Taken together, the orchestra, the solos and the mass of the chorus, and the music, reproduce what might be called an "impression" of the text. It is a good musical version—but not a vocal composition in the dramatic sense. The instrumentation, without being anywhere so sensational as places in the other choral works of Dvorak, is graphic and interesting, but, in consequence of its manner of treatment it does not offer a choral society an inviting field; and a satisfactory result is not to be made out of it except by a very perfect co-operation of all the forces engaged. On the present occasion the chorus succeeded very well indeed but the orchestra played rather indifferently, Mr. Tomlins' authority not having the vigor necessary for controlling these rather unenthusiastic players who seem to need the firm hand of a Thomas or Seidl to wake them up into something resembling truly artistic work. It is a discredit to the reputation of the Chicago orchestra that this should be so; and the explanation is to be found in two circumstances: first that there is no Chicago orchestra as such in so far as the players are concerned but only a Thomas orchestra; and, second, that Mr. Tomlins' beat is rather peculiar and his nerve not equal to the brutal self-assertiveness needed to make it effective upon these indisposed players. It is a case for sapolio or some other rasping deturgent.

The solo numbers of the "Stabat Mater" are far from offering such opportunities as those of the Rossini composition upon the same text. Miss Ella Russell is an American singer, from Cleveland, Ohio, who, having gone abroad about sixteen years ago for study, made her debut there and has gone on filling engagements in Europe ever since, her latest operatic position being with the Carl Rosa English Opera Company. She has a dramatic soprano voice, which upon the present occasion was suffering somewhat from a cold. In the Dvorak work she sang with distinction and power, but she was heard to better advantage in the other work. Mrs. Katherine Fisk, just back from a successful winter in London showed admirable improvement, and greatly pleased. The basso, Mr. George Ellsworth Holmes, who has been not inappropriately described as on the whole the best singer who ever left Chicago for his own good has a very superior voice, an agreeable style, and sang with splendid effect. The tenor was the well-known Mr. Ben Davies, and was very satisfactory in every way.

The second part of the concert was occupied by that queer but charming little work, the late Goring-Thomas' "The Swan and the Skylark." The text of this composition is from various sources, and history is silent concerning the authorship of the melange. The plot gives us first of all a sort of soliloquy by the poet, in which he states that he is no Grecian poet, and that the woods no longer have for him laughing dryads or merry-making Pans, the sun rises and sets in a reliable family way and the romance is generally knocked out of matters and things in general. Interesting information, but not

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especially timely. Then cames a delightful part song, "'Mid the long reeds that o'er the Grecian stream," which goes on to introduce the dying swan warbling his death chant. Then the swan, a beautiful and very effective tenor song, "Summer, Farewell." After this an alto solo, with chorus obligato, "Adieu, Adieu," which leads to a new chorus relating to the Skylark, and this in turn to the song of the lark, "The Summer Is Come." This part of the work is delightfully elaborated, and at the end the swan and the skylark come together with chorus between and all together in a well-managed ensemble. The effect of the whole is very charming indeed.

The choral opportunities, mainly of the part-song order, are very clever, and the orchestration, by Mr. Villiers Standford, is very pretty and effective. The singing of the club was very good in this, and their points of style and sympathy were effective.

I am still of the opinion, which I have expressed repeatedly, that better work could be done with less trouble by reducing the club to a singing membership of about one hundred and fifty (provided the best voices were retained), bringing the chorus out nearer the front of the stage, placing the orchestra in the orchestral pit, or upon a lower platform erected over it, and so bringing the whole into closer rapport with the audience. There are too many ineffective and careless singers in the club. This may be an advantage from a social standpoint but it certainly adds prodigiously to the work of the conductor without adding proportionately to the musical effect. But here the question comes, What is the real object of such a society? Is it for the edification of the public by performing new or beautiful works? Or is it for the agreeable association of the members the musical performance serving merely as a sort of reason for coming together, the real benefit coming from association and musical companionship? Without consulting Mr. Tomlins I incline to the opinion that the latter expresses more nearly the ideal of this organization. Thus considered, criticism is out of order, and it is quite as well that so little of it is needed.

It is announced that a festival performance of "Elijah" will be given in May to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the club.

A LOCAL ORCHESTRA AT BANGOR, MAINE.

Apropos to the plan mentioned in the Editorial Bric-a-Brac for March, 1897, the following letter comes from Bangor, Maine:

To the Editor: I have been much occupied of late, so find myself this (Sunday) morning just reading the March MUSIC.

The opening of "Bric-a-Brac" seems to be so in sympathy with ideas I have tried to carry out in a small way this season. I think I must write you about it, that it may, through more from your pen, encourage others to some venture of a like nature.

Last summer while planning for my winter's teaching and dwelling on the poverty of our advantages for hearing good music, and realizing the utter inadequacy of the piano for pupils to understand and appreciate orchestral works, I felt that if I could urge our local

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orchestra to regularly, even once a month, play a miscellaneous program, always containing something worth studying, I would feel repaid for the effort. I first got the hearty co-operation of our orchestra leader, then sent out double postal cards for subscription for course tickets at popular prices. In a week's time, with the help of the press of the city, much interest was shown, and half of the expense was assured. We gave our first concert with the Schubert unfinished symphony, played by eighteen men and piano, early in November, and our audiences have increased every concert. Tomorrow night closes this first season, of which our people are justly proud. Our young people have had an opportunity never offered before in this vicinity. I felt very audacious in starting this venture with so small a number of instruments—Mozart and Haydn symphonies were most of them written for small orchestra. It isn't so bad as one would think on first thoughts. We have found quite a number of symphonies arranged for eighteen men with piano. In connection with these concerts my own pupils have had a little talk on the important numbers of the programs, with piano illustrations, which has broadened their ideas considerably. We made a point to have one grand opera and one light opera selection every evening, thereby attracting many who would not have come otherwise. We hope for a larger orchestra and better concerts another year.

I have been much in sympathy with your happy way of imparting musical knowledge ever since your first edition of "How to Understand Music," and consider one of the greatest helps to musical education in this country is your own self.

Very sincerely,

ABBIE N. GARLAND.

Bangor, Me.

In reply to a later request, Miss Garland gives additional particulars of her plan of organization and work:

Bangor, Me., April 9, 1897.

Dear Dr. Mathews: Yours just received. In reply will try and tell how many expenses, etc.

In the first place, we are a small city of 20,000 inhabitants, but considered quite cultivated, I think, but not reaching a very high standard in music. Last year Dr. Wasgatt and myself played once a month in private houses to a Grieg club of about thirty, mostly ladies, giving a miscellaneous program with one of the Grieg sonatas for piano and violin on always. These ladies were very enthusiastic and from them came our first subscribers to our symphony concerts. I enclose cards, which were printed and sent out with return card attached. I haven't any whole ones. These will give the idea. The very day they were delivered I got at six o'clock delivery orders for about forty dollars' worth. In a little over a week we had at the rate of two dollars and three dollars a ticket for season, about $375 subscribed, which we thought would be about half the expense for the six concerts. We thought it safe to go ahead and advertise sale of seats, reserved first day for subscribers, second day for every-

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body. We had all the time the most generous assistance of our daily papers. One local editor treated the matter like his own hobby, and by getting advertising took the printing of programs off our hands, so they cost us nothing, and all the time kept the idea of symphony concerts before the people in his paper, while the other two papers inserted anything I took them. We have had a friendly hand from everyone.

Our city hall is new, attractive, with fine acoustics, and we get it for twenty-five dollars a night, as every educational and charitable object is allowed to. Our single night tickets were fifty and thirty-five cents for reserved seats, twenty-five cents admission, and this sale raised from thirty-three dollars to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a night, so we came out in clover, and unless something serious happens to our orchestra men we will try it again, as we are urged to on every hand, and have been requested to give a supplementary season this spring, which we cannot do very well, so won't try until another fall.

Our soloists, home talent and Boston talent, have been very kind—favored us in prices. All this shows a great desire to hear good music outside of cities with great orchestras, and the people will go and support such concerts with varied programs. I am sure Dr. Wasgatt was our first soloist, and has been of great help as leading violin. He is a gifted young man and gets a very sympathetic tone, and is first favorite with every one in Bangor. Our musicians are all, but the leader, Mr. Pullen, men of business, orchestra playing being extra. Some play only from the love of it, and seldom at any time but these concerts; others play for the extra income, and they are in constant demand for parties, etc. So Sunday afternoon from 4 to 6 o'clock is about all the time they have been able to rehearse for these concerts, but they worked "con amore" then, I assure you. As the last concert occurred since I wrote you, I enclose program and notices.

Tell Miss Dingley Mr. Whitman was telling me this week how much he enjoyed her piano playing in ensemble work when she was in Lewiston.

Hoping I have given you what you wanted, and not bored in so doing, I am, very sincerely,

ABBIE N. GARLAND.

Average Expense—Hall, $25; janitor, $1; printing, $9; piano, $5; orchestra, $57; soloist and expenses from $6 to $37.

Our audiences have been the professional and society people, as well as the musical friends, and the concerts have been the most popular entertainment offered this winter.

A sample program gives the following selections: Schubert Rosamunde overture; Haydn symphony No. 11, in G major; Wagner prize song from the "Mastersingers;" selections from the "Huguenots," Meyerbeer; Langley, Dancer of Bagdad, Gabriel Marie Serenade Badine, and Victor Herbert, selections from "The Wizard of the Nile." The program is furnished with explanatory annotations of

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the Schubert overture, the "Huguenots," selections and the Haydn symphony. The orchestra is composed of two first violins, one each of second violin, viola, 'cello and bass, one flute, one oboe, two clarinets, one trombone, two horns, one percussion man and five pianists, who may be described as "on the side," ready for any need.

AN ORCHESTRA IN IOWA COLLEGE.

It is interesting to find how general the movement is towards the formation of orchestras in colleges and small towns, where but a few years ago it would have been impossible to find players enough, or to get them together if found. From Grinnell, Iowa, MUSIC has the following:

"Some time ago I noticed in MUSIC two or three communications about orchestras in the smaller Western cities. You may be interested to know that in our small town of less than four thousand inhabitants, with a college of between four houndred and five hundred students, we have an orchestra of twenty-eight performers, with full instrumentation, as follows: Fifteen strings, two flutes, two clarinets, one oboe, one bassoon, two cornets, two French horns, two trombones, and one pair of kettle-drums. I enclose a program just given here. To-morrow our orchestra, with the Iowa College Glee Club (eighteen voices) starts on a two-weeks' tour of the State, giving concerts in the most important cities of the State, including Mason City, Charles City, Iowa City, Davenport, Burlington, Des Moines and Marshalltown. It is our third year of existence, and the second trip of the kind that we have taken.

"Very truly yours,

"ROSSITER G. COLE."

The list of the players shows four ladies among the violins, one of them, apparently, the concert-meister; there is one lady viola; all the other players are gentlemen. The orchestral numbers in the program sent were: Marche Militaire, Schubert; Russian Fantasia (cornet solo), Levy; Leutner's Fest Overture; Gounod's Funeral March of a Marionet; Spring Morning Serenade, Lacombe; and a Spanish Dance by Yradier. On the whole an extremely creditable and prudent showing. The club and the orchestra are under the direction of Professor Rossiter G. Cole, head of the music department.

THE WOLFSOHN MUSICAL CLUB.

The Carl Wolfsohn Musical Club has given a series of Brahms recitals during the present season, which, although but slimly attended, were of considerable artistic importance. The last took place April 7, with a program consisting of the Trio in B flat major, opus 18, two songs, "Ruhe suess Liebschen" and "Mai-Nacht," and the pianoforte sonata in F minor, opus 5. The performances were Messrs. Wolfsohn, Boegner and Steindel, the singer Miss Martha Konigsman, and the music proved very interesting. The Wolfsohn Club is a regular organization, its president being that talented young pianist and teacher, Miss Theodora Sturchow.

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MR. HENRY EAMES, PIANIST.

Among the younger American pianists few have made a more creditable beginning than Mr. Henry Eames, of Chicago, formerly a pupil of Mr. W. S. B. Mathews and of Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood, and

MR. HENRY EAMES.

lately of Mr. Kwast at Frankfort-on-Main. Since his return from Germany Mr. Eames has played a number of recitals with modern programs in which besides the immortal Bach, Beethoven, Chopin and Schumann, the names of Brahms, Richard Strauss, Sinding and Tschaikowsky also figure.

LEIPSIC LETTER.

As usual when it is time to get off my letter I find that the number of important concerts has been so great, nearly all of which would be worthy of mention, that I cannot do more than to speak of a few of the most prominent. But considering the half-suppressed current of disapproval which now and then makes itself felt in American

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comment upon this Leipsic conservatory, I will begin today with notices of a very remarkable series of "Prufungs" in which many original compositions by pupils were produced, and solo performances of great ability were given. At the time of writing eleven of these have been given. I find that I have mislaid my notes of the first, and therefore proceed at once to the others in their order.

The second began with a symphony in C minor, in four movements by Carl Glaser, of Schoneck, directed by the composer. The work showed good constructive technic but was instrumented too full, and rather lacked contrast, or perhaps more properly, "relief." This was followed by an overture in G major, by Mr. Willy Knupfer, of Halle, a pleasing and well-made work. A Scotch Suite for strings, in four movements, followed by Thomas Crawford, from Barrhead, Scotland—a light and pleasing work. After this an overture "Prinz Carneval," by Mr. Otto Wittenbecker, of Weissefels, built upon the lines of Berlioz's "Roman Carnival," but painted with a lighter pencil and upon a smaller scale. There were many novel bits of orchestral coloring in this work. There was still another original work, the Prologue to the melodrama "Peri," for female chorus and orchestra, by Franz Neumann, of Prosnitz. Net total, one symphony, two overtures, a suite and the chorus with orchestra, all by pupils, and all works above the average.

The third performance was devoted to solo and ensemble work in master works of various schools. It began with Mr. Carl Schlatter's (from Mannheim) performance of Ritter's D minor sonata for organ, and a clever and powerful piece of playing it was. There was an indifferent reading of Beethoven's fourth concerto, Miss Ficken (of Brooklyn) in the Reinecke G minor concert piece, and Miss Rene Rae Cheltenham, in Mendelssohn's G minor concerto. There was a masterly performance of Haydn's 'cello concerto by Mr. Wünche of Plauen, in which a delightfully warm and pure tone was the most salient feature. Two movements of Weber's concerto for clarinet were played by Mr. Karl Angerstein, of Leipsic. There were also pleasing singing numbers, coloratur being the genre.

Concerning the fourth occasion, even the genial professor Vogel revolts, for the program contained no less than three complete concertos for piano, one for the violin and a concertino for trombone, besides various vocal numbers. Professor Vogel well suggests that one movement of a concerto would have illustrated the talent of the students quite as well. Ferdinand Hiller's F sharp concerto was played by Mr. Crawley, of Cincinnati, Ohio; Beethoven's fourth, in G major, by Miss Martha Brünig, of Herzberg; the Chopin in E minor, by Mr. Glenn D. Gunn, of Evansville, Ind; the Spohr D minor violin concerto by Miss Anna Rhode, of Leipsic, and the trombone concerto by Mr. Hans Joachimsen, of Berlin.

The fifth was devoted to solo performances, beginning with the Bach great E minor Preludium and Fugue by Mr. Alfred Rus, of Riga; then there were three piano concertos. Miss Ida Meisel, of Leipsic, played the Moscheles G minor concerto, Miss Ida Heilriegel,

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of Markneukirchen, played Mendelssohn's Capriccio Brilliant, Mr. Paul Stone the Liszt concerto in E flat, and there was also a concerto for cello.

I find that in order to economize space I will not be able to carry out these affairs with like fullness to that which I have been giving. At the sixth there were the Liszt organ fugue on the name of Bach, the first movement of the Hummel concerto, the Chopin E minor concerto, Bruch's second concerto for violin, a Handel concerto for oboe, and several important arias by very fine voices.

The opening of the seventh was distinguished by Ferd. David's E flat concertino for trombone, which Professor Vogel mentions as one of the first works in which truly artistic problems were assigned to "the Jericho-voiced" brass instrument. It was played by Mr. Karl Bamberg, of Rietnordhausen. Then followed Beethoven's G major piano concerto, by Miss Gertrude Reubert, of Chemnitz; the Beethoven fifth concerto, in E flat, by Mr. Gerhard Haase, of Cöthen; Miss Emma Pilat, of New York, in Bruch's violin concerto in G minor, and some very good singing.

The eighth was distinguished by ensemble performance of chamber music, the works being Beethoven's E flat quartet, Opus 16, for piano, oboe, clarinet, bassoon and horn; Julius Klengel's Trio in D major, Opus 25; Beethoven's E flat trio, Opus 70; Grieg's violin sonata, Opus 8; and some songs by Spohr and Brahms.

The ninth was composed of original student compositions for chamber combinations and for song. It opened with a sonata in E minor for organ, composed and played by Mr. Paul Glasen, of Schoneck, after which came a sonata for piano and violin by Mr. Donaldson Heins, of Hereford, the composer playing the violin part; a pianoforte sonata in C major by Mr. Edward Orendi, of Kronstadt, was played by Mr. Paul Storne, of Eisleben; a quintet for piano and strings, by Mr. Leo Wegner, of Hamburg. There were songs by Mr. Bruno Hinze, of Danzig, and by Franz Neumann, of Prossnitz. The whole was concluded, by way of benediction with a splendid performance of the Rubinstein D major sonata for piano and 'cello.

The tenth opened with a fantasia and fugue for organ by Richter, and several concertos followed: Beethoven in C minor, Reinecke in F sharp minor, part of Bruch's violin concerto in D minor, etc.

The eleventh again was devoted to solo work of about the same range as in the occasions already recounted, but with different performers. The twelfth, and last, was a very superior and beautiful performance of Spohr's "Calvary," a performance which Professor Vogel regards as having marked the highest standard of choral work yet attained in Germany or elsewhere.

Considering the scope of the material in these twelve rehearsals, the number of advanced performers taking part in them and the interest demonstrated by them in maintaining the highest possible standard of music and performance, it seems to me as if this deserved a good word from American journalists no less than from those of the Fatherland.

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The nineteenth Gewandhaus con program was notable for several innovations. Beginning with Widor's third symphony for organ and orchestra, played by Mr. Paul Homeyer, it was to have followed with an original piano concerto by Willy Rehberg, of Geneva, after which there was Beethoven's Fifth symphony. But for one reason or another both the solo artists were prevented from appearing and the program as played was opened with Wagner's "Faust" overture, followed by one of Handel's Concerti Grossi, for strings, and then with some song numbers and the fifth symphony.

The twentieth concert had for principal piece a new symphony by Prince Reuss, led by the composer, and a variety of miscellaneous numbers composed the second part.

In the Albert Hall the philharmonic concerts continue, a notable novelty of the eighth having been a new symphony, "Ad Astra," by George Gohler, the same who conducted a very imposing performance of Bach's B minor mass a few evenings before.

The twenty-first Gewandhaus brought after the D major symphony of Mozart, Brahm's Rhapsody for alto solo, male chorus and orchestra; R. Volkmann's overture to "Richard III," some songs with piano accompaniment, and Schumann's Second symphony.

The twenty-second Gewandhaus had this curious program: First part, the unfinished symphony of Schubert; second part, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and this closed Mr. Nikisch's second year of direction with the world-famed Gewandhaus, a year rich in standard and novel works, and famous for musical, enthusiastic and highly finished performances. His position is exceedingly strong with this community.

C. D. H.

MINOR MENTION.

The Northwestern University (Evanston) has enlarged its music department and has acquired a building for its use. Suitable dedicatory concerts were announced for April 8th to 19th, but were postponed on account of the death of Mr. Orrington Lunt, a venerable and life-long benefactor to the university.

At the American Conservatory, in Chicago, a recital was given lately by Miss Jessie Hoagland, pianist, and Miss Mabel Goodwin, singer, when the following pieces were given:

Piano, Scarlatti-Tausig Andante and Pastorale, Bach Bourrees in G major and G minor, Schumann Aufschwung, Chopin Nocturne in E flat and "Revolutionary" study, Opus 10, No. 12, Beethoven rondo in G major, Chaminade Broken Flower, Grieg Papillon, Rubinstein Valse Caprice, and Chopin Polonaise in E flat, Opus 22.

Songs: Emery, Burst ye Apple Buds; Mackenzie, Spring Song; Denza, Spring Morning; Corbett, Blossoms; Chaminade, Broken Flower; Tosti, Serenata; Beach, Ecstacy; D'Hardelot, The Bee's Courtship; and Smith, Creole Lover's Song. Verily, a good selection.

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At Bangor, Maine, a musical festival is announced for May, to last three days. It is undertaken by the Athene and the Derthick clubs combined. The Athene Club is a ladies' club, of great interest, devoted to the best intellectual interests in the city. The Derthick Club has now been in successful operation since January, 1896, and is found both interesting and profitable to the members.

The festival will open with a lecture on "Future Music in America," by Mr. Charles E. Hamlin, of the staff of the New York Tribune. In the evening of the first day the "Messiah" will be sung; the next afternoon there will be a piano recital by Mr. William H. Sherwood, and the same evening a song recital will be given. The next evening the Adamowski quartet will give a concert.

The following interesting and significant program was lately given as a faculty concert at the Quincy Conservatory of Music (Illinois):

Quartette in E flat major, Opus 16.....Beethoven.
Concert-Piece for two Pianos.....Chaminade.
Three Songs.....Nevin.
Quartette in E flat major, Opus 47.....Schumann.

Both quartettes, as will be noticed, were for piano and strings, and the piano parts were taken by different pianists. The program contained mention of the different movements of the quartettes and the words of the songs. This, taken all together, looks like civilization, even enlightenment.

At Steinway hall, in Chicago, a matinee was given by a selection of high school pupils before the board of education, under the direction of the musical director, Mr. Gabriel Katzenberger, with a program consisting of orchestral numbers played by the high school orchestra and songs by the chorus, to which Mrs. Katzenberger added several solos. The chorus singing was with pleasant voice and in good style, with no tendency to overdo expression. The high school orchestra contains (approximately) about ten first violins, five second violins, one 'cello, a harp, one flute (played by the principal of one of the high schools), a cornet or two, and percussion, also two pianos. The selections showed that even this orchestra was a step in the right direction. Mr. Katzenberger is evidently doing excellent work.

Mr. Jaroslaw de Zelinski the eminent journalist, lecturer and pianist, gave, at Buffalo, lately, a piano recital with the following somewhat unusual program:

Francois Chopin—Prelude, Opus 28, No. 20.
Alexandre Glazounow—Concert Study, Opus 31, No. 1.
Jaroslaw de Zelinski—Bourree and At the Spring.

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Ethelbert Nevin—Scherzo in form of study.
Anton Rubinstein—No. 1, from Kamennoi Ostrow.
Anton Arensky—Intermezzo, Opus 5, No. 2; Bigarrures, Op. 20, No. 1.
Francois Chopin—Nocturne, Opus 62, No. 1.
Cesar Cui—Impromptu, Opus 40, No. 1.
Edgar Thorne—Amourette.
Cecil Chaminade—Air de Ballet, No. 3.
L. M. Gottschalk—Last Hope.
Constantino Palumbo—Ballade.

That must have been an interesting recital, the 195th, at the studio of Mr. W. L. Blumenschein, at Dayton, Ohio, when the pianist played a pleasing variety of modern piano pieces, including such authors as Arthur Bird, E. A. MacDowell, and Mr. Blumenschein himself; and the soprano sang eight songs by Robert Franz—apparently in English, to judge from the program titles.

NOVEL CLASS IN CHURCH MUSIC.

Mr. John C. Griggs, of the Metropolitan College of Music, in New York, has inaugurated a class in church music, which deserves to be imitated in other colleges. To give an idea of what he is doing, the following sketches of sessions (omitted from last time) is given.

Each meeting or lesson is devoted to the analysis of a certain number of pieces, illustrating some one phase of the use of music in church. All the members of the class are provided with copies and the work is partly in the form of a lecture, but mainly in conversational style, and questions and objections from members of the class are in order. Every number is sung, the class arranged as a choir for this purpose.

PROGRAMS.

1.—The Quartet Choir and Its Treatment by American Composers.
Buck.—O Gladsome Light!
Chadwick.—God, to whom we look up blindly.
Shelley.—Savior, when night involves the skies.
J. C. Warren.—Heart, be still!
N. H. Allen.—When the worn spirit seeks repose.
Buck.—Rock of Ages.

2.—American Compositions for Chorus Choirs.
Buck.—Hail to the Lord's Anointed!
Sing hallelujah forth!
Woodman.—And the Lord said unto Moses,
Let my prayer be set forth.
Chadwick.—Awake up my Glory.
H. W. Parker.—The Lord is my Light.

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3.—The English Cathedral Anthem. The Boy Choir.
Farrant.—Lord, for Thy tender mercy's sake.
Wesley.—The Wilderness.
Goss.—The Wilderness.
Stainer.—I am Alpha and Omega.
Tours.—The Pillars of the Earth are the Lords.
Barnby.—Awake up my Glory.
Roberts.—Seek ye the Lord.

4.—The more Romantic English Style and its adaptability to the Quartet Choir.
Goss.—O Savior of the World.
Hiles.—Blessed are the Merciful.
G. C. Martin.—Holiest, breathe an evening blessing.
Vincent.—Far from their Heavenly Home.
Foster.—The Souls of the Righteous.
Gadsby.—I will lay me down in Peace.

5.—The Episcopal Service. Chanting.
F. W. Root.—Te Deum.
Arthur Foote.—Jubilate A major.
Rev. H. H. Woodward.—Benedictus in Eb. (chant form).
A. Herbert Brewer.—Magnificat.
" " " Nunc Dimittis.
Gouvy.—Bonum Est.
Hawley.—Sanctus.

6.—Mendelssohn. The characteristics of Good Part-Writing.
"He watching over Israel slumbers not nor sleeps."
Lord, on our offenses look not in Judgment.
How lovely are the messengers.
I waited for the Lord.

7.—Charles Gounod. The Emotional Element in Church Music.
All ye who weep.
Come unto Him.
The King of Love. (Hawley-Gounod.)
Hark my Soul! It is the Lord. (Solo.)
Send out Thy Light.
O Day of Penitence!

8.—The Oratorio and Cantata as Worship Music. The German Motet.
Dvorák.—Blessed Jesus, Fount of Mercy.
Henry John King.—Daughters of Jerusalem.
Gaul.—Rejoice.
Bruch.—Jubilate Amen.
Mendelssohn.—Scene from "Elijah."

9.—Hymns for Church and Sunday School. Evangelistic Music. Program from Hymnals.

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10.—Unity in the Service. Music as an aid to worship. Form of service in other than Catholic and Episcopal services. The Severity of the Puritans. The "Praise Service"—its evils, and its proper use.

Program to consist of the musical portion of a vesper service.

Unaccompanied Motet, Jerusalem, high tower Thy Glorious walls.....Buck
Sursum Corda.....Parker
Sanctus.....Gounod

Anthem.—The Radiant Morn hath passed away.....Woodward

Solo.—Thus saith the Lord, Behold I create new Heavens..Gaul

Response.—Keep us Lord.....Bradsky

Hymns for Congregation. "I'm but a Stranger here." "Hark! hark my Soul."

Closing Choir Hymn.—O Paradise.....Barnby

This is the most complete discussion of church music as yet undertaken in any American college, so far as known to the writer.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A TYPICAL AMERICAN CASE.

The following letter tells of a case which on the whole may be described as typical, no less than pathetic. The writer says:

Mr. W. S. B. Mathews.—My dear sir:

Having read with much pleasure and profit your bits of advice and information in the "Etude" and elsewhere, I have taken the liberty to address you in the hope that you will overlook the stupidities which you will doubtless find in this letter and grant me enough of your time and favor to advise me in a more personal way.

I will give the barest outline of my position, perhaps rather my condition, and allow you to draw your own conclusions.

I am twenty-two years of age, married and a family man. I am director of music in this institution on a salary, more or less stable, of four hundred dollars per year.

I am a pianist and singer of very small consequence, but with illimitable ambition, an ambition which is gnawing my spirit and paralyzing my pleasure in life; have received a fairly liberal education, being a graduate of the two best high schools in Connecticut, and having studied a year in the Albany Normal College with special reference to my life work.

This is a school in a country place depending for its patronage on the surrounding rural inhabitants. The majority of my private students have received a most disreputable quota of musical information from a twenty-five-cent reed organ player. To these, interpretation, even of the crude sort which I attempt to inculcate, is branded as nonsensical, crankified, etc., ad infinitum.

I am unable to have a piano upon which to practice, and naturally my technique is below par, although my hands are pliable, wrists flexible and arms in fairly good condition. I have had a very capable technique three years ago.

I have succeeded by dint of infinite sacrifice, not only on my own part, but on the part of my devoted wife, to gather together a few books on music, and at Christmas, by a supreme effort, we saw our way to the purchase of "Grove's Dictionary."

I have composed considerable, my largest effort being a "Te Deum" in D, which is at present in the hands of the committee of the London College of Music as an examination leading to the Associateship degree. I enclose a little tenor solo from the above which will give an idea of my melodic instincts.

I never have attempted having anything published. I understand Mason's System of Technic, your own Phrasing Studies, and Graded Studies I count as the most valuable and musicianly works for

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teaching purposes I have ever seen. I have well-thumbed copies of Christian's Pianoforte Expression, Filmore's Musical History, Tapper's "Chats" and Merzo's Lectures, and, of course, Ayres' "Counterpoint," Schmitt's "Pedals of Piano," and two or three of the standard works on Harmony and Musical Structure.

Now, what shall I do? I haven't money enough to take lessons, have no wealthy friends or relatives from whom to borrow enough to enable me to go on.

And have seemingly brought myself to a standstill as far as self-instruction goes.

I dare not expose my family to risks of discomfort by making a bold break from our present condition, which might end in dismal failure, although with only myself to consider I would dare anything to go on with my beloved music. What would you do in my place?

Yours very truly, * * *

The first emendation I would make in the above is to read in place of "a family man," "a family boy"—for our young and ambitious friend is still but little more than a boy. To fall in love is a commendable and at times a beautiful function; but to marry is quite a different matter, involving important considerations, which it is evident the writer of the above failed to remember at the right time. Having set out in life in a sort not altogether dissimilar to the above, I feel competent to say that it would have been simpler to have delayed the wedding until certain economical footings had been established and an education acquired sufficient for a good professional start.

Nevertheless, the case is not yet hopeless. Aged twenty-two, with pluck and ambition, very much may be done. How much depends mainly upon your own exertions. I should say that your best course would be something like this:

Your first duty is to make your department a success. You have to do the best you can with the material you have. Accordingly, you will have to take a great deal of extra pains with the few pupils who show talent and bring them out as fast as you can. By the aid of a few four-hand arrangements, pieces for piano and organ, with a violin if possible, and some songs, and perhaps a small chorus, you can give a nice concert, or several of them, in the course of a year. These will interest your pupils a great deal more, stimulate them, and gradually open their eyes to something better than what they now appreciate as music. In addition to this, your work will become talked about in the vicinity and pupils will now and then write about it in their letters home. Thus you will draw some better pupils later on and at the same time will be acquiring a footing for a better place somewhere else.

In the meantime you must get up your practice as pianist. If you can play, for instance, a few fifth grade pieces at your age, there is nothing to hinder your improving every year for the next ten years, by which time you should be able to play quite acceptable solos in

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concert. (I do not now speak according to virtuoso standards, for there is a great deal of music which is well worth hearing which is still too easy to require virtuoso technique.) In the course of five years or so, if you attend strictly to business, you ought to learn how, to develop pupils more rapidly and thoroughly than is usually done in schools of the class in which you are working, and in this way after a while you will get some good players of your own educating. I do do not understand what you say about not having a piano for practice. I do not see why you might not practice on one of the school pianos. In every boarding school the teacher has now and then a spare lesson hour, when a pupil is sick, or away; these give you a certain amount of practice, which you must be ready to do then and there. And why cannot you have an hour assigned to your own practice, at so much a quarter, just like any other pupil? And in case you say there are not pianos enough, this is no bar; you can buy a piano, or the school can buy one, at a very moderate rate, which will pay for itself by the fees for practice hours. A piano is part of your outfit, and while I would not advise you to load yourself down by undertaking to pay for one, I think you can manage it so as to get the school to buy one and you get use enough of it to make it worth while. You see a piano can be bought for less than two hundred dollars which will serve fairly well for three to five years for practice, and perhaps longer. Such an instrument ought to earn, if rented out in practice hours, at least fifty dollars a year, and probably much more. It would be a good speculation for any careful manager. You can buy a second-hand piano for cash for about one hundred and twenty-five dollars, which would pay for itself within three years. So don't be disheartened for want of practice.

And third, you must make friends. An ambitious young man, giving himself up to study and practice and teaching, will also have to take a certain amount of recreation, especially because his wife needs it; and the two of them can just as well make good friends as not. You never know where a good word from a friend will place you. It brings you a pupil, suggests a new opening, puts you into a good place, or gives you a right-hand supporter who at a critical moment will assist you in carrying out your plans.

Up to this point, you see, I have treated you as a man. Now you have also to consider what to do about instruction. As it is manifestly impossible for you to go away for a long pull, your best course is to strain a point and attend a summer class with some one who will take pains to understand your case, correct whatever faults you have as player and get you within four weeks into a course of study which, if carried out, will continually advance you. There are several such courses every summer, I think. Mr. Sherwood does good work at Chautauqua; I have myself carried on classes of this sort more or less for twenty-five years. The expense seems like a good deal of money, and perhaps it is. But you will not get a start in any other way, unless (and note this well) you happen to have some good teacher within easy reach, of whom you could take one lesson a week

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for several months. If a right man of this sort were within reach, this would perhaps be as well, and financially more manageable.

To sum up: Your development and progress depend on your doing good work in your position, your continual self-improvement, making friends, and above all getting yourself as soon as possible upon the right way of practice.

And don't forget this: You can just as well have what you need as to go without it. A carpenter who cannot buy a plane or a saw is the kind of workman a music teacher is without a piano for practice. It is absurd. And instead of trying to get along without, you must get a move on things and have what you need. At the age of twenty-two, with a good wife and plenty of courage (which you must have had or you would not have got married), everything is possible. Keep right on and you will be astonished to find how things will come your way. But you will have to make up your mind what you want. You are in the great department store of life where everything depends upon your remembering its fundamental proposition, which is,

"If You Do Not See What You Want, Ask For It."

W. S. B. M.

In reply to several questions I will state that Dr. Mason is understood to have an edition of the first volume of Touch and Technic already completed somewhat more clearly arranged than the present volume, and a little simplified in the explanations. I do not think it necessary to use Schrimer's Preparatory Touch and Technic, but think preferable to give the exercises in my own way by rote to the small child. W. S. B. M.

"You have been recommended to me as being of the highest musical authority. Will you be so kind as to answer one question for me? Is it necessary, in giving piano lessons, to teach tonality? This I think is of very great importance, but a great many people in this part of the country will not accept it unless they get it from high authority. J. J. M."

It is desirable to teach tonality; that is to say the chords that belong to the key and the harmonic and melodic feeling of the tones of the scale, but it takes a good deal of patience and care, and it is too often omitted. The consequence being that the pupil does not acquire a musical foundation, properly so called.

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY OF FINE ART. Painting, Sculpture, Arts of Decoration and Illustration, by Russell Sturgis. Music by Henry Edward Krehbiel. Published for the American Library Association, 1897. Pp. 89, large octavo. $1.

The design of this compendious work was to furnish book-buyers and librarians with a ready reference manual of standard works on the departments of fine-art covered in the specification. Without pausing to examine the arts of design and form, we pass directly to that of music, in which the readers of these pages are more likely to be interested, and here we find very grave omissions, some of which are singularly inexplicable as those of long-known standard works, and others of a more popular character, which nevertheless are quite as likely to be needed by the student entrusting his literary future to these pages. For example, as a result of a very cursory examination, the following omissions of the first kind are noted:

F. J. Fetis: "Historie Generale de la Musique depuis le temps les plus anciens jusqua nos jours" (General History of Music, from the most ancient times to the present). Five volumes were published, well illustrated, bringing the work down to the time of the Netherlanders, when unfortunately the learned author died. If annotations were in order concerning a work of this character, it might be said that the well-known and indispensable "Universal Musical Biography" of the same author, to which he devoted about twenty years of his life, was undertaken solely as a preparation for this, his great work. And while his history undoubtedly contains conclusions which are not altogether sound, it is nevertheless a very interesting work which no scholar can afford to overlook.

Not less interesting in its way is Reissmann's "Illustrirte Geschichte der Deutsch Musik" (Illustrated History of German Music), one volume octavo, 450 pages, Leipsic, 1881. This work is very rich in illustrations, facsimiles, etc., and would be far more likely to be useful to a literary man than the large general history of the same author, which, by the way, when complete, is in four volumes, and not in three, as herein mentioned, the fourth being devoted to musical illustrations—pieces of rare music entire.

Still more reprehensible is the omission of F. A. Gevaert's epoch-marking work on "La Musique dans l'Antiquite" (The Art of Music in Antiquity), a newly worked out history of Greek music, the research covering every part of their practical art from the standpoint of the practical musician, the author having formerly been musical director of the Paris Grand opera, and later the director of the Royal Conservatory of Music at Brussels. This work of Gevaert,

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which is charmingly written and beautifully clear, occupied twenty years of his life; and when published, taken in connection with the latest edition of Rudolph Westphal's "Grieschiche Musik" (all mention of which is omitted here), necessitated the entire rewriting of the first volume of the great musical history of Ambros, itself less than twenty years old. Gevaert and Westphal are the two fountains whence all our authentic notions of Greek music have to be taken. Gevaert's work, apparently, was not stereotyped, and both volumes have now for several years been out of print. It is time a new edition was prepared, since the price has gone up to nearly three times that of the original edition.

In short, it is evident that the editor of the musical department either underestimated the lasting importance of his task, being a journalist and not a musical man of letters, or else living in New York, where there is no good musical library, he failed to discover even such standard and well-known titles as these here called to his attention. It is a pity, and the American Library Association owes it to its own reputation, to supplement its omissions—which can be done very readily at the Newberry library in Chicago.

(From Breitkopf and Hartel.)

SONATE fur Violine und Pianoforte, Componirt von Carl C. Muller. Op. 61. Pp. 37.

This somewhat elaborate work by that well-known musician, Mr. C. C. Muller, deserves the favorable attention of players and students. The first movement, Allegro moderato, in common time, opens quite Beethovenish as to the general build of motives, a resemblance not lessened by the striking resemblance of the second phrase to the second phrase of the second principal subject in Beethoven's third pianoforte concerto, and proceeds through the first movement in excellent spirit. The second movement, adagio, in F minor, is of a very dreamy and intensely musical character. The third movement is in minuet style, and the trio has some rather novel five measure rhythms, relieved by others of the usual proportions. The finale is both vigorous and pleasing, and as said at the outset the work is both well made and musical, and deserves to be well known.

(From Clayton F. Summy Co.)

THE BEAUTEOUS MORN.—J. A. West.

O, MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM.—Philo A. Otis.

REVERIE. For Organ.—A. L. Banes.

The foregoing pieces will be examined with interest by organists and choir directors. Mr. J. A. West's anthem "The Beauteous Morn" is rather sentimental and a very pleasing piece, with solo for soprano or tenor, and alto, with chorus; of very moderate difficulty. Mr. Philo A. Otis' anthem, or more properly, hymn, is also a piece which can be used with a great deal of satisfaction. It is only of

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moderate difficulty, and is founded upon the tune "Materna," from the church hymnal. It is a very clever piece of work. Mr. Banes' "Reverie" for organ, is suitable for offertory purposes, or contribution box.

SONGS TO LITTLE FOLKS.—Jessie L. Gaynor.

The Flower's Cradle Song.
The Discontented Duckling.
The Rich Little Dolly.
An Early Morning Pastoral.
The Sugar Dolly.
My Dear Jerushy.
Fireflies.

The seven songs in this collection are intended to be sung to little folks rather than by them. They are light and pleasing songs on words suitable for children, but of much more than usual artistic value. The first one, "The Flower's Cradle Song," is from a poem by Lydia Avery Coonley, and is a very charming piece altogether, well handled, musicianly, very pleasing for the voice, and with lovely spirit.

Of equal merit, or even more, is the last song in the set, "The Fireflies," the accompaniment of which is a very clever piece of work, and the song as a whole extremely well adapted for concert use.

The pieces intervening between these two are of a lighter character, the music somewhat serious at the very time when the words are playful, and the combined effect rather on the Gilbert and Sullivan order, but always interesting. As evidences of a quick musical fancy and general musical quality, these songs are among the best of recent productions, and the authoress deserves to be congratulated accordingly.

(From Rohlfing Sons Music Co.)

"MI TERESITA."—Teresa Carreno.

This is the charming little waltz which Madame Carreño has so often played for an encore piece in her concerts. It is written for her little girl, Teresita, and is probably destined to a popularity limited only by certain small difficulties which it presents here and there. About fifth grade in difficulty.

(From Lyon & Healy.)

DANCE "AMERICANE."—Henry Schoenfeld.

A very sprightly dance, the rhythm somewhat resembling a gavotte. Fourth grade and pleasing.

(From Oliver Ditson Company.)

THE PRODIGAL SON.—A Sacred Cantata, by Benjamin C. Blodgett.

This cantata extends through eighty-three pages octavo. It is divided into four parts, about equally diversified with chorus, solos, quartettes, etc., etc., and is well adapted for use entire, or in parts, in church service. It will make a Sunday evening service re-

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quiring four solo voices of average capacity, and a chorus at least large enough to render the choral numbers effectively.

There are two very pretty quartettes, the first of which, "Seek ye the Lord," would make a very pretty church selection if only it ended in its principal key. There are also several solos in the work that might be used for church purposes. From a harmonic standpoint the work is very modern, modulating with great freedom in all sorts of directions. Melodically it is also modern, somewhat in the arioso style, but in point of difficulty it is adapted for singers only a little above the average standard of church choirs.

FIVE ORGAN PIECES.—Herve D. Wilkins.

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Murmuring Zephyrs, Jensen.
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The Lost Chord, Sullivan.
Chorus of Pilgrims, "Tannhauser."

These organ pieces will be examined with interest, inasmuch as they are easily arranged, at least not more than moderately difficult, and pleasingly registered for the organ. The variations of "Home, Sweet Home," in particular, are less objectionable than such things usually are. In other words, Mr. Wilkins has composed very successfully between the American popularity of treatment and the musicianly handling of the themes, which, if carried out in the German way, would be too elaborate.

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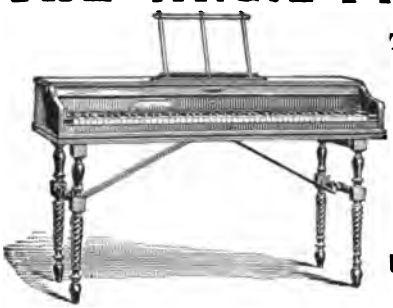

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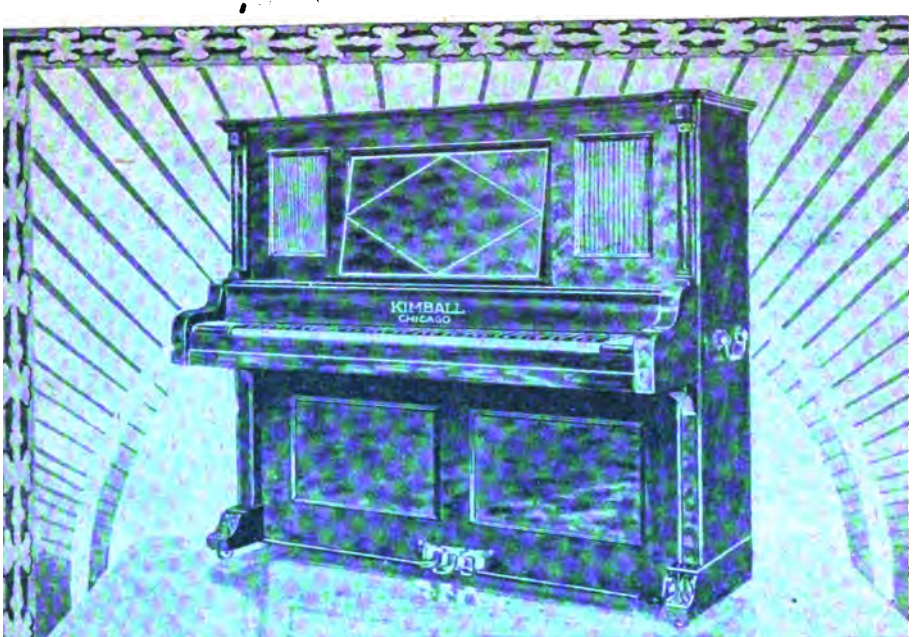

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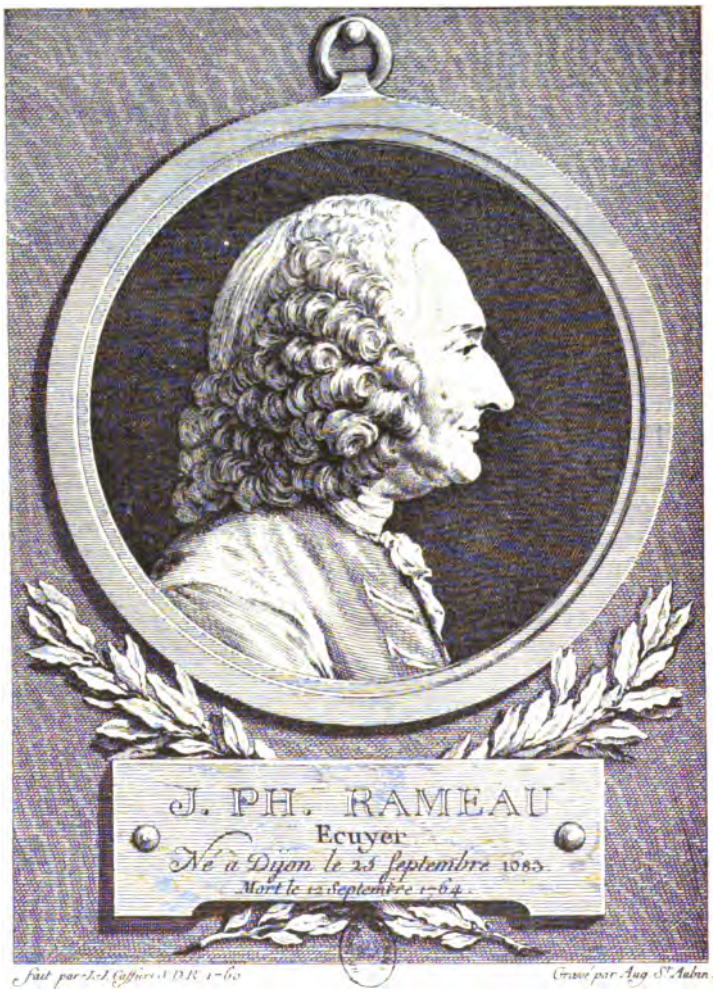

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JUNE, 1897.

JEAN-PHILLIPPE RAMEAU.

BY NORBERT BOYERSON.

Between the years of 1725 and 1750, among the many musicians in the world there were four very distinguished ones—

men who stand out now head and shoulders above the others who lived at that time.

In Germany there was Sebastian Bach, organist in the Thomas-School of Leipsic; in England, Handel, who was at the end of his career as opera composer and just entering the oratorio; in Italy, Alandresso Scarletti, a great genius, who wrote many operas, and more important than all may be said to have discovered the Italian School of Singing, but this is a long story, and we will take that up another time. The fourth of these great names is that of Jean-Phillippe Rameau, who was, at that time, living in Paris.

These four men began in a way the foundation of the national schools of their countries, and Rameau was a very

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strong man indeed. The life of Rameau easily divides itself—according to French ideas—into four periods, the first of which covers the years of his life from 1683 to 1704.

Rameau was born at Dijon, September 25, 1683. He was the son of the organist in the cathedral at Dijon who, himself, had only begun to learn music at the age of thirty. This naturally spurred him up to give his children an earlier introduction into the art he loved so well. Accordingly, he taught his children music at the same time he taught them to read. There were three children; the eldest, Catherine, attained considerable proficiency as a teacher in Dijon, and the youngest son, Claude, attained considerable fame as an organist.

As to the composer, his early disposition for music was unmistakable, as at the age of seven years he was able to play at first sight, according to the story of the times, "every sort of music."

There must have been something very talented about the boy, so his father desired for him a better career than that of a musician, and wished him to become educated for a magistrate, for which purpose he sent him to the College of the Jesuits. Considering what is said of the indomitable will of Jean-Phillippe Rameau, it is easy to see that his career in life would have to be what he himself desired, which was music. Accordingly, he devoted himself industriously to the organ, the clavecin and the violin, and studied theory.

When he was eighteen years of age his warmth of temperament found expression in a violent admiration for a young widow of the vicinity, to whom he wrote letters which were alike distinguished for warmth of style and their neglect of orthography. The widow on her part, being prudent, simply advised her intemperate admirer to purify his language before he offered her his heart. Perhaps in consequence of this episode he went on a long journey, and in 1701 crossed the Alps and found himself at Milan, where he remained a long time.

At this time music was in a much higher state in Italy than in France, and this Italian sojourn must have been of great service to him. Upon his return to France he happened to be for some time in Montpelier where a certain musician, La Croixe, taught him what was then called "The rule of the octave," for accompanying the clavecin.

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According to the Encyclopedia of Diderot and D'Alembert, "The rule of the octave of music and harmonic formulation was published for the first time by M. D. Laire in the year 1700, which defines the chord proper to each degree of tone upon the succession of bars, as well in major as in minor, ascending and descending, and above all any diatonic successions."

In 1705 he came to Paris, and in 1706 published his first book of pieces for the clavecin. Upon the first page is given

his title as "Organist of the Reverend Jesuit Fathers of the Rue Sainte Jacques, and of the Fathers of Mercy." This first book has become very rare, so much so that the learned Fétis had never seen it.

Rameau does not seem to have succeeded in Paris at this time, and for some time we lose sight of him. In 1717 he is back again at Paris, where he presented himself as a contestant for a place as organist, vacant at the Church of Saint Paul, and he failed. His competitor, Daquin, was named.

The contest was held under the inspection of Marchand, the most famous organist of this time, the same who had the

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contest with Handel once. It has been said that in order to be sure of pleasing this great master Rameau attended the church where he played for several months and took some lessons of him. It is also maintained by Rameau and his friends that the decision in the case of the contest has been extremely unjust. The new biographer of Rameau doubts this story, and declares he was for a long time acquainted with Marchand, having taken him his first book of pieces for the clavecin in 1707.

Becoming convinced that Paris had nothing to offer him at this time, Rameau returned to Provence and became organist at the Church of Lille, and afterwards at the Cathedral of Clermont.

Here he gave himself up to profound meditation to his art, and to theoretic researches and speculations, from which has resulted the famous system of harmony. At the same time he produced in this period a considerable number of compositions for churches, and also for the clavecin, which show originality of thought and novelty of style.

He returned to Paris in 1720 or '21, and immediately the publisher Ballard issued his "Treatise upon harmony reduced to its natural principles," and two years later his "New System of Musical Theory." His success was immediate. The books found a very lively circulation, and he had the good fortune to provoke very aggressive polemics from his professional friends. His partisans took for their keynote the expression "basse fondamentale," and this fortunate term made his fortune.

His recent French biographer, C. H. Malherbe, says: "It is not in the narrow limits of a bare notice that it is convenient to analyze either the system or any side of it, as is oftentimes desired. It would contain a certain number of the principles, or just the fundamental idea. In fact, he took his point of departure the "Institutions Harmoniques" of Zarlino, and the Harmonie Universelle, and the Compendium of Descartes, and in treating the points by the internal method, and giving for the basis of harmony the mathematical relation of tones and of vibratory resonances, he found the national and thorough law—the solid earth, upon which all modern theories are built.

Fétis, in commenting upon this work, says: "His system

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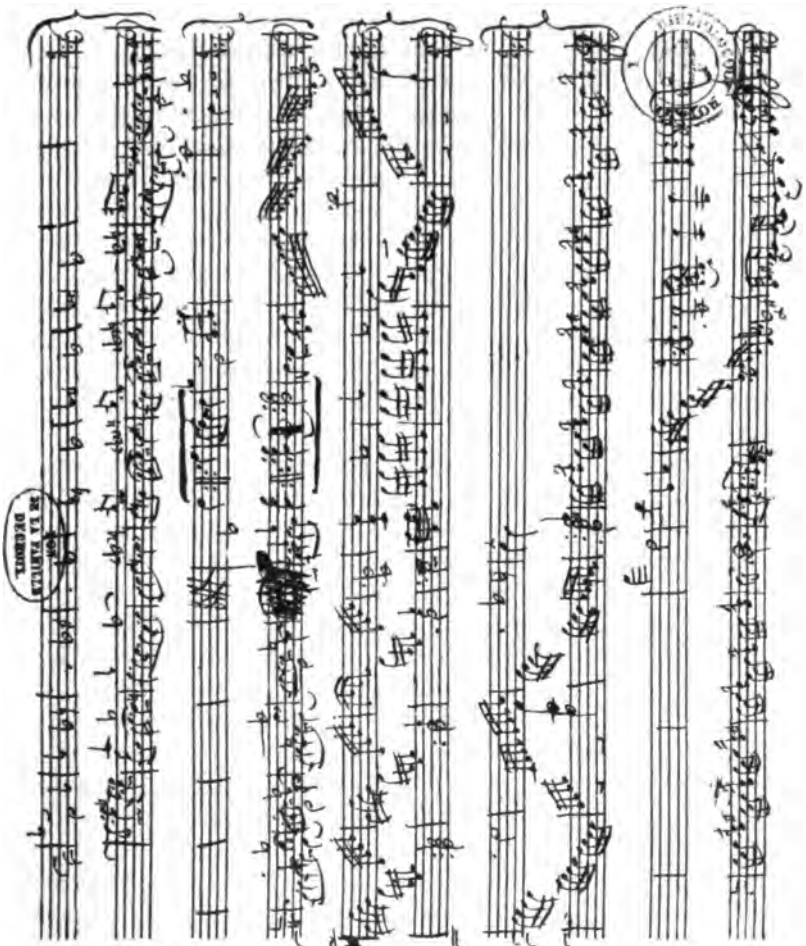
and work are of superior merit and will always be celebrated in the history of art and of the creations of genius. The fortunate explanation of 'inversion,' which he first introduced, is a general idea which applies to every good theory, and which



FACSIMILE OF MSS. BY RAMEAU.

might be considered as the first foundation of the science."

Rameau was now about forty years of age. He was organist at Saint Croix, and he also published a second collection of pieces for the clavecin that sold so rapidly a new edition was

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immediately wanting. He became the fashion, and had quantities of pupils of wealth and distinction. At length, in 1726, at the age of forty-three, he married a young lady of eighteen years, who, according to the story of the times, had great talent for music, a very pretty voice, and fine taste for singing, and who, being an honest woman, sweet and amiable, rendered her husband very happy.

He now set himself to write for the theatre, but for a long time he was unable to obtain a libretto from any poet of sufficient importance. At length, Voltaire, yielding to the solicitations of friends, gave him a libretto upon a biblical subject, Samson. It was quite in the nature of things that when the opera was written, and its performance applied for, the dissipated public of Paris objected to it on the ground that it was a profanation to represent a "sacred" subject upon the stage.

In his preface, the distinguished editor of the present collection, M. Saint-Saens, gives a few very sensible observations in regard to the style and manner of performance, applying not alone to these works of Rameau, but also to those of Bach and Handel:

"With reference to the proper movement for performing these pieces, it is to be remarked, first, that the lack of indications almost general in the music of the old time suggests that down to the middle of the last century the degree of quickness or slowness, so important in our time, had not probably the same importance; moreover, the difference between the extreme movements was much less. All the movements might be comprised between what we now call allegro moderato and andante. The largo of Handel and of Sebastian Bach was not very slow. The presto was not very fast. It is above all with reference to rapidity that it is necessary to be careful. Modern velocity was unknown to the ancients.

"Moreover, with reference to the music written for the clavecin, the mechanism of the instrument was very light and did not demand of the executant the muscular force required by the piano. It was sufficient to place the fingers upon the keyboard to realize in the touch that very light pressure was sufficient, and in a manner more like that of the organ than that of the piano. In transposing upon the piano music written for the clavecin, the opposite is true. A little more rapidity becomes necessary, because without it the music

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loses its charm. What we now call expression was unknown to the world of the clavecin. The large instruments were furnished with two claviers and many registers, permitting a great richness of effects. Thanks to these resources one could pass from piano to mezzo piano or forte, but this force had nothing comparable to the forcible explosions which escape from our concert pianos. It was a force purely relative. Except in rare cases, the employment of different degrees of force was left to the taste of the executant, and it was impossible to pass gradually from one to the other, and practically this exquisite art of infinite expression and variety of touch, which gives the modern piano its greatest attraction, was then wholly unknown.

"Another point to be noticed is that the groups of very short notes which occur sometimes in pieces of moderate speed are to be interpreted with certain freedom, and not to be hurried through in the speed that their apparent value would seem to require. This embarrassment comes from the preconceived idea that this music ought to be performed as one piece without alteration of movement. Now, nothing proves that this is so, and an accidental indication, found in one of his pieces 'sans alterer la mesure' (without changing the measure), suggests very strongly that a certain freedom of time might have been practiced in those days against which in this instance M. Rameau desired to guard the player." And so M. Saint-Saens concludes that taking into consideration the numerous ornaments and other peculiarities of style in the pieces of Rameau everything ought to be interpreted with a certain freedom and by no means in strict measure.

The illustrations in the present chapter are taken from the first volume of the complete works of Rameau, now in publication by the Messrs. Durand, of Paris.

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MR. CLARENCE EDDY.

(From a recent Berlin photograph.

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INTERVIEW WITH MR. CLARENCE EDDY.

As is well known to musical people, Mr. Clarence Eddy has been making his home at the Chicago Auditorium the past season, whenever he has been in town between his concerts, which have taken him all over the country. In the course of a conversation I had with him he gave some particulars of his work. But he began by speaking of the Mustel harmonium, a reed organ made in Paris, known practically to the general public in this country scarcely at all. It was the Mustel harmonium which Mr. Tomlins went to see when he was once in Paris. As he did not speak French and had no letter of introduction, the firm treated him rather cavalierly, mistaking him for an Englishman who had called to buy or see about buying one of their instruments, when he really was ready to pay no more than for an Alexandre harmonium, a much less expensive instrument. The attendant played a few measures to him upon one of the smallest instruments in stock, and rather grudgingly allowed Mr. Tomlins to try it himself; but when he got interested and began to improvise, they interrupted him and took him to another room, and with great empressement seated him before one of their largest instruments and begged him to play as long as he liked.

Mr. Eddy had just received a new composition for this instrument, composed by the younger M. Mustel, and dedicated to Mr. Eddy. Thus the conversation naturally turned first of all upon this very interesting and artistically important work of creative art.

Speaking of the Mustel harmonium and a recital in Paris last autumn, Mr. Eddy said: "They had an artists' recital and Guilmant was down for two numbers, with the harmonium. He used his own, which he has had for twenty-five years, and during that time he has not had a single repair made on it. It was in perfect tune and in perfect shape, which shows the superior quality of workmanship. Well, he carried off all the honors of the whole evening—simply had to come back and play again. Everybody said it was the

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MRS. CLARENCE EDDY AND MISS ROSE ETTINGER.
(From a recent Berlin photograph.)

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most charming thing of the evening. There is a great variety in tone, it has great intensity, great finesse and finish. The intensity of the tone is regulated entirely by the blowing, and that is where the art comes in; very few people can play it. I made a special study of it all last year. They made for me one of the finest instruments they ever turned out. It is down here in a storehouse in Chicago, having never been unpacked. I intended to play it this season in my concerts, but have been chasing all over the country and couldn't get at it. I simply didn't have time. I intended to put it in places where there is no organ, and in some cases where there is an organ, to show the difference—the contrast between the large organ and this. It is extremely effective and the music which is written for it is delightful; it is a kind of quasi-orchestra. Something unique. The effects produced by it are orchestral, because the qualities of the tones of the orchestral instruments are imitated."

"How many stops are there on this one? How many different sets of reeds?"

"Twelve sets, the entire length of the keyboard, and each stop is divided; so, of course, you can use a four-foot or a two-foot tone low in the bass, and a sixteen-foot high up in the treble. You can turn the thing upside down. The Mason & Hamlin Company tried to imitate the harmonium once and didn't succeed very well, because they couldn't voice it. The Mustels have found only two men who can voice their instruments according to their standard. If they didn't have them they couldn't make their instruments. The grandfather of Alphonse Mustel was the inventor. The business has been established something over fifty years. They have carried off all the diplomas of every exposition since then. It is esteemed most highly by all the leading musicians in France, and by others who happen to know about it outside of France, but especially in France. All the leading composers, Saint-Saens and Gounod, and all the present composers, in fact, are very fond of the instrument and have written a great deal for it. The Mustel Company have published about three thousand compositions for it. I have an immense library of beautiful works, and you would be surprised to find the things that have been written for the harmonium and other instruments, com-

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MISS ROSE ETTINGER.

(From a recent Berlin photograph.)

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binations of four or five or six, in which the harmonium takes the place of an orchestra, artistic creations, original compositions by Caesar Franck; beautiful things by Saint-Saens and others, that do not exist in any other form; not arrangements, but original compositions for it. I think that something quite important can be done with it in this country. Alphonse Mustel I consider the finest player, because he has been brought up on it; it has been his milk, so to say. He understands it thoroughly. After that, J. M. Coward, of London, the agent of the Mustel organ, has a genius for it, and plays it beautifully—really in a masterly way. Then I should place M. Guilmant, and probably after him Monsieur H. P. Tobey, a Frenchman. I consider these four the greatest players of this instrument."

"How much space does this one you have occupy?"

"It is as large as the largest upright piano, but thicker; about the size of that Mason & Hamlin orchestral instrument. I have a packing case for it, made especially for transporting it around the country, so all I have to do is to push it right in one end and lock it up and send it off as baggage. As I said, I have studied the thing a great deal when I was over there, and prepared a concert repertoire, intending to play it here. Arthur Foote advised me by all means to use it in my concerts. The big organ would not compete at all with that; it is a most interesting and fascinating thing. You can get a vibrato by a certain method of blowing, just like the vibrato in the voice. It is extremely sensitive, and the difficulty is to get a steady tone with great power. It requires an immense amount of practice and really a knack."

"Don't you use this at all with the wind chest?"

"I never do; there is no object because then you lose that expression, the delicacy. The instrument I have cost seven thousand francs. I placed the order with them to construct for me the finest instrument they could possibly make, and they worked on it for nearly a year and then turned out what they consider to be their chef d'oeuvre. I did not tell you there were two banks of keys, and the upper bank is the celesta and controls a set of steel bars which are voiced in a very peculiar way; they have a sounding board so that you can get a resonance which is impossible with ordinary steel bars. It is a patented thing and gives a long sustained tone that is

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MRS. CLARENCE EDDY.
(From a recent Berlin photograph.)

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beautiful; just like silver bells. The effect of those bells in arpeggios and single tones is very charming. That is the reason they call it the harmonium celesta. The celestial part applies simply to the bell effect. The only thing I can compare it to is the musical glasses you hear sometimes. Of course, I shall not forsake the organ, and wherever there is a large organ I shall use that, but this harmonium is charming for small halls and chamber concerts, and as a solo instrument it is something unique."

Mr. Eddy brought with him a composition just received from the house of Mustel, of which he said:

"This composition is by M. Alphonse Mustel, who is the grandson of the originator, and he has great talent for composition; he has written a number of beautiful things, among them this, entitled "Nuit d'Orient" (Night in the Orient), which was written especially for and dedicated to me. When I was in Paris last summer he had it in his head and partially written down and played it for me, and I thought there was something very peculiar, with an oriental effect in it that was very charming, and told him I was delighted with it, and he said he would like to dedicate it to me, if I would accept it."

At this point the conversation was diverted to the young singer, Miss Rose Ettinger, whom Mrs. Eddy is educating, and whose voice is just now making such a singularly fortunate effect in Paris and Berlin.

"There is a great deal to be said about Miss Ettinger, a great deal," said Mr. Eddy. "In the first place she has developed remarkably during the last few months in a musical way. About three months ago my wife decided to take her to Berlin personally. She wanted to give her a little rest and incidentally acquire a knowledge of the German language and German songs. Well, of course, we were well acquainted in Berlin. Mrs. Eddy knows all the musical people, and when we were there last summer we mentioned something about Miss Ettinger to our friends whom we met, and incidentally said that she might possibly be there the coming winter season; so, of course, they were somewhat prepared. When Mrs. Eddy and Miss Ettinger did arrive they received numerous invitations to different musical houses, and Miss Ettinger sang informally for some of the most distinguished musicians in Berlin. Finally she sang at the residence of Arthur Bird

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and he invited Dr. Reimann, Mme. Gerster, Mme. Joachim and other prominent musicians of Berlin to meet her and hear her sing. They were simply dumfounded. Mme. Gerster said, 'I didn't know there was such a voice. It is one of the finest voices I ever heard.' The peculiar thing about her voice is that it is a pure soprano of great range; it not only runs very high—an octave above high C, with a good tone, but the middle and low tones are remarkably full. In fact, it is so good that Mme. Marchesi, when she first received her, told her it was the only voice that had ever come to her that was perfectly placed. She said: 'Your voice is absolutely perfect. Don't let me change it at all.' Dr. Reimann, one of the leading critics and musicians of Berlin, was most enthusiastic over Miss Ettinger. He is the librarian of the musical department of the Royal Library and a personal friend of the Emperor, so, of course, exerts a great deal of influence. He played her accompaniments, and was enthusiastic to a degree, saying he did not remember in all his life to have heard such a voice and such charming quality of tone combined with such absolute pitch as she had. It seems impossible for her to sing out of tune! He set the ball rolling and told everybody about her, arranged for her to sing at the Royal Opera House, and got up a concert especially for her, with some other assistance. The house was packed. She made a furor. I wish I could show you the papers that came out. She made a veritable sensation. I have these criticisms from all the papers in Berlin, and they are extraordinary. The papers were full of her the next day after the concert. My wife cabled me Rose made a tremendous success, and that the press was wild. Arthur Bird wrote me of his own accord a few days after that and said, 'I want to verify all you have heard from Mrs. Eddy and from the papers. Miss Ettinger's success was phenomenal. In all my experience I have not seen such enthusiasm in Berlin.' Of course, she was immediately called upon by all the managers, had invitations to sing here and there, and Mr. Hermann Wolff wanted to make a contract with her right away. The general manager of the Royal Opera House offered her a contract for three years to sing at the opera, but she is going to sing under Mr. Wolff's management next season in concerts in Germany and Russia and other places on the continent. Meantime she

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will keep up her studies and acquire as many operatic roles as she can. She has decided dramatic talent, so Mme. Marchesi says. She accepted a number of concert engagements in Germany, in Dresden and other places, under Mr. Wolff's management, and sang a number of times in private musicales, receiving a large fee each time. She was simply the rage. They went from Berlin to Paris three times in order to fill engagements. Mr. Wolff wanted her to give a concert of her own in Berlin, so they made a special trip from Paris in order to accomplish this, and she not only paid all her expenses, but made a very handsome sum out of it, besides filling a number of private engagements there. She is coming home this summer to see her family in Waterloo, Iowa. We are coming to America in August, and Mrs. Eddy will go back about the middle of September with Miss Ettinger. She wants her to commence work again as soon as Marchesi returns from her vacation."

"Tell me now where you have been this winter, or have you been all over everywhere?" asked the scribe.

"I have made two trips to the Pacific coast since I returned from Europe the middle of October. I have traveled during that time over twenty thousand miles. On Thursday I am going to Ohio, and shall be back here Sunday morning for a week. Then I have three more concerts, after which I go east to see my sister and my father, and shall spend a couple of days in New York prior to my sailing, on the 27th of this month, and I hope to be in Paris one month from to-day. I am booked there at the Trocadero on the 12th of June. The concert is being arranged by Mr. Guilmant, who has a large society at his back, and they subscribe liberally for his own concerts. He is the only organist in Paris who has given concerts there profitably. He gives four each year, and this concert will be sort of a supplementary one to his own series. Miss Ettinger will sing, and there will be a violinist, probably Miss Leonara Jackson, a Chicago girl, who has made splendid success in Germany. Joachim considers her one of his best pupils."

"What have you done in the way of opening new organs this winter?"

"I have done considerable. The principal one was in San Francisco, in the St. Ignatius Church, a Jesuit church. The

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organ, which was built by Farrand & Votey, of Detroit, I consider to be the best, the most perfect church organ in America. It has eighty-five speaking stops, four manuals and electric action. It is a masterpiece of musical and mechanical art. I opened this organ at Christmas time, and was invited to come out, if possible, and play at Easter, and I did. I played twice that day, and the church, which seats thirty-five hundred people, was packed at each service. I played set pieces during each service, and then at the close I gave a lengthy recital. On Palm Sunday I did about the same thing at Grace Episcopal Church, in San Francisco, where there is also a very fine organ. It was built by Mr. Treat, and presented to the church by the millionaire Mr. Searles, who is a musical amateur and a particular friend of Mr. Treat. It took two years about to build the organ, and its cost was in the vicinity of twenty-five thousand dollars. It is certainly a very beautiful church organ, characterized, I should say, by great refinement rather than brilliancy or grandeur. The action is tubular pneumatic. It is a very finished piece of work, and no doubt one of the most beautiful organs in the world. What is the advantage of electric action, do you ask? Promptness, I think. Another advantage is that the keyboard can be placed anywhere, any distance away, and then with the system employed by Farrand & Votey, who use very small valves, you get a wonderful promptness of speech and quick repetition, which is almost impossible in any other way. And then another thing, the touch remains the same whether one manual or all together are used. Exactly the same, no practical difference. And the repetition is instantaneous out there in the St. Ignatius Church. It is a positive delight to play it. Besides these two, I played a number of small organs in different parts of the country in the eastern and in the southern states. I will tell you about an organ I opened in Phoenix, Ariz., which is the only organ in the territory. I was engaged for two recitals and gave three. The organ is a small two-manual organ, but it is a new thing out there, and they consider it something of a revelation. The country around Phoenix is most charming, reminding me very much of southern California, beautiful, very tropical, about six weeks or two months in advance of California. In St. Louis, also, I opened a very beautiful organ, built by Farrand & Votey, a three-manual organ, with the Æolian attachment, like that

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in the Great Northern Hotel in this city, but I used the organ only. With this Aeolian attachment on an organ you can play anything under the sun. An immense number of things can be done with it. You can play it by hand or let the paper play it, or you can play one thing and let the paper play another. It is a great success and will create a sort of revolution, I think.

"One of the most delightful experiences that I have had in this country was in New York on my last trip there, when I gave a complimentary recital in the New South Church on Madison avenue. It was a complimentary recital by the invitation of the organist, Dr. Gerrit Smith. The church was crowded and hundreds couldn't get in. What delighted me most was the large number of professional organists, who came not only from New York and Brooklyn, but even from places quite remote. Fully one hundred professional organists were present, and a large number of them sat in the organ gallery with me. It was inspiring to play for them, and they came to me afterwards, almost in a body, to thank me and say what a great success it was and to congratulate me. Dr. Gerrit Smith told me personally that it was a revelation to him. He said, 'Not only your playing, because I never heard you play so well before, but I mean the spirit manifested by your own countrymen towards you, and it did my heart good.' It did me, too, for it showed how sympathetic and cordial they were. There was a warm feeling of fellowship manifested, and I was urged by many professional musicians there to locate in New York."

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THE FIRST GRAND OPERA.

BY ARTHUR C. G. WELD.

To-day all the musical world is interested, and justly so, in the operatic question, as it is being at present approached in this country. As has been repeatedly pointed out in the press, the future of this great art is purely a matter of dollars and cents. In other words, knowing—as we do—what it costs to give opera it remains to be seen whether this sum (which at its minimum must necessarily remain a fixture) can be taken in at the box-office, or whether we must establish subsidies such as exist all over Europe. It does not matter in the least whether these subsidies take the form of a personal contribution from the privy purse of the sovereign, or whether they are regular features of the state or municipal budget, or whether they are obtained by private subscription from individuals of great wealth and high social position; in one form or the other they exist all over Europe, and it is through their existence that there is so much opera across the water. How this problem will be solved in our country remains to be seen, and has nothing to do with the purpose of this article. At present we are merely interested in the fact that this problem does exist and that its existence justifies the statement that the future of opera in the United States is solely a question of money.

This is owing to the fact that opera properly given embraces —as Richard Wagner insisted it should—all the arts. In an adequate operatic representation the arts of poetry, vocal music, instrumental music, acting, painting, architecture, dancing and pantomime are all called upon, and each must contribute its share if the desired result is to be obtained—and naturally this costs money.

But things were very different three hundred years ago when the first opera was presented in Florence, Italy, and the wonderful difference which exists between the extreme simplicity of the early phases of this art and its bewildering complexity as it exists to-day makes it very interesting for us to look back over these three long centuries and cast a glance at matters musical as they existed in the Tuscan capital towards the close of the sixteenth century.

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When Lorenzo di Medici—surnamed the Magnificent, and also known as the Father of Letters—had assumed the reins of government a century earlier, Florence had already become celebrated for its influence and power in all artistic matters, and this became much more prominent under this remarkable ruler, who was not only perhaps the most generous Maecenas known to history, but the superior of every other in that he was himself an artist, being a past master of exceptionally elegant prose and a poet of ability closely allied to genius. Still, neither his influence nor that of his successors was of an especially clerical nature, and thus it was that during the entire sixteenth century Florence chafed more and more against the ecclesiastical control assumed and maintained over the arts—and music in particular—in Rome, Naples and Venice. This feeling became so strong towards the end of the sixteenth century that while elsewhere in Italy (and consequently in the rest of Europe), Palestrina, di Lasso, Gabrielli and Frescobaldi were considered as the greatest living musicians, there existed in the artistic circles of Florence open revolt against the scholastic severity of their style, and without knowing exactly what was wanted, there was an unsatisfied desire for something different. These conditions brought about the interesting fact that—differing from all other art forms which grew, little by little—the opera sprang into existence complete and all at once, and we know precisely who the man was who wrote the first opera, and when and why and where he did it.

Giovanni Bardi, Count of Velio, a very wealthy Florentine, had collected about himself a choice variety of artists and amateurs—"cognoscenti e dilettanti"—who frequently gathered at his magnificent palace to discuss ways and means for the advance and improvement of all the arts. On these occasions they frequently read or performed the great Greek tragedies, considered then as always—before or since—as the most perfect art products extant. Now, it was well known, of course, that in the classic period, owing to the great size of the amphitheaters and the further fact that they were roofless, these plays were chanted or sung rather than merely recited, as the musical tone had greater carrying power than the spoken word, and Bardi and his associates attempted to imitate this custom. But as they had no clue whatever as to the original

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manner of singing or chanting these plays, their efforts were far from successful, and Bardi and his party made enemies, and became the laughing stock of the "Musicians"—the men of fugue and canon—whose only idea of dramatic music was at most to put an eight part vocal fugue in the middle of a comic play.

But Bardi and his group of faithful associates stuck to their guns and matters came to a crisis on the occasion of the wedding of Duke Francesco I. of Tuscany, also a Medici, to the celebrated beauty, Bianco Capello, in 1578. All that the different arts could offer was combined to make both the ceremony itself and the attendant festivities of the most elaborate, gorgeous and also original nature. Among other things, the master of ceremonies had arranged for the representation of certain mythological scenes—with superb scenic settings and costumes—and also accompanied with music. It was proposed, of course, to intrust the composition to sundry of the "Musicians," the accepted composers of the period, who would proceed naturally, after their custom, to turn out a series of ecclesiastically severe vocal fugues and canons and ruthlessly hang them upon the dainty words of the text. Bardi and his party at once entered a vigorous protest against this course, and were met—not unnaturally, with a request to produce something better. This, unfortunately, he was unable to do, for while he numbered many painters, sculptors and poets among his party, the musicians were all amateurs, and as they proved incapable of producing anything according to their own theories, which was really good, the "Musicians" again carried the day, leaving Bardi and his party sorely discomfited by this failure and this defeat, but none the less determined to accomplish some tangible advance in the near future.

The best of the amateur musicians attached to Bardi's following was Vincenzio Galilei (father of Galileo Galilei, the great astronomer) who was "General Intendant of all the Arts" in Florence, a litterateur of eminent claims for consideration, something of a composer and a tolerable Lutenist. He was steadfast in his determination to accomplish something tangible in support of the theories which he and his friends fulminated from the Palazzo Bardi, and shortly after the fiasco chronicled above he claimed to have discovered three old Greek musical compositions. These were doubtless apocry-

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phal, but they served their purpose in giving an opportunity for a start, and in imitation of them—the style being purely declamatory instead of contrapuntal—he composed the intensely dramatic scene of Ugolino's death from Dante's "Inferno," for solo voice accompanied by harpsichord and one viola. In this connection it is interesting to note the selection of the viola as the accompanying string instrument. It is true, of course, that in those days violas were much more common than violins, but notwithstanding this fact it is also true that according to our modern ideas of instrumental coloring no other instrument could be more suitable to the adequate dramatic rendering of such a subject than the viola, owing to the somber and tragic character of its "timbre."

Well, Galilei sang his Monody at the Palazzo Bardi before the assemblage of all the supporters of the new theory, and it was received with the most boundless enthusiasm, and while the "Musicians" laugh at the effort, they were boldly confronted by followers of Bardi who claimed that Galilei had solved the problem at last. In truth, both were right. Galilei, being only an amateur, had done his work very imperfectly so far as technic was concerned—which justified in a measure the laughter of his enemies; but, on the other hand, he had certainly produced a definite method of dramatic declamation in vocal music, which justified the enthusiasm of his friends. Finally he had openly and consistently offered a monodic style of musical composition as a substitute for the polyphonic method which had hitherto held undisputed sway.

Thus were the lists cleared for action, so to speak, and Bardi's party was immensely strengthened by the acquisition of a gifted and thoroughly educated musician, Jacopo Peri, who was born in Florence during the latter half of the sixteenth century. This gifted man became convinced that Galilei's theory was correct, and he himself determined to elaborate it with the view of still more definitely restoring the declamation of the Hellenic tragedy; and his efforts resulted in his becoming the composer of the first opera, and as such, the inventor and founder of the modern recitative.

At the Palazzo Bardi he had met—among others—the poet Ottavio Rinuccini (who was the greatest genius of the whole Bardi party), and these two conjointly produced the first opera; that is, in the sense of the word as we understand it.

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Another composer, Emilio del Cavaliere, is said to have composed a text of Rinuccini's a few years earlier, but it is understood—like Orazio Vecchi's "L'Amfiparnasso," produced at Mantua in 1594—to have been essentially in the old accustomed form of unaccompanied vocal polyphony.

Therefore, musical historians give the honor of inventing the opera to Peri, and the first opera is considered "Dafne" libretto, by Rinuccini. Meanwhile, Bardi had been called to Rome as "Maestro di camera," to Pope Clement VIII., and the meetings, formerly held at his house, had been transferred to the palace of his friend Jacopo Corsi, always an enthusiastic member of his party, and it was at the Palazzo Corsi in 1597 that "Dafne" was first privately performed. The words and music are lost, but we know that it consisted of recitatives, arias, choruses and dances. It is also interesting to note that the same text became a component part of the first German opera in the following manner:

When Johann Georg I. of Saxony married his daughter to the Landgraf of Hesse-Darmstadt, in 1627, he determined—among other things—to give especial glory to the attendant festivities by the first performance in Germany of the new musical art-form recently sprung into life in Italy. Heinrich Schuetz, the elector of Saxony's "capellmeister," was commissioned to procure from Italy the words and music of "Dafne," and the German poet Opitz was employed to translate Rinuccini's libretto. This he did, however, without any reference to the music, and when his work was accomplished it was discovered, not unnaturally, that the new words did not "fit" the music at all. Consequently Schuetz wrote new music to the German text, and this second "Dafne" (of which the words and music are also lost) was performed at Torgau, April 13, 1627.

There was no question as to the success of "Dafne" in Florence; as a contemporary writer—Giovanni Battista Doni—tells us, "it charmed the whole city." Naturally, Peri and Rinuccini were delighted and spurred on by success to further effort; they at once set to work upon a second opera, "Eurydice." This was performed on the occasion of the marriage of Henry IV. of France to Maria de Medici, and was thus the first opera ever performed in public, the representations of "Dafne" having been given privately at the Palazzo Corsi. Of

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this work, we possess both words and music, and from it we can see what a simple affair it was, after all. Signor Corsi, seated at a harpsichord behind the scenes, furnished most of the accompaniments, assisted by three friends, who played respectively upon a chitarone (a double-necked lute of great length), a viola di gamba and a theorbo (the large double lute). Furthermore, in one of the scenes three flutes were used, and certain writers have maintained that harps and small trombones took part, although this point is disputed.

In the printed score of this opera—consisting in reality of little more than the vocal parts and a figured bass—we find the word "sonata," used for the first time as applied to a brief instrumental entre acte.

It was not only in the manner of composition that these two works dealt a death-blow to the supremacy of the old church music, for they brought about a still greater innovation as for the first time women took part in the performance. Victoria Alchileti, who sang the title role in both, was thus the first "prima donna," and by a curious musical coincidence she also took part, somewhat later, in the first oratorio. Before closing this sketch it may also be interesting to point out how the word "opera" came to be applied to this art form. The original titles, for instance, read as follows:

DAFNE
Dramma per la Musica
Opera di
JACOPO PERI.

"The work of Jacopo Peri," and this form was retained until it became adopted generally, although a full century later such works were still known in France as "comodie (or tragedie) mise en musique."

From these simple beginnings, then, sprang this wonderful art-form which has assumed such gigantic proportions to-day; in the place of Signora Alchileti and a few other singers we have a company of soloists and a regiment of choristers, while Signor Corsi at the harpsichord and his lute-playing assistants have given way to the big modern orchestra of an hundred men.

The new art-form spread like wild-fire through Italy, and everywhere works were written in this so-called "stilo rappre-

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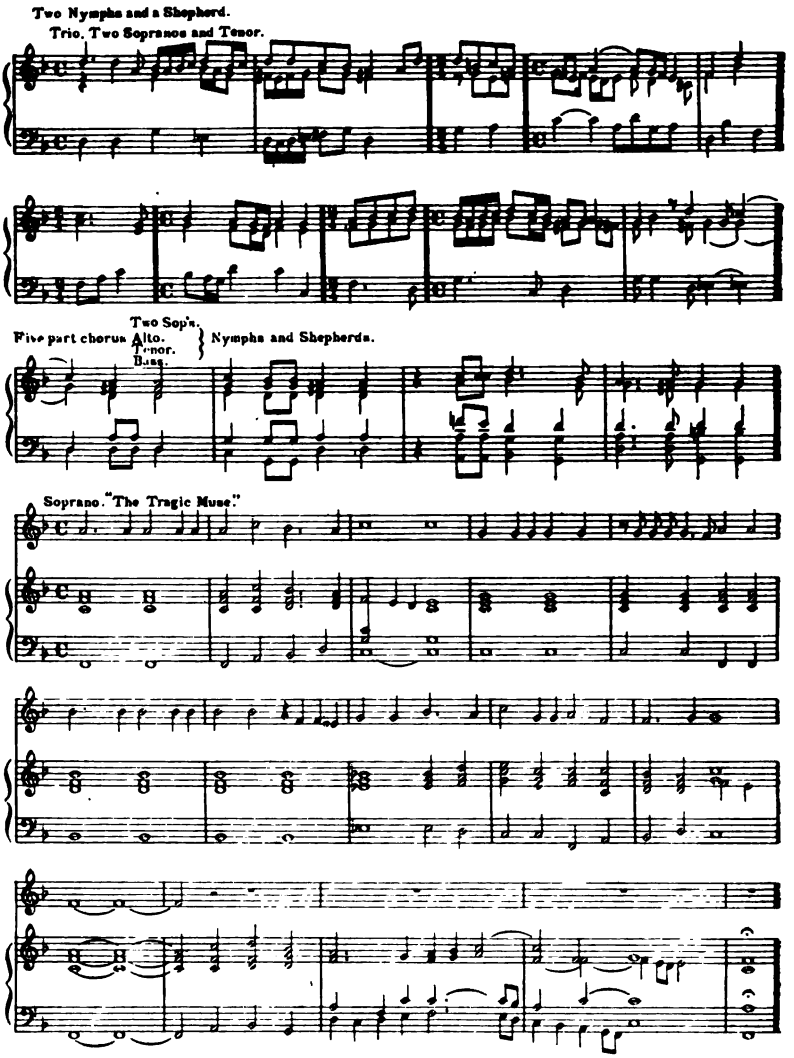
sentativo," but the man to make the first great step in advance was Claudio Monteverde (1568-1651), who made the greatest possible improvements, and in particular so augmented the accompanying orchestra that he is known as "The Father of Modern Instrumentation."

But it is to simple Peri that we owe the fact that to-day we can hear Jean de Reszke in Tristan and Isolde.



TWO EXAMPLES OF THE MUSIC FROM PERI'S "EURYDICE."
(Prepared by Mr. Arthur Weld.)

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FINALE FROM SONATA OPUS 35 BY CHOPIN.

EXPLANATORY REMARKS,

BY EMIL LIEBLING.

Chopin wrote three sonatas; the first, opus 4 in C minor, betrays but little of that original and peculiar musical vein which was destined to carry the lucky possessor to lasting fame; its form and contents smack as much of his predecessor and contemporary Hummel, as the first three Beethoven sonatas do of Mozart and Haydn; it is seldom rescued from oblivion, but even the masterly technique of Signorina Castellano, who played the work a few seasons ago in this country, did not serve to make it interesting or effective enough to insure a more frequent appearance on concert programs.

The present sonata, as well as the third, opus 58, belong to a much riper period, at which Chopin had, as it were, fully found himself. It is a singular fatality that in most sonatas, trios, symphonies, and similar works of length, the finale represents the weakest part of the composition; even Beethoven's immortal opus 53 presents the same anomaly; Schumann's sonatas, opus 11 and 22, Grieg's opus 7, and Schytte's otherwise irreproachable sonata, opus 53, show a decided falling off and diminution of importance in the finales, and numerous other examples could easily be adduced. If this Chopin sonata, opus 35, does not give cause to the same complaint, it is because the finale is so thoroughly "sui generis" as to totally disarm comparison or criticism. After a thoroughly romantic first part, which presents grand climaxes and tremendous contrasts, a splendid scherzo follows; the second themes in both movements are of enchanting melodious charm; a unique funeral march takes the place of the usual adagio or andante, and this weird and uncanny "perpetuum mobile" makes a remarkable close for a composition in which Chopin for once did not feel the mere form as a limitation. He was happiest in those forms which he himself had created, the ballade, scherzo and mazurka; in the trio, opus 8, the burdensome

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task of adhering to some one else's precepts is constantly noticeable.

The finale, when well executed, as, for instance, by the inimitable De Pachmann, will present a smooth pianissimo running effect, necessarily somewhat monotonous. Without special divisions into its component parts or sentences, and without leading accents; in a general way there will be a natural rise and fall, crescendo and decrescendo, with the ascending and descending runs; no ritardandos can be introduced without conflicting with the musical intention; a smooth, unbroken surface, finished to the utmost polish and perfection, must be presented.

The mode of study will have to be the same which is used for all passage work. Take a certain number of measures first with separate hands and then together; study with three distinct modes of touch and execution; first a very slow and firm legato, afterwards a faster and lighter legato, and finally a light semi-staccato, giving the slow practice the great preference; this variety of study will serve every technical purpose, and enable the performer to retain full control of the hands; where both hands execute unisono passages, as is the case with the present work, the execution for one is naturally more difficult than for the other; this should be fully realized and carefully watched, and the weaker hand must receive more study than the other.

The term "perpetual motion," which I applied to the finale, is well deserved, for there is no rest or contrast in it from beginning to end, nor is there a change of sentiment or intellectual requirements or demands, such as we find ourselves called upon to observe in a proper rendition of the similarly named work by Weber, where every phrase brings with it the necessity for a variety of interpretation; it would be idle to attempt to ascertain what (if anything definite at all) the composer may have had in view while writing this singular fancy; evidently some peculiar mood took this remarkable form in his hypersensitive brain.

At first glance the movement seems to be written at random, but closer examination reveals a modulation to what may be considered a second phrase, or motif, in the relative major key D flat, commencing with the 23rd measure. The 39th bar brings the return of the first theme again, but from here

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to the end a great deal of the passage work is reversed; it is interesting to note that the Litolff edition interpolates two bars after the 46th measure, which most copies omit.

The pedal, if used at all, can be only occasionally touched; in the very last bar it will serve to give a fuller effect by extending the low octave B flat until the upper chord is struck; if teachers and pupils would take the very little trouble to analyze what the pedal should really be used for, much misapprehension and unmusical noise could be easily avoided.

In fingering the piece, one should refrain from all extremes, and it ought to be made thoroughly practical. Whenever possible and advantageous, the thumbs can occur together; finger the sequences in which this work abounds uniformly, also parallel passages; in the 35th and 36th measures the thumb of the left hand glides from the black key to the following white key. Fingering ought only to connect that which needs connection, and must leave the hand as much as possible in its normal extended position, playing as many notes in one position as possible, before assuming the next; of course, the change from one to the other necessitates especial study, so as to make the shifting inaudible; these explanations will serve to make the intention of commonsense fingering and the principles upon which it is based perfectly plain. This skillful shifting will be called into play, for instance, at the end of the 52d, 54th, and similar measures.

All speed is relative; one person's allegro is another's presto, hence metronome marks are optional and to be observed with considerable latitude; "A half-note equals 104," represents the tempo at which the presto will be effective, but many will have to content themselves with slower time.

In point of absolute technical difficulty, the third sonata, opus 58, exceeds the others, but not in importance or artistic charm; their complete mastery requires technical and musical qualities of the very highest order.

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JOHN BARRINGTON, JR.

BY EMILE LOUIS ATHERTON.

PART FIFTH.

[Narrative continued by Mr. Barrington.]

After the reading of his manuscript, Mr. Barrington apologized to me in such a manner for his roughness that I readily forgave him; for though I did not say so to him, I thought that his provocation had been very great. I, for a while, doubted the wisdom of the advice I had given him; but as time went on I realized that I had been right in telling him to burn it all up. It would most certainly have never been completed otherwise. By doing it over there was no patch-work possible. If a machinist made a machine which was very full of errors, in which nothing fitted, and all was wrong, he would probably reconstruct it entirely; an attempt to alter it would mean a failure to attain any better result.

In order to overcome Mr. Barrington's habit of emotional writing, I had him work for the following two months upon essays of one kind or another. This work in a measure overcame his worst faults, and gave a well-knit and positive character to his style; but even in such dry work as this his imagination was too fertile to chain, or train, completely, though after a little he got it somewhat more under his control, and when this was accomplished it gave color to his expression. He very strongly objected to working steadily and habitually, preferring, as he said, to wait for inspiration; it was a long time before he would agree with me that inspiration is the result of concentration, and that this latter condition of mind could be got in no better way than by work. He was, however, very willing to do as I asked him, and so each morning wrote from nine o'clock until one. After lunch he read to Anna and me the result of his morning's work, and we went over it together; he explaining how he intended to develop this or that part, and I showing him where he was wrong in principle or in style. I was very careful in such cor-

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rections to always show him precedents from the various classics in which I knew that they appeared. Also by my advice he read certain authors who, I believed, would have a formulative influence upon his style. At first I noticed that he wrote one day like Addison and another like De Quincey, and after that perhaps he would strongly imitate the style of Howells, and later there would be a suggestion of one of the younger writers. After a little, the direct and easily to be perceived influence of these authors had disappeared save in the rapid improvement which he made in his style. It became more varied in character, and it had an ease about it when he was handling thoughts that were difficult of expression that gave strength and certainty of effect; also, at times he had an accumulative power, in his sentences, which said something of his mental development, and which for that reason greatly pleased me. His wealth of imagination was the greatest obstacle to his early success, though it gave endurance to that which he afterwards gained by its help. He would no sooner conceive a desirable idea than in a flash came another of equal attractiveness, and after this another, until he despaired of selection, and was in danger of getting none on paper. He was like one who goes from flower to flower in a garden, attracted from one beauty to the next, and never being able to do more than consider which to pluck.

He had a power in analysis and of concentrated thought, and yet he very rarely made a full use of either, for he allowed his love of pleasure and his desire for self-gratification to stand in the way of his immediate success, except where he was particularly interested in his subject. He never fully overcame this until the sorrow which he had to experience had sobered him and had driven him to his desk, as the only place where he could have freedom for a little from his troubles.

At the end of the second month I noticed a very marked improvement in his work; for while he might have gone more rapidly and while his effort had been as varying as the rays of the sun, he had still observed that he had made an effort, even though that effort was in no particular direction. He had gained an ability in expression which enabled him to express his thoughts in one writing so they could be understood, and he had a power in the arrangement of his ideas which made his work easier to him. From this it was evident to me

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that the mentor of method had begun its growth in his mind; that is, the desire for clearness at the expense of all else, dominated in a small measure his former desire for only emotional effects. I looked now for him to grow along the right lines and to steadily improve, as indeed he did, and thus was he assisted to "that broad road of method," on which I had promised to place him. To be completely successful he needed, as I have said, the serious disappointment and the hard experience which afterwards gave him years of experience in suffering in as many weeks, and an acquaintance with the human heart, its passions and sufferings, which another man would not get in a life of quiet activity.

I was, of course, very anxious for him to succeed, but for his sake and the sake of his father I hoped that his struggle would be a long one, for only in that case would habits of work be so fixed upon him that he could not shake them off; and only with habits of work, and by work, could he hope to be happy in his after life, even though his fortune was very great. Nearly all men who have had large wealth have discovered that to be happy they must take a vital interest in something which will fully occupy their attention; and writing was the occupation for which Mr. Barrington was best fitted and which would best suit his future life and prospects. The whole problem is summed up in the experience of a friend of my early manhood. After several years of hard work he came very suddenly into the possession of a fortune. For a time he traveled about the world, and I lost track of him. After a few years I heard that he had invested his fortune in a business, which was one of the most hazardous one could imagine. If he failed to give it his closest attention he ran the risk of losing everything. I asked him why he had done this, and in his reply he substantially repeated my opinion as expressed above. He said that he wished his fortune to be at stake, and that he hoped to double it; that it the opportunities for loss or gain were less, he would have no personal interest in his work; that it would be like playing a gambling game for penny stakes when one's income was millions. And, he continued, that work of some kind was absolutely essential to his happiness.

I had hoped, as I have said, that Mr. Barrington would require some time in which to succeed in the winning of his

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fortune, but as time went on I had a nearer reason why I would have liked him to succeed at once, and my interest in his welfare and this reason came to battle whenever I saw him look tenderly at my niece and the quiet look of understanding which she gave back to him. When Mr. Barrington came to live with me I supposed that there would be no danger of their falling in love, for my niece had never in any way shown herself susceptible to men. Indeed, her ridicule and characterizations of the men who paid her their particular attention at the dances and social affairs which she attended, had always greatly amused me. I, however, did not notice that she never attacked Mr. Barrington in this way; if I had, I would have at once understood that she had set him apart as different from the other men she had met, and I would have foreseen the danger of their falling in love. Then, again, I could not have known it from Mr. Barrington's manner, for while he flirted and laughed and showed a desire to be with her, he displayed no signs of a deeper feeling. The whole affair grew and developed under my very eyes with all of the slow dignity of a minuet, and I saw none of it until it was too late to interfere, if I had wished to do so. The first intimation of the way my niece felt in the matter was observed by me one day when she suddenly put down her work on which she was engaged and said:

"Uncle, Mr. Barrington has asked me to sit with him in the library in the mornings after this, and to help him with his work. You know that he has often taken my advice, and that he says I am an inspiration to him, because I understand the difficulties of his work, and so"—she took up her work again—"I am going to stay in there in the mornings if you think it would help him." Entering into her little self-deception, I said that I thought that she could help him very much indeed, and I added:

"Won't it be very tiresome for you, dear?"

"Oh, no," she replied; "I can read, you know, and work, while he is writing." I noticed that soon after this arrangement was made, Mr. Barrington desired very much to give up his essays and begin the book again. I advised him to follow his inclinations, and I was much gratified to find that it was stronger and much more interesting than it had been before, but in the new copy my niece's influence was ridicu-

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lously plain. In the other it will be remembered that he had been obliged to leave out all mention of love scenes, because he "could not write them;" in the new copy this was quite different. The story began as before, with the return of the hero from Washington, but he came this time on horseback, and as he rode through the forest a hurricane of wind and rain, accompanied by lightning and thunder, overtook him and in the woods under the great trees it became perfectly dark, although the hour was not later than seven. As he rode slowly along, holding in his frightened horse, there came a vivid flash of lightning which brightened up the road, and in the second that it lasted he saw a horse dash madly past him. On it was a young lady. He saw that it was beyond her control; a second flash which followed showed him a great tree that had just been torn from its roots, and now came crashing down, and the horse the lady rode went over this, and he heard her give a smothered cry. At the same moment his own horse swerved and threw him, and then ran away in the direction in which he had come, leaving him to make his way to the assistance of the lady. It is unnecessary to say that this lady was the heroine, and that he saved her and took her home; that from that time on, for chapter after chapter, these two made love persistently and continuously, until they became engaged. As he worked, the portrait of my niece grew more like her, while as the hero, he did himself more than justice. They say to this day that I am quite mistaken about this, and I know that they think I am—but I am equally sure that I am not. It was a question in my mind whether the proposal of the hero to the girl would precipitate that of Mr. Barrington's to my niece, and I was quite disappointed when it did not do so. But I must leave it to the author to tell, by the aid of Mr. Barrington's diary, how it really did happen.

CHAPTER NINTH.

The night was so clear and beautiful, and the air was so mild and full of pleasant spring odors, that I asked her to come out on the piazza with me and walk in the moonlight. I got her a shawl, and then we went out of the house. The moon was

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sailing above us in a sky that was full of light white clouds that constantly passed before its face, but did not obscure it for above a second of time. Anna was in fine spirits, and at first we ran up and down the "deck," as Mr. Earlington called the piazza; her face as bright as it could be, for we were going to a dance at a neighbor's on the following night, and by much clever urging we had just gained Mr. Earlington's consent. The people who were giving the affair were not liked by him. I remember that she talked very gayly about it, and that we laughed very much at the manner in which we had overcome his objections, which at no time had been very decided, though for the sake of vanity we liked to think that they had been. We talked for a little while about my work, and about the way in which I was developing the love interest, which she said was so well done that it indicated a fearful experience in such affairs. I replied very seriously that this was not so, and that I had never really been in love until this time. She did not ask me what I meant by this, and presently we stopped talking and, instead, sat there quietly. So pleasant were my thoughts that I did not feel the need of conversation; indeed, I think that when two people, who were as we two would soon be, are together, there is often a far more delicate communion in silence than in words. At last we rose, but we did not go into the house; for, you see, we both felt that there was something to be decided that night before we left the deck. Standing by the balcony she looked off across the valley, while I stood and looked at her. I think that all I felt for her must have been in my eyes at that moment, for when she turned and looked at me, all the color left her face and then came flooding back again. I took her hand in mine, and for a moment she tried to take it from me, though, to be sure, she made no very great effort; and after this she seemed moved by another kind of impulse, for she raised her face so she was looking full in mine, and took a step toward me. I took a step toward her, and then I was so near her that I put my arm about her waist and kissed her. I felt the answering movement of her lips on mine for a second, and then she drew away from me timidly, and said:

"It will be nice to tell uncle, John. Shall we go in now?" and she took my hand, and we went in together.

As we came in, Mr. Earlington was sitting before the fire

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reading a book, and he was laughing at something in it, and so he did not notice us, until I said:

"Mr. Earlington, Anna has just promised to marry me," for I knew she had, although there had been no speech upon the matter. He looked up quickly enough at this, and while he did not appear surprised, he seemed dazed and sat looking from one to the other of us. Then he took her hand and drew her to him, and looked up in her face for what seemed to me a long time, while she looked back at him with something of timidity and something of gentleness in her bearing.

"Are you sure, dear?" he said, finally.

"Very sure, indeed, uncle," she replied, softly enough, and then put her hand back and drew me forward, so that we were both standing before him. At this he rose, and heartily shook my hand and told me that he was sure that I would make her happy. He said this not only as if he wanted to believe it, but as though he really believed that it would be so.

"Now children," he said, "I must go at once to my sister's and tell her about it, for if it gets to her ears through any other source, there would be a pretty something to pay." He kissed Anna and pretending to be in a great hurry, and assuring us that he would be back at once, and doing this with a laugh at us, he went out. We sat down, and talked together. What we said, belongs to us two alone, and as a part of its charm lies in the fact of our sole possession of it, I am not going to destroy this charm by telling the reader anything about it. Instead, I shall ask him to look back and remember or to look forward and imagine, according to his state of life and according to his age; and after all perhaps my best effort would not tell him more than he knows or imagines, for the old story, which very sentimental people call "the old sweet story," is very much the same story after all, and it does not matter what her name was or what your name was, or the name you called it by.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE MUSICAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

BY HENRY M. DAVIES.

(Second Paper.)

3. We come now to a more interesting and important part of our analysis of the content and function of musical consciousness, viz., to the various forms of musical representation which the judgment employs, when it has attained the relatively fixed condition implied in the concluding remarks of the last paragraph. These forms correspond, in the main, with the mind's own fundamental modes of activity.

Music, in the developed sense, is a form of mental interpretation. But of what? In the highest sense music is the interpretation, through sensuous sounds, of that side of our complex nature connected with the mystical and therefore specially with the spiritual feelings. What Schopenhauer calls imitative music, i. e., music whose sole aim is to represent things "according to their external appearance;" music that is predominantly the expression of definite forms of ideation and thought—this music is concerned only with the simplest forms of mental life. The quality of interpretative mentality is small. Is music the interpretation of the emotions? the expression of feeling? As interpretation, music already contains more than emotion and feeling. The fact is, that this idea of the form of music is only half a truth. We have but to reflect for a moment to see the fallacy of it. Consider the elaborate mechanism of the science of music. Under the impulse to perfect the means of expression, the intellect has made use of every kind of object—wood, stone, vegetable matter, metals, and animal products—and without this activity of intellect, our orchestration could never have been reduced to the perfection it has attained. In fact, music is now the most elaborate of all the arts in the means at its disposal for objective expression. This fact has widened the conception of music and its function as interpretation. As it has taken hold of more reality; as it has grown in the control of the objects of expres-

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sion; as human consciousness has thereby been enlarged, musical representation has become more and more elaborate. This fact has led writers like Lotze (Microcosmos. Part IV.) and Hanslick (Vom musicalisch Schönen, ch. 1) and Ambros (The Boundaries of Music and Poetry) to emphasize the subjective intellectual activity of the musician; regarding the means separably from feeling. They find the essence of music in the spirit of events, in the qualities and relations of our experiences, in the dynamic, rather than in the mechanical, aspects of life. Almost any modern composition of note might be used as an illustration of what is meant here. Take Handel's "Messiah." In the two divisions of that truly great work, he has woven the spirit of a tragedy the equal of which has never been known. Beginning in the repose and simplicity of pastoral life, it slowly grows more and more mournful in the second part. The pastoral gives place to the settled gloom of impending calamity, and in the number "He Was Cut Off" all is anxious, and big with fate. Out of this gloom there slowly emerges the Easter joy which Handel intended to consummate in the immortal "Hallelujah." All the best music is full of this semi-poetic, pure intellectual activity; this interpretation of the spirit of events. We should, therefore, certainly agree with Hanslick when he says that "without mental activity no aesthetic enjoyment is possible." The best music creates the necessity for this, because it is, essentially, interpretation. Those who find the essence of the matter in "the play of the forms as such and the elementary power of tones," that is, in the effect of the rhythmical measures and harmonies—are resting their case not on the facts of consciousness, but upon the formalities of music. There is another side—the ideal—which consciousness bears strong and uncompromising testimony to, which must be taken into our account, if the whole truth is to be told. Music is the art of the intellect, par excellence, as well as the art of pure sounds. The wedding of these two elements, the formal and the ideal, is the work of all true music. The biographies of the great musical artists afford abundant evidence of the correctness of this psychological induction. One and all alike repudiate the idea that a succession of sounds, put together according to acoustic and tonal "laws," is music. All agree that there is also present an absolute ideal, just as in poetry. Indeed, it is so palpably present in music that the

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sensuous and intellectual treatment over-lap each other, and hides, while it reveals, the thought of the artist. Music is architectural—that is, involves construction according to an ideal. Whether, therefore, we judge music as an objective science resting upon formal principles; or whether we regard it as the expression of an ideal content—it is, in either case, a living movement of the spirit, progressively interpreting the content of consciousness.

A further remark may be made here regarding the emotion of ideal beauty which enters so largely into the concrete forms of music. This ideal feeling is not the vague feeling of the pleasurable already referred to; but the feeling corresponding to the ideal of beauty which is before the mind of the artist. How to distinguish these two classes of feelings is difficult. The key is given, however, by Professor Ladd (Introduction to Philosophy, chap. xii.), in the wise remark: "It should never be forgotten that pleasurable feeling itself may become an object of aesthetical appreciation." This means that the pleasurable states connected with our aesthetical judgments pass over, in the process of ideal construction, into the ideally beautiful. The transition is made in the dark, so to speak; but it is marked by an ideal present in the imagination. This ideal feeling is comparatively late in making its appearance. It is (whether we like it or not) the product of metaphysical reflection and the pondering of the imagination. Before Beethoven, there was very little chromatic music. As late as Bishop Ambrose, of Milan, we learn that the strengthening qualities of the Christian music were due to the absence of the morally subversive character of the chromatic factors. Plato makes the same remark and restrictions. I do not think any one will doubt the strengthening power of the diatonic counterpoint, upon which the early church music rested; but this position will at once be seen to rest upon a false ideal. The opposite extreme of feeling, however, was found in Wagner, whose imagination was lawless, often uncontrolled by any restraining ideal; and his "school," in my judgment, indicates much more of evolution than genuine progress in artistic representation. In Beethoven, at whose feet we all have still to sit if we would learn reverence for chromatic harmony, every passion is subordinated to ideal construction. In his case, the profound depths of his nature never run riot, but his

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greatest works exhibit the truth of our conscious life with a marvelous fidelity. These illustrations may be enough to show that the emotion of ideal beauty is dependent for its purity upon the development of the aesthetic judgment and that only when the latter has attained a fixed condition and can control the whole field of ideals with ease, can we truly speak of genuine aesthetic consciousness.

A final remark must be made regarding the presence in musical consciousness of will power. Now, inasmuch as all consciousness is a form of activity, it follows that the evolution of the musical mind will be shot, through and through, with the forms which suit the will's activity. Regarded as an art, music involves the expression and projection of the self-conscious soul, and this is essentially a function of the will. But the striving of the will in musical art is always with a view to some rational ideal, felt to have aesthetic worth. Indeed, all the best music exhibits this factor; and its function, in the economy of utilities, is as much to train, as to give wing to, the feelings. In illustration of this, appeal may be had to the elaborate system of forms which have been invented in the progress of musical art, in the effort to express every tone and shade of the volitional life of our self-conscious and rational spirits. From adagio to allegro, all the varieties of piano and forte, with the complex modes of notation which are now at the disposal of the composer—all alike have been the creation of the will acting under the guidance of the musical intelligence. What we call "movement" in music, is, indeed, nothing but the transcript of the will power of the artist; pure, as Schopenhauer would say, only when the notes combine perfectly with its aspiration and express its vitality; impure, when it falls short of this ideal perfection. In all music there is the struggling of the will towards an end, which is entertained as alone worthy for us; and in this striving all the senses, involved in our experience as subjects of aesthetical consciousness (hearing and touch specially), are present. In the exertion of the will to project the movements of the interior life in a system of sweet sounds, ear and muscular effort are complementary to intellect and feeling. In this process the vague tones of feeling which are ever in the back-ground of our musical representations are brought to the front and transformed in the presence of universal ideals. Changed from

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their physical and psycho-physical character they reveal a complicated power of adjustment under the influence of our enlightened sense of absolute beauty. I emphasize this point, in particular, because in the teaching, as well as in the analysis of music the will has been almost entirely ignored. My contention is that the will is of the very essence of every musical emotion; that it is the will that makes motion e-motion, and that apart from this experience of activity with self, there could be no judgment of values in music whatsoever. In its pedagogical aspect this is clearly the faculty to be addressed in musical teaching. Without a stable condition of will power, trained according to artistic standards, all music teaching must fail of achieving the best results. It were better, far, to have a sense of the causal relations of will to aesthetic perception than to have momentary feelings of beauty, which disappear upon the relaxation of our attention. It is to be feared that the latter condition is the common ideal of musical proficiency.

4. We have seen, then, that music is mental, emotional and volitional interpretation, and as such involves elements which transcend sensation; elements which depend for their manifestation upon the developing consciousness, and especially upon a fixed condition of the aesthetic judgment, as this depends upon the control, by the will, of the movements of our self-conscious spirits. We have now to analyze the musical consciousness, as this is manifested through the individual characters of men. For nothing is more obvious than the dependence of music upon individuality. Thus, the philosophical critic of music has better judgment in musical matters than the amateur auditor; Ambros is more reliable than the average attendant of Wagnerian opera; and the difference lies in the character, i. e. the totality of the individual at the time. It is not necessary for us to delay long with so trite a fact. Two things may be worth consideration. And first, that our musical appreciation is the expression of our knowledge of the processes involved in musical art. Of course, this varies from individual to individual and from year to year in the same individual. It is an all too-common remark in the parlors of the land that some person does not "understand" classical music. The same person will, however, respond to Yankee Doodle. Now the subjective conditions which determine such judgments of worth as these are those connected

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with all judgments which rest upon similar unstable and restricted areas of aesthetic mentality. It is the same with poetry and painting. The subjective conditions for the highest appreciation are not developed; the amount of character is too small to permit a final judgment. Music, in particular, demands a high order of intellectual and aesthetic maturity to judge of its worth. On the other hand, regarding music objectively, we find the music of such men as Mozart, Beethoven and Wagner imbued with the temperament and individuality of its authors. The ease and gracefulness of Mozart's music reflects the predominant mood of the man; the passionate intensity of Beethoven makes his music without a rival in this respect; the lofty, but unregulated, genius of Wagner's music is a thorough reflex of the ill educated, but ambitious and persevering opera-writer, stage-manager and master of orchestration. The same variety is also seen in the musical taste of nations. The Germans have, up to the present, produced the finest music; though it seems now as though the fund of German inspiration is exhausted and that we are to hear from Poland and Scandinavia. Some nations have very little responsive power and develop very little genuine national music; but what music each nation has appropriated, as the expression of its national esprit du corps, fulfils its purpose only as it reflects the character and temperament of the people and ultimately this simply means that the common social bonds of love of country, devotion to its good, etc., which make up the corporate life of nations on its ideal side, find their expression in accordance with the general intelligence. This variety of judgment in aesthetic matters is basis of the fact that "de gustibus non disputandum." It arises from the obvious connection of all products of consciousness with the contents of character and individuality. Some critics of musical art seem to forget this. Such critics, who are not psychologists, need to learn the fact that it is the object of all art to realize a complete and perfected human individuality as the highest kind of reality known to finite consciousness. The second thing to be mentioned in this connection is that musical appreciation, as dependent upon the variety of human character, goes through three fairly marked stages. These are the amateur auditor, the virtuoso and the composer. Through these stages the musical artist must proceed to his ideal. In the struggle of the

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first period the causal activity is small, being addressed to the comprehension of the masterpieces of his art. In the second period (in which most musicians stop—the virtuoso period) the causal activity is greater, the struggle being mostly with technique and interpretation, both subjectively and objectively considered. These stages, however, ever point on to something further, viz., to creative activity, where the will seeks its absolute freedom in independent development. We need only pause here to remark that these stages are not mechanically marked off in concrete experience. The virtuoso appeared in Mozart at four years of age. Beethoven never became a virtuoso in the full meaning of the word, and indeed did not "take to" music till comparatively late. But the creative impulse was powerful in the latter from the start. The stages, in other words, overlap each other and develop in the unity of the soul, subject to its general conditions of growth, and especially to the environment of character and disposition in which this growth takes place.

5. The content of musical consciousness, lastly, includes ideal factors which defy the utmost analysis and which cannot, therefore, be reduced to anything more original. The development of music, indeed, on both the empirical and ideal sides, i. e., as a science and as an art, has always appealed in the most immediate manner to these absolute factors. Psychologists have discovered something "infinite" in it, and this points to the fact that in the aesthetic enjoyment of music a universal ideal of beauty belongs to the very essence of the pleasure it affords. Schopenhauer's idea (Die Wel als Wille, band 1, pp. 340, 344. Reclam's edition) that in music we are in communion with the "will" of the universe, as it exists in itself, is a sure insight; when we have made allowance for the sceptical implications of his philosophy. It is in this ideal sphere that music comes into closest relationships with the other arts, especially with poetry. Musicians have ever gained some of their chief inspiration from poetry, and poets have always been fond of the simile of musical tone. Of the latter—the poets—Shakespeare has given expression to some of the finest thoughts. For example:

> **"Look how the floor of heaven**
> **Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;**
> **There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st**

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But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls."
—(Othello, Act 5, Sc. 1.)

In like manner has Coleridge embodied one of the very highest of these mixed poetic and musical insights in the words:

"And what if all animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,
That tremble into thought as o'er them sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze
At once the soul of each and God of all?"

No theory of music can be sound that omits these ideal factors which belong to the spontaneity of our aesthetic consciousness. For they spring up, we know not how, and give direction and soul to the flow of sounds. It is in this sphere, too, that the inspiration of genius, which, like the origin of the musical sense itself, seems to be of accidental origin, is to be found. And it is upon this basis that the privileges of genius are allowed always to rest—a basis which carries us into the mystical regions, where all our philosophies are confounded, unless built upon them. Musical genius, however, is easily understood if we recall the main features of our preceding analysis. The whole trend of our work has been to trace the course of development which takes place in human consciousness in its limitation to musical art. The completest act of limitation is that wherein the genius limits himself to his ideal of beauty. This self-limitation to an ideal is of the very essence of genius. The goal of genius is, ever and always, the endeavor to express an absolute ideal in the most perfect form, as an ideal of human character. There is, however, no genius which has excelled in all the arts. For all art is a form of limitation. It is to be doubted if Shakespeare would have appreciated Beethoven's music. Poets, generally, are very poor musicians. But throughout all works of genius, whether they be musical or poetic, we feel the restraint of the author or composer holding himself to a teleological purpose; there is in all musical evolution the striving of genius after the expression of a more perfect individuality, and only that is great music, in the style of grand art, that fulfils the conditions of the most ideal being.

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The substance of the foregoing may now be presented in a few brief statements which will render the result of our work more obvious.

1. The origin of the musical sense shares in the obscurity which belongs to the early life of consciousness; its dawn reveals little that is specific, though all the elementary factors which appear in the developed musical consciousness are present in an incohate way. We have seen that musical sensations are complexes in which objective sounds in the natural environment, connected with the mechanism of hearing, give rise to simple pleasurable feelings which are themselves fused with the bodily processes and correlated mental reactions. The primitive, genetic instincts, to which these sounds address themselves, are conscious elements obscured by affective tones of a bodily order and by the rapid development of our temporal and spatial ideas. Whilst consulting physiology, physics and psycho-physics for guidance, we have concluded that in the present state of our knowledge it is impossible to tell accurately what the psychological cause of the "ear" for music is; whether it is hereditary, or accidental, or is the combination of the totality of causes represented. That it can be greatly modified by training is a fact to which all experience points.

2. The growth of the musical intelligence witnesses the formation of a distinct field of objects whereby the sensuous continuum tends to be more and more broken up and reduced to order by the synthetic activity of imagination and intellect. In this way the musical memory is formed and a system of notes made available for purposes of aesthetical representation. The growing mind, obeying subjective conditions which are determinative of all mental life, witnesses a continuous enlargement of its field of objects in the phenomena of the scale, pitch, key, and in the gradual mastery of the laws of rhythm, melody and harmony, all of which arise out of the interaction of the elements of mental life in connection with the phenomena of sound. All music is of this mixed sensuous and intellectual character.

3. When the aesthetic judgment has attained a more stable condition and is able to express what is of value for it in its acquisitions, mental, emotional and active effort in expression arises. Music is a form of representation, and analysis reveals the presence of rational activity throughout. The dif-

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ference, e g., between the modern scale and the simple feelings of the child or uncivilized man, of the intensity and duration of sounds, is one of degree in the power of mental expression and the subordination of these vague feelings to ends having worth for our conscious life. As the musical consciousness grows it transcends the sensuous content (sounds and their relations), and the ideal factors become more and more predominant to contemplation.

4. Musical consciousness is a product of that unitary experience of the individual which we call the self and is throughout dependent upon the character of the individuality that stands back of it. It is the activity of the self that all music expresses. It is upon the degree of personal development that the appreciation of music depends. An irreligious man cannot judge correctly of religious music. In general, we may say that genuine musical taste manifests itself first by taking delight in the masters; then by storing up their works in the memory, and lastly by the activity of composition. The pedagogical value of this psychological fact will be obvious to those who wish for the best results in musical training.

5. Musical consciousness shares in the ideals which enter into the make-up of our aesthetic consciousness as a whole. These are of an ethical and religious order, as well as of absolute beauty, and the spontaneity of all art depends, for its perpetuation, upon the freedom with which these ideals of worth influence each other. Grand music must express the whole of ideal being, under the single limitation which the soul of the genius gives to this, and no theory of music can be valid which fails to square itself with these factors. For the goal of music, like the goal of all art, is to express in the most perfect way possible the being of the world as a self-conscious, rational unit, in which the kingdom of human worths are unified upon a basis of final purpose, actualizing itself in us.

It will probably be thought that we have slain, in our analysis, the spirit of music. Ambros, indeed, says that in order to write for musicians one must mix a great deal of poetic inspiration with the process. I do not think I have omitted this element, and from the standpoint of scientific aesthetic this preliminary enquiry is the sine qua non of all future method in similar cases. Hence its position here.

(To be concluded.)

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THE YOUNG RUSSIAN SCHOOL.

BY A. POUGIN.

We now come to a little group of musicians—very distinguished but very exclusive, and of unconquerable extravagance, who have undertaken in Russia a reform of the opera as radical as that which Richard Wagner set himself to make in Germany, even while they refuse, absolutely, to follow the errors of the author of "Lohengrin" and the "Nieblung Ring." For these new reformers, of whom infallibility seems to be the characteristic, and who have in themselves a confidence which nothing can shake, nothing of good has been accomplished since Gluck. Meyerbeer himself, if they do not deny absolutely his rare dramatic faculties, they consider no more than a very secondary artist; the French school seems to have no existence, and Monsigny, Gretry, Mehul, Boieldieu, Herold, Auber, Halevy are, with difficulty, worthy of slight attention; as to Italian art, it inspires them with a ferocious hate which knows no limit, and they consider its most illustrious representatives as simple charlatans—I was going to say artistic manufacturers. In short, if we may believe them, the young Russian school has discovered everything and fully made it, in dramatic music; and nothing interesting, nothing logical, nothing intelligent, nothing reasonable has been made before it. It is truly curious to see these new comers in art, who owe everything to their predecessors, who could not possibly have been anything without them, without their labor, without their great works, treat them with this superb aplomb and this biting contempt. One feels like smiling. Nevertheless, here I do not judge; I simply state, and this after a bold declaration of principles contained in the writing of M. Caesar Cui, that I have already mentioned, "Music in Russia."

M. Cui commences by making known the circumstances in which was formed this little combination: "In 1856," says he, "two musicians, very young and passionate for their art, met each other in St. Petersburg; the capital of Russia being the principal musical and intellectual center of the country,

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there they definitely fixed their residence. One was Balakirew; the other he who writes these pages. A short time after Rimsky-Korsakow, Borodine and Moussorgsky joined themselves to them, and little by little a circle of friends formed itself, who had in common an extreme passion for the art of music. What interesting and instructive conversations came up at their reunions. They passed conscientiously in review nearly all the existing musical literature; criticism had a beautiful play; they discussed questions of aesthetics, personal fashions of seeing and feeling reacted between them; the conferences occupied themselves with lively analysis, diverse plans, a thousand things which moved thought, nourished and developed taste and steadied the artistic sense. It was in this way that the little band finished by acquiring established convictions, by creating for itself a criterion applicable to a crowd of artistic questions, very often far beyond the ideas current in the press and public. The idea common to the members of this little group—under the reserve of the musical attitude of each one—commenced finally to define themselves clearly, and they begin to attempt to illustrate them in their work."

Such was the point of departure; we will now see what was the end which they pursued. This end, I have said already, was the reform of operatic music; because as to symphonic music our young revolutionaries found (and in this, perhaps, they were not far wrong) that everything had been made, and well made, by Beethoven, Schumann, Liszt (?) and Berlioz. Here I find myself obliged to make a citation a little long; still it is with regret not to carry it still further. I have no need to emphasize the interest of the considerations in the lines which follow:

"Towards the end of the eighteenth century Gluck undertook, with a powerful hand, to re-establish the music of opera in its primordial right, and to lead it into the path of expression, and above all, to fix it upon the firm ground of dramatic truth. So long as he lived his grandiose idea seemed consecrated by the brilliant success of his works; but after him the beautiful and simple traditions evaporated one after another, and Rossini went on—even to William Tell exclusively—to reduce opera to being nothing more than concert music, agreeably decorated in costume, sacrificing, absolutely, the true expression to extravagances of vocalism distributed

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through all the roles impartially—to the Sevillian as to the Moor of Venice, or Hebrew Prophet. A reaction presently was felt; it insinuated itself first by half measures, prudencies, incomplete (Weber, Meyerbeer, Glinka "A Life for the Tsar," Dargomijsky in "Roussalka"); afterwards abruptly changing the style, a radical reform came again when Wagner displayed all his energy (the Nieblung Ring) and here the Russian musicians of the new school, nevertheless, having, as we will see farther on, more than a few points of contact with the German innovator, they entered also with all the courage of an irresistible conviction.

"The new Russian school undertakes to bring out into strong light certain principles of great importance, of which one of the first is this: Dramatic music ought always to have an intrinsic value, as music simply, when the text is taken away. This principle has been neglected a long time; in our days, even, it is far from being strictly observed. Composers, preoccupied exclusively with melody and vocal virtuosity, infallible means of success, indulge in most astonishing flatness and emptiness, which having a plausible excuse, nevertheless find ready use and success.

"Things which in a symphonic composition would have excited derision, find their place naturally in an opera. The Italians are distinguished above all others in this direction. Aspiring only to easy success, they hold with the public a sympathy of bad taste, and leaving them in this uncultivated state, it does not suffice to abuse them with wholly insignificant themes, they do not even attempt to conceal their nudity, or even to mitigate their emptiness by a harmony slightly cultivated. The better ones among these musicians rather repeat from one to the other or among themselves as style, certain themes and harmonies. By this means they have made their operas resemble each other to a remarkable degree, in order to realize this it is sufficient to cast a glance upon the thirty or more Italian operas of Rossini, the seventy or more of Donizetti." (Note—Not "seventy and more" but only fifty-seven veritable operas, this is already too much, without doubt, to which it is necessary to add nine little works of the kind that the Italians call "farse," and which are of no more importance than operettas. It is not good to exaggerate.) "Neither the one nor the other has more than two or three

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typical works, while the remainder of their operas are nothing more than a pale and feeble reproduction; and even in their master works what commonplaces, what pages insignificant and empty!

"With the great number of composers not Italian, the results are very nearly the same; they write too much, they speculate too often upon the happy means of the executants, upon the beautiful and irresistible effect of decoration, upon the popularity of the scenes of the ballet. Meyerbeer himself, one of the greatest dramatic composers, would have gained very much by the suppression of the princesses and queens with roulades in his operas.

"The new Russian school, views this question from a standpoint absolutely different. According to its principle, nothing has the right to deprive opera music of being, by itself, true and beautiful music; everything that musical art has of a seductive kind ought to be there; the charm of harmony, the science of counterpoint, poliphony, orchestral color, ought all to be fully illustrated. Such a precept may not, at first sight, seem practicable; it seems that a time of repose should be put in here and there in favor of commonplace, more or less prolonged, according to circumstances, in order to encourage the hearer and relieve him from the fatigue of an attention too long sustained. Not at all! The Russian school does not wish to derive any profit from a combination of this sort, however advantageous it may appear, nor will it make such concessions. At no price will it change its point of view in this respect. It marches firmly, bravely toward the ideal which attracts it—this lively source of intelligence, honesty and everlasting poetry—without preoccupying itself with the likelihood of non-success."

The new Russian school thus bases itself, in the words of M. Caesar Cui, upon the formula of "art for art," with a contempt for the public by way of caution. This formula some time held in honor among our Romanticists, is abandoned since a long time, its emptiness having been sufficiently recognized. Otherwise, as it is generally in the last analysis for the public that art is made, it is permissible to inquire in the presence of such noble protestations what would be the result of a quest so carried out; but I repeat, it is easy to rail and blame what has been done, in order to arrive after two or three cen-

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turies of experiments and labors of all sorts, whereby one profits by the acquired experience and the accumulation of result without having one's self to march from one station to another, the road having already been explored by his predecessors. This is precisely the situation of the new Russian school, which has had a great deal of difficulty in collecting the fruits that others have had so much hard work to raise from the earth. As to affirming in such peremptory fashion that one has a monopoly of conscience and artistic honesty, which is equivalent to saying that all other workers have been given up to dishonesty manifest and avowed, to do this is to run the risk of a laugh at the expense of the claimant, and of attracting to them only a sympathy mediocre and rare. This, nevertheless, does not diminish in any fashion their talent, a talent very active and very real to the members of this little band, of whom the most prominent seems to me to be M. Nicholas Rimsky-Korsakow—the chief of the phalanx still remaining by ancient rite Messrs. Caesar Cui and Balakirew. And, moreover, as M. Cui is always constituted the spokesman of the group, it is by him that the theories, desires and intentions of the group have been revealed and presented to the public, and it is, therefore, with him that we first occupy ourselves.

With M. Caesar Cui the passion of music is such that he has cultivated it in a very active fashion, without neglecting for it the absorbing labors of a military career, which he has been able to make honorable and brilliant. Mr. Cui touches us very nearly, since his mother was a Lithuanian, his father being French, and it cannot be denied that there is in him something, particularly the polemic spirit and the temperament of battle which, in our country, always accompanies discussion of artistic questions. Observe how his early years have been recounted in a biography which is very devoted and sympathetic. His father, Anton Cui, made part of the great army of Napoleon I in 1812, wounded at Smolensk and half frozen he was not able to rejoin the retreat. Remaining in Russia, as many of his companions in arms, he fixed himself and married, embracing the career of a teacher. He filled the functions of a tutor in many considerable families, and became at least professor of the French language at the gymnase at Wilna. He was, they say, a man of remarkable aptitude; he understood perfectly Polish and spoke it fluently; he studied the piano

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without a master, and came to know enough to teach the rudiments; he published a resume of the History of French Literature; he composed music to many chansons, and this music is not without value; although his resources were modest, he left a very beautiful library and a collection of coins; his French spirit, his gayety, and his wit made his society much sought for. The mother of Cesar Cui, Julie Gucewicz, belonged to the small nobility of Lithuania; she was of angelic goodness, full of abnegation, and she lived only for

M. CESAR CUI.

her children. It is to her they owe not alone their physical excellence, but also their moral fiber.

M. Cui embraced at an early age the military career. After having made excellent studies at the gymnase at Wilna, he entered the technical school at St. Petersburg. At the present time he is major-general and professor of fortifications in the three military academies of this town (academies de l'etat-major, du genis et de l'artillerie). He has counted among his pupils seven grand dukes, as well as the famous general

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Skobelew, the hero of the great Russo-Turkish war. As a military writer we owe him the sketch of a history of Permanent Fortifications, a manual of Quick Fortifications, and many writings of less importance.

Producing such results, he must have been endowed with a sincere and profound love of an art the reverse of musical in which he has been very active, very militant and, above all, not without a certain interest. As to music, it is not for M. Cui a profession, since he has not derived from it his means of existence, neither has he cultivated it in such a fashion that he has the right to be considered as an artist and not as an amateur; and one should not be astonished if he judges with a certain severity, whether as critic or as composer.

It was with two obscure teachers named Hermann and Dio, that Mr. Cui commenced the study of music, but it is to the celebrated Polish composer, Stanislas Moniuszko, that he owes the better part of his musical education, an education which he completed later himself and by his personal researches. He was scarcely twenty-two years when he wrote, in 1857, his first opera, the "Prisoner of the Caucasus," which was not presented until twenty-six years later, in 1883. The book was taken from a beautiful poem of Pouschkine, and the work was originally in two acts. It was only very much later and in view of the question of its appearance upon the scene, that the composer added a third act, which he interposed between the two original ones, and which became, consequently, the second. One can well believe that in view of the ideas which had germinated so long in the head of M. Cui this new act formed a sensible contrast with the preceding which, in its turn, had to submit to important modifications. The "Prisoner of the Caucasus" was received coldly, and obtained only a few representations. However, it was not this work which gained for M. Cui his first appearance upon the stage, for before it the composer had two other operas represented—"William Ratcliff," in three acts upon the drama of Henry Heine, translated by M. Plechtcheieff (26th of February, 1869) and "Angelo," in four acts, upon the drama of Victor Hugo (13th of January, 1876) adapted by M. Bourenine.

A very curious thing about M. Cesar Cui is that while priding himself upon being distinctly a Russian musician (and reproaching Rubinstein and Tschaikowsky so harshly with

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their absence of nationality) he has taken all his operatic subjects outside of Russia. At a time when all his compatriots have put in contribution the poems of their compatriots, Pouschine, Lermontoff, Gogol, Ostrowski, he has addressed himself above all to the works of foreigners, to Heine with "William Ratcliffe," Victor Hugo with "Angelo," and to M. Jean Richepin with "The Fillibuster," his last work, written for France and represented without success at the Opera Comique, January 22, 1894. We have seen, and Cui himself has apprised us what were the pretensions of the young Russian school, pretensions which have no other end in view than the radical reform of the Lyric drama. For this we come back to the famous system of "melodic recitative," of which M. Cui speaks apropos of Dargomijsky; then to the interdiction of all repetitions of words, later to the absence of duos, trios, and of every species of ensemble, and particularly of every piece affecting a definite and completed character. It is a doctrine which approaches very much to that of Wagner, even although M. Cui defends himself with much vigor from the charge of being in any way related to the ideas of the author of "Parsifal." Nevertheless, he has employed this famous melodic recitative (which is by no means always true to its description) in the score of "Angelo," to which it has not brought happiness, and also in that of "The Fillibuster," in which it has not been any more fortunate.

Moreover, M. Cui, who has inveterate hates, professes a profound contempt for the race of librettists. I, myself, do not pretend to absolve these gentlemen en masse. It appears to me that certain operatic poems are worthy a degree of respect, and that some of them have not been without a certain favorable influence upon the composers; one might mention among others those of "Oedipus at Colone," the "Jewess," the "Huguenots," "Prophet," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Aida." But M. Cui, who is nothing if not all of a piece, does not pretend to reason upon the subject. To him one thing is necessary before all, namely, beautiful verse, in which he is wrong; because it is certain that a situation pathetic or powerful, even if expressed in mediocre verse, would be more useful to the dramatic musician and of more effect upon the public than verse very harmonious which does not contain dramatic ideas and consistence. So thinking, what does he do? He takes a

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charming comedy of M. Richepin, "The Fillibuster," but of which the subject is anti-musical because it is without movement or action, and consists almost wholly of conversations and exchanges of sentiments between the personages; he places this comedy upon his piano and sets it to music through one act after another, these pretty verses of M. Richepin. But the verses are Alexandrians, that is to say, the form of verse most hostile to music of all. Little difference does it make. The composer will go on to the bitter end. With his love for melodious recitative, he will make you three acts of recitative, and he will call this an opera. Very well, ask the public what it thinks of these theories and of this which M. Cui has made. There are, undoubtedly, a few pretty pages in "The Fillibuster," for instance the graceful chanson of Janik in the first act, the story of the battle told by Jacquemin, and above all the "Angelus" for two female voices, which is truly a melodic find, and is accompanied in a manner extremely delicious. But three acts of recitative—melodious? Not at all.

In reality M. Cui has never been happy in his theatrical efforts, a fact which depends less upon his talent than upon his unfortunate theories, and no one of his works has had any success.

He consoles himself, no doubt, by the contempt with which he regards the public. The evil is, that the false ideas which he has assumed to propagate in his country are so mistakenly conceived that they lead to unintended exaggeration, and this causes art a grievous wrong. Observe how an eminent Belgian musician, the excellent composer, Louis Brassin, expresses himself on this subject, a man who cannot be regarded as a reactionary because he is one of the most ardent advocates of Wagnerian music in Belgium:

"Besides the young Russian school, the head of which incontestably is Borodine," he says, "there is also a little group of very peculiar enthusiasts, who in music profess theories absolutely anarchic. The works which they produce are very much like those of the decadents of letters, and like them require a sort of preliminary initiation, without which they remain enigmas. Their style of writing is peculiar, above all with respect to accentuation. The form is vague and leaves a sense of incoherence and indefiniteness. Their harmonization is extremely audacious, and breaks brutally the most elemen-

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tary rules of musical syntax. Is it necessary to say that the artists who compose the little group speak with sovereign contempt of the ancient composers who have illustrated our art, and that some of them even consider Wagner already as a played-out old fogy?"

The doctrines of M. Cesar Cui, at the same time excessive and debilitating, are assuredly a bad service rendered by him to art and artists of this country, upon whom they can have no other effect than to retard their progress and lead them into false paths.

These doctrines he has endeavored since thirty years to propagate and to sustain them in numbers of journals, such as the "News of the North," the "Golos," "St. Petersburg Journal," the "Week," the "Review Musicale," of which he himself was editor in chief; and even in a certain number of French journals, such as the "Review and Gazette Musicale," and the "Menestrel." It is proper to say that they have encountered ardent Russian opponents who have vigorously fought them, and that the composer has been sometimes rendered violent by criticism. Outside of the theater, where he has accomplished nothing, M. Cui does not lack talent. He has published numerous melodies and has made a number of collections in France ("Twelve Melodies," "Vignettes Musicales," "Twenty Poems of Jean Richepin"), which contain interesting pieces.

In the collection of twelve melodies we might point out "I Love You," "My Mignonne." They are not all simple—at times somewhat labored, but they have happy inspirations which do not lack a certain savor of originality. Beside this, M. Cui has written much, not alone for the voice, but for the orchestra, and also for the piano and other instruments. The following are titles of his more important works:

For orchestra, Marche Solennile; Petite Suite; A Argenteau, Suite Danses Circassiennes (very original in rhythm and color). For piano: Suite (dedicated to Fr. Liszt); four Morceaux (dedicated to M. Leschetitzky); three Valses (to Mme. Sophie Menter); two Polonaises (to Antoine Rubenstein); three Impromptus (to Hans Bulow); eighteen Miniatures; Valse-Bleuette; Valse-Caprice (to Mme. Annette Essipoff); Scherzando-giocoso; En partant, etc.; six Choruses a cappella; Ave Maria for solo and female chorus, with harmonium; Suite concerto for violin with orchestra; two Morceaux for violoncello, with accompaniment of orchestra. Finally I have yet to mention an opera-comique, "Le Fils du Mandarin," which I believe has been represented only in private theaters in society.

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HOW TO TEACH THE VIOLIN PUPIL TO PLAY WITH A SPRINGING BOW.

BY HAROLD E. KNAPP.

It seems curious that the violin bow, which, with the violin, contributes so much entertainment to civilized peoples during times of peace, should be the development of a barbaric weapon. When first diverted from its warlike uses we can easily imagine that the bow, however skillfully it may have been used as a weapon for shooting arrows, must have been very clumsily handled when used for the more peaceful purpose of making music. Probably the first efforts of men to live harmoniously together were equally clumsy. It is a suggested thought that mankind should turn its primitive weapon into a means for expressing sentiments of an exalted and noble nature.

But we are mostly concerned with the clumsy handling of the bow, before referred to, by which even now in times of peace the elastic wood sometimes reverts to its original purpose, becoming an instrument of torture. Whether greater skill in bowing the strings caused the change in the shape of the bow by creating a desire for a more handy stick, or whether facility in handling the bow followed its successive changes in shape, are questions which, though interesting, are not here to be taken up. We shall merely note that progress in bowing and in bow-making seems to have gone hand in hand.

Omitting the earlier stages of this progress, which could have developed nothing but rude implements and corresponding use of them, we will glance at the bow in the time of Corelli. It had somewhat the appearance and about the length of the bow used by the Contrabassist of our present time. The stick was perfectly straight and not at all elastic, but was made of light wood. The important property of being elastic, which has made possible the almost incredible facility of modern players, was introduced by Tartini. His bow was longer, more elastic, and considerably thinner and lighter in wood than that of Corelli. Although the invention of an

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elastic bow is ascribed to Tartini, he seems to have limited the advantage of the improvement to "producing various nuances and shades of tone." There is as yet no intimation of the springing stroke.

"Towards the end of the eighteenth century François Tourte brought the art of bow-making to perfection, and created a model on which no improvement has been yet made." Every violinist knows the long, light, elastic stick which Tourte made. In the hands of Paganini we discover this bow going through every conceivable form of gymnastic, such, for instance, as jumping staccato, both up and down stroke not confined to arpeggio passages, and the playing of notes rapidly detached by a slightly jumping, hopping, or springing bow-stroke (or lack of stroke, for the bow catches the string an instant on each note and then springs away, not stroking the string).

This springing bow is the subject, or object rather, which we wish particularly to consider. It is variously denominated as follows: Spiccato, Saltato, Staccato, Saute, Sautille, Springende Bogen, Hüpfende Strich, Springing bow, and Jumping bow. The sign which calls for the stroke is also variously printed, sometimes being a dot, and sometimes the usual staccato points. In some editions it is hard for an inexperienced player to tell what is wanted. There is a slight distinction in the terms just mentioned, one of them at least (staccato), being incorrectly used to indicate the springing stroke. David makes a difference between what he calls the "springing bow" and the "hopping bow," as does Meerts between the "Saute" and "Sautille," but the underlying principles of the strokes indicated by these terms can be shown to be the same. Although David makes this distinction in terms, he does not indicate any difference in the manner of making the two strokes, merely remarking that the bow should entirely leave the string when "springing," while in the "Hüpfende strich" it should hop close to the string, the stick vibrating, as it were, sharply catching the string and releasing it, but not quite leaving it with each vibration. Casorti and Meerts would make the "Saute," or stroke, in which the bow entirely leaves the string with the whole arm.

Possibly some light may be thrown on these points and differences while showing how a pupil may best be taught to

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play with his bow springing entirely from the string, or keeping so close to it that the springing movement becomes a vibration. The importance of the stroke and the difficulty which most pupils have in acquiring it, make the subject one of particular interest to violinists who do any teaching.

The professional violinist usually develops much of his skill, especially in bowing, in the orchestra, which is a great, and almost indispensable training school for violin players. There one is forced into a facility which under other circumstances is hard to obtain. It is while acquiring their first orchestra experience that most violinists master the spring-bowing, probably without knowing just how or when they do it. But what can we do with a pupil who has no chance for orchestra experience?

Unfortunately, most students in this country are so situated. The instruction books give but bare and meager explanations, and most teachers merely perform a passage and tell the pupil to do likewise, directing him to play with a loose wrist—the one thing which the pupil cannot do when he first flounders around in a helpless manner, trying to make his bow jump evenly, or indeed jump at all.

Violin technic is varied, and some forms of it are not easy to teach. The mastery of the instrument imposes difficulties differing with each individual according to his natural aptitude, temperament, physical characteristics, etc. It is especially hard to teach the up and down staccato and the springing bow. With the staccato we have no concern in this article. It may be possible at some future time to reduce it to teaching terms, but at present it is generally conceded that if you have it, you have it; and if not, you can not acquire it. The springing bow, although almost as difficult, may be mastered by every pupil if properly gone about.

There are three things to learn; first, to make the bow jump up and down upon the string continuously; second, to make it jump evenly and regularly; third, to make the fingers of the left hand strike the string at the same moment in which the bow descends upon it.

Let the pupil take the position shown in the cut, having the bow rest quietly upon the A string at about the middle of the stick.

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(Note: The exact point on the bow at which the springing stroke is most easily played depends upon certain conditions of tempo and expression, and differs slightly with almost every bow and individual. It is even affected by the amount of resin rubbed into the hair. At first the teacher must try the bow used by the pupil and determine that point for him.)

No. 1.

Now, let him raise the bow to a vertical position (see cut 2) by turning the right hand until the palm nearly faces the left elbow, using a slight pressure of the little finger upon the stick to raise the bow from the strings. It should be held quite loosely in this position, so that it seems to be balanced on end. Now let the bow fall heavily forward, still very loose in the

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grasp, so that it is free to fall of its own weight. It strikes the string and rebounds if held loosely, almost to its original perpendicular position. (Care must be taken that the bow be screwed up to that point at which it will give the most efficient service.) Repeat the movement, this time exerting the pressure with the little finger just when the force of the re-

No. 2.

bound is spent, but in time to make the rise of the bow to the vertical position continuous. Always relax the pressure of the little finger as soon as the bow is clear up and balanced ready to fall forward again. This movement should be practiced until the pupil can beat the string at regular intervals with a continuous movement of the bow. It will be seen that

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the fourth finger plays an important role. It should be the delicately controlling factor in the movement. It must, however, be used very delicately, for the bow should spring of its own elasticity, and to do this it must be rather loosely and freely held in the fingers. This exercise is not for the purpose of producing any tone from the violin, but simply to develop an instinct for controlling the bow while performing. When this movement has been practiced until the pupil succeeds in making the bow fall regularly upon the same place on the string, let him add alternately a slight down and up stroke to the falling bow just as it strikes the string. This stroke should be made with a movement of the hand from the wrist and should be very short, say of sufficient length to move the bow a quarter of an inch on the string. Pupils generally use too much bow when practicing the spring bowing. The tempo at which one plays largely determines whether the bow jumps far from the string or remains close to it, so also to a certain extent does the tempo control the length of bow used, but as a rule one succeeds best by using the shortest possible stroke that will produce a clear tone from the instrument.

In combining this striking movement with the jump the pupil will probably want to use his whole arm somewhat. This must be carefully looked after. If the forearm moves slightly from the elbow no fault is to be found, but if the whole arm moves from the shoulder with rigid wrist and elbow-joint, then grasp the pupil's forearm firmly and let him try to make the stroke wholly with his hand. It is this rigid, whole arm movement which spoils the springing stroke with most pupils. The only way they can see to make the bow jump is to thrash at the strings with the whole arm, every joint rigid, and the bow tightly grasped for fear of dropping it. If the first steps in learning the stroke are taken as above directed, the whole arm movement will seldom suggest itself to the pupil unless he has been trying the thing without instruction. If the whole-arm habit has been acquired it is very difficult to break up.

When the pupil can jump the bow from the strings to a perpendicular position he will find it an easy task to lessen gradually the height to which the bow springs. If the tempo increases in rapidity he will shorten the rise from the strings, and the fourth finger will be looser on the stick. If the tempo is slow he must make the bow jump higher, and the fourth fin-

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ger comes more into play again. The skillful player rarely allows his bow to jump more than an inch from the string, but before the pupil can control his bow within such short limits he must first exaggerate the jump, and as facility develops gradually diminish the same to the minimum distance required for practical playing.

Not only does the tempo of a passage determine the distance which the bow rises from the string, and the length of stroke, it also determines the place upon the bow with which it will be best to strike the string. This point differs with the weight, shape, elasticity, and tautness of the bow, as with the skill and strength of the player. The slow tempo will force the bow up nearer to the nut, as will also the forte mark. Probably no other one thing so puzzles the pupil, after some facility has been gained, as this thing of suiting the passage with its tempo and expression marks with the proper place on the bow for easiest and handiest performance. He will be balked, and not know that it is because he failed to choose the right point on the bow for playing. A half-inch more or less may make the difference between success and failure. This, like many other things, cannot be shown by the teacher. The pupil must experiment and find out for himself where to play. The teacher's help will end with telling him why he has not succeeded.

The last difficulty, namely, that of making fingers and bow go together, is one which everybody experiences when trying to do two things at the same time. No aid is at hand except that which we gain from repeated trials. One's natural instinct for co-ordination will, after much effort, fuse the movements until they go together as if always so intended.

It is almost unnecessary to say that slow practice is at first imperative. The catching point will always be where the bow changes from one string to another. This change interrupts to some extent the jump of the bow and makes special effort necessary to keep it going. A little more vigorous chopping of the bow on the strings, taking care that the relative position of the wrist and elbow joints always remain the same as the whole arm rises or falls according to the string played upon, usually suffices to keep the bow springing.

In conclusion, the absolute necessity of hard, patient practice should once more be considered. Many pupils do not appreciate, and possibly do not know, how assiduously the mas-

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ter violinists of all times have applied themselves to their instruments. Pupils are sometimes misled by false newspaper accounts of the visiting artists of the season, whose attainments the reporters describe as being the result, not of hard work, but merely of great genius, or some wonderful method. Most nonsensical articles sometimes appear. This is too bad, for the effect of such reading is hard to counteract. It makes superficial students devoid of respect for earnest effort. Capacities both of mind and muscle differ, and greatly, too, but it is certainly true that the most gifted executants that have ever lived have one and all of them had to "ox" away many years in pursuit of their ever elusive ideals.

Northwestern University.

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A PILGRIMAGE TO BEETHOVEN.

(Supposed to be a fragment from a dead friend's diary.)

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Translated by Leonora Frances Teller.)

An ordinary town in the middle of Germany is my native place. I remember nothing clearly, except that one evening I heard for the first time a Beethoven symphony; I was seized with a fever, was very ill, and when I recovered I had become a Musician. In this connection, I may state that though afterwards I studied much beautiful music, still I always loved, honored and worshiped Beethoven more than all. I knew no greater pleasure at this time than to sink myself entirely in his genius, hoping at length to become a part, even a small one, of this great whole; in short, I became what sensible people call a fool. My madness was, however, a very good kind and hurt no one, but the bread I ate at this time was very dry, and my drink very weak. So I lived in my attic for a while, till one day it occurred to me that the object of my admiration still lived: it was inconceivable that I had not thought of this before. But it had not occurred to me that Beethoven was within reach, that he ate bread, and breathed air like the rest of us; in short, that he was a poor German musician, and lived in Vienna. My peace vanished; I was conscious of but one wish—to see Beethoven; no Mussulman ever longed more devoutly to visit the grave of his prophet than I to see the little room in which Beethoven lived. But how should I carry out my purpose? It was a long journey to Vienna, and it cost money to make it. I, poor fellow, made scarcely enough to sustain life. I must resort to extraordinary means to get the necessary money, so I carried some sonatas for the piano, composed after those of the Master, to a dealer, but he made it clear to me in a few words that I was a fool for my pains. He advised me if I wished to earn money by my compositions to devote myself to Galops and Potpourris till I had made a little reputation.

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I shuddered, but my desire to see Beethoven conquered; I composed Galops and Potpourris, though I was so overcome with shame that I dare not cast a glance at Beethoven's music lest I should desecrate him. To my sorrow I was paid nothing for these first offerings, to which I had sacrificed my innocence. The dealer explained to me that I must make a little name for myself before I could hope for remuneration. I shuddered again and fell into despair; but this very despair produced some excellent Galops; I received some money for them, actually, and finally thought I had collected enough to carry out my plans.

As two years had passed in making a name for myself I feared Beethoven might have died before I succeeded, but Heaven be thanked he survived. Ah, what joy! my goal was reached! who more blessed than I? I could tie up my bundle and start on my pilgrimage.

A holy awe seized me as I stepped out of the door and turned to the South; I would gladly have taken a place in the diligence, not because I minded the journey on foot, but that I might more speedily reach my destination. However, I had gotten very little for my music, so I was fain to bear the hardships gladly and consider myself lucky to go at all. Oh, what thoughts, what dreams filled my head! No lover about to meet his sweetheart after a long absence could have been happier.

Thus I entered Bohemia, land of harp players, of street singers. In a little town, I ran across a company of strolling musicians; they formed a small orchestra, composed of a bass viol, two violins, two horns, a clarionet, a flute, and three women, one a harpist; the other two, singers, with very sweet voices. They played dances and sang, and when people gave them money, wandered on. I met them in a pleasant spot near the high road, where they had stopped to eat; I presented myself to them, said that I was also a wandering musician, and we were soon friends.

As they played dances, I asked them timidly if they had played my galops, but, alas, to my sorrow they had never even heard of them. I asked if they played other music than dances? "Of course," they replied, "but only for ourselves, not for people of quality." They unpacked their music; I caught sight of that great Septette of Beethoven's, and in as-

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tonishment I asked if they also played that: "Why not," replied the eldest, "Joseph has hurt his hand just now and can not play second violin, or we would give ourselves a treat."

Beside myself, I seized Joseph's violin and promised to do my best to take his place, and we began the septette. Oh! what rapture! here on a country road, that master-piece of Beethoven played by travelling musicians, with such clearness, precision, and deep feeling as is seldom the case. Great Beethoven, we brought thee a worthy offering!

We were just in the finale, when (the road turned at this point up the mountain) an elegant carriage came slowly and noiselessly along and stopped close by us. An astonishingly long and blonde young man lay stretched out in the vehicle and listened to our music with considerable attention, took out a note book and made some notes in it. Then he threw us a gold piece and went on, after speaking a few words in English to his servants; from that we judged him an Englishman. This performance put us in bad humor. Fortunately we were through with the music.

I embraced my friends and would have liked to accompany them, but they explained that here they left the road and struck into a path that led through the fields and back home. Had not Beethoven himself awaited me I should certainly have gone with them; so we separated with mutual regret. Later it occurred to me that no one had picked up the Englishman's money.

Within the next inn, where I stopped to refresh my weary limbs, I found the Englishman seated at a good meal. "Where are your comrades?" said he. "On their way home," I replied. "Take your violin, and play something," he continued, "here is gold." This angered me; I declared that I did not play for money, had no violin, and explained to him very curtly how I had happened to fall in with these musicians. "They were good players," affirmed the Englishman, and that symphony of Beethoven's was well played."

These remarks struck me. I asked him if he was a musician himself? "Yes," he answered, "I play the flute twice a week, Saturdays I play the horn, and Sundays I compose." That was wonderful; I expressed my astonishment; I had never heard of traveling English musicians; I decided it must pay well, for they seemed to travel in state. I asked if music

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was his profession? It was long before he answered; finally he drawled out that he had a great deal of money. My ignorance was enlightened; I had insulted him by my question.

I ate my simple meal in silence. The Englishman watched me some time, without speaking. "Do you know Beethoven?" he asked at length. I said that I had never been in Vienna, and that I was even now on my way thither to satisfy my great longing to see the Master whom I adored. "From whence do you come?" he asked. "From L——." "That is not far," said he; "I come from England to see Beethoven also. We will both meet him; he is a great composer." What a wonderful coincidence, I thought. Great Master, you draw all to you! On foot and in carriages they come to see you!

My Englishman interested me much, but I did not envy him his carriage. It seemed to me that my weary pilgrimage on foot was more pious, more holy, and worthier of the goal to which I journeyed. The postillion blew his horn; the Englishman started on, calling back to me that he would see Beethoven before I. I had hardly followed him on foot more than an hour, when I unexpectedly came up with him again. It was on the high road; a wheel of his carriage had broken. He sat in it, with an air of unruffled ease, his servants behind him, in spite of the fact that the carriage lay quite on one side; I learned that they awaited the return of the postillion, who had gone to a neighboring town for a smith. They had already waited a long time, and as the servants only spoke English, I decided to go myself to the town and send back the smith. I found him at once in a tavern, where he sat drinking brandy and giving himself no concern about his Englishman; so I brought them back to the carriage. The break was repaired; he promised to mention me to Beethoven, and they drove on.

What was my surprise on the following day to come up with them again on the road. This time it was no broken wheel that detained him; he sat quite at his ease, reading a book, and seemed much pleased when he saw me coming that way. "I have waited for you several hours," said he, "because it occurred to me that I had done wrong not to invite you to ride with me to see Beethoven. It is better to ride than to walk; come in the carriage."

I was much astonished; I hesitated a short time whether

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I should not accept his invitation, then I remembered the vows I had made yesterday, as I saw him roll by. I had sworn under all circumstances to continue my pilgrimage on foot. I announced my intention. It astonished the Englishman; he could not understand it, and repeated his invitation and the fact that he had waited for me many hours, though he should long ago have sought night quarters in order to have his wheel repaired. I continued firm, and he rode on in surprise. I was secretly much displeased at his persistence; it struck me that his intention to see Beethoven was more the caprice of an arrogant rich man, than the earnest anxiety of a loving soul. Therefore I determined to shun him rather than to have a shadow cast on my zeal. But as if my fate would prepare me for the dangers I was to be thrown into by my connection with this gentleman, on the evening of that same day I met him in front of an inn apparently waiting for me. He sat backwards in his wagon looking down the road toward me. "Sir," called he, "I have been waiting for many hours. Will you ride with me to see Beethoven?" This time my surprise was mixed with a certain dread; this remarkable persistence on his part could only mean that he divined my growing dislike and was determined to insist on my undoing. With unchanged resolution I declined his invitation once more. Then he called out in anger, "Goddam! you esteem Beethoven little. I shall soon see him," and hastily departed. This was the last time on the long road to Vienna that I met this Islander.

At last I reached the streets of Vienna, my long pilgrimage was over. What feelings were mine as I beheld this Mecca of my faith; all the weariness of the long and tedious way was forgotten, I had reached the place where Beethoven dwelt. I was too deeply moved to think on the completion of my purpose; the next thing to do was to ascertain his dwelling, and seek a lodging near by. Tolerably near the Master's house I found an inn, and here I secured a room on the fifth floor, where I prepared myself for the great event of my life. After I had rested, fasted and prayed for two days and had not even had a glance at him, I took courage, left my inn, and went across to the noted dwelling; they told me Beethoven was not at home. I did not care, for I needed to collect my courage anew, but when I had made four calls and received the same answer made in a sneering tone, I decided that this was my un-

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lucky day and gave it up. As I turned back to my inn, my Englishman greeted me affably from the first story, and came to meet me. "Have you not seen Beethoven," he said. "Not yet; he was away," I replied, wondering at my constant meeting with him. He went up the steps, and urged me to come to his room, with unchanged cordiality. "Sir," he said, "I have seen you go to Beethoven's house five times to-day; I have been here several days and have taken quarters in this detestable hotel, to be near him. Believe me, sir, it is very difficult to get an audience; the gentleman has many whims: I have been to see him six times, and every time I have been refused. Then I placed myself in this window and have stayed here from early morning till late evening, but have not seen him. The gentleman seems never to go out. You think Beethoven was at home to-day and would not see me? We are refused, you and I, and it is very disagreeable to me, for I have come to Vienna solely to see him."

This was very sad news to me; nevertheless I tried my fortune again, but in vain; the doors of Heaven were closed to me. My Englishman, who watched steadily from his windows my fruitless efforts, had received from a credible source the information that Beethoven did not live on this street. He was very annoying, but boundlessly persistent. So my patient efforts were lost, and this was much worse for me than for him; the greater part of a week had passed without my being any nearer my goal, and the proceeds of my galops would not permit of a long stay in Vienna.

I was more and more desperate. I confided my grief to my host. He laughed and promised to tell me the cause of my disappointment if I would promise not to betray him to the Englishman; it is needless to say I gave the required promise. "You see," said mine host, "many Englishmen come here to see and know Beethoven. This is very annoying to him and he has such a distaste for the persistence of these gentlemen that it makes it almost impossible for any one to see him; he is a peculiar man and one must respect his prejudices. My inn is so convenient that it is generally filled with these people, that are constrained through their anxiety to see Beethoven to be my guests longer than would otherwise be the case. If you will promise not to tell this gentleman, I will try and find a way for you to see him."

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This was very edifying; I had failed, poor devil that I was, because I had been taken for an Englishman. Oh, my forebodings were verified! the Englishman was my ruin. I would instantly leave the house, because as long as I staid there I would be taken for an Englishman and be denied admission. Besides, I had the promise of the host that he would find a chance for me to be admitted. The Englishman, whom I now heartily detested, was still planning and intriguing without result.

So passed many more weary days, that steadily consumed the products of my galops, when at last the landlord confided to me that if I went to a certain beer garden I could hardly fail to find the Master there. I obtained from my counsellor a most minute description of Beethoven, that I might recognize him at once. I concluded to try my fortune the next day; it was simply impossible to waylay him as he left the house, for he always came and went by a back door, so there was no hope left but the beer garden. Sorrowfully I sought the Master for three days in succession, but in vain. Finally on the fourth day, as I set out at the usual hour, what was my despair to see that the Englishman had spied me out, and was following me at a distance. The unfortunate man, seated watchfully at his window, had noticed that I left at a certain hour, and went in a certain direction; this struck him, and he at once concluding that I had gotten a trace of Beethoven, determined to go with me and have a share in the discovery. He related all this to me with the greatest ease, and declared he would follow me in spite of any obstacle; in vain were my efforts to induce him to return, and my assurances that I visited a common beer garden for my own amusement; that it was too unfashionable for a gentleman of his position; he remained unshaken in his resolution, and I cursed my fate.

At last I took refuge in surliness, and tried to get rid of him by my ill humor; still in vain; he only laughed softly to himself and followed on. His one idea was to see Beethoven; nothing else mattered. And it happened that to-day I got my first glimpse of the Master; as I sat moodily by the side of my gentleman, I saw some one approach who answered to the description given me by my host. The long blue overcoat, the wild, disordered gray hair, but above all, the expression of the face, long familiar to me through a portrait in my possession,

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convinced me it was he: no error was possible, I recognized him at once. With quick, hurried steps he came near, and awe and surprise held me motionless.

The Englishman did not lose a movement; he surveyed the newcomer with a curious glance, who sought a remote corner in these unfrequented gardens, ordered wine and sat in a thoughtful attitude; the beating of my heart almost choked me: it was he. I forgot my neighbor for an instant, and gazed with curious eyes and unspeakable emotion at the man whose genius had shaped all my thoughts and governed all my feelings, since I had begun to have thoughts and feelings. Unconsciously, I began to talk to myself and the only intelligible words were, "Beethoven, is it really Thou whom I see?" Nothing escaped my reckless neighbor, who had listened to my monologue with bated breath; I was aroused from my ecstasy by the remark, "Yes, the gentleman is Beethoven; let us go and sit near him."

Full of grief and apprehension, I seized the cursed Englishman by the arm, "What will you do," I cried; "will you compromise us here in this place, without any shadow of an excuse?" "Oh," he answered, "this is an excellent opportunity; we shall not have a better." Thereupon he drew a piece of music from his pocket and started directly toward the man in the blue overcoat; beside myself, I grasped the madman by the coat-tail and called angrily, "Are you the devil?"

This dispute drew the attention of the stranger to us, and he seemed to divine that he was the cause of our quarrel, for hastily setting down his glass he rose to go; no sooner had the Englishman observed this than he tore himself loose with such violence that he left a part of his garment in my grasp, and threw himself directly in his way. Beethoven tried to avoid him, but the good-for-nothing stood right before him, made him a bow in the newest English fashion and addressed him thus: "I have the honor to introduce myself to the illustrious composer and most honorable Herr Beethoven?"

He needed say no more, for at the first word Beethoven, after a glance at me, turned suddenly into a side path, and with a few hasty steps disappeared from the garden. Nevertheless the undaunted Briton seemed disposed to run after the fugitive, but I gave him the last piece of his coat; he took it wonderingly and said, in a strange voice, "Goddam, this gen-

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tleman ought to be an Englishman. He is truly a wonderful man, and I will not delay in making his acquaintance." I stood bewildered, this horrid misadventure had deprived me of all hope of ever seeing the dear wish of my heart fulfilled.

Indeed it was now apparent that any effort to draw near Beethoven by finding him in some place he frequented, would be in vain. I had to decide whether I should give the matter up and prepare to return home or make one more effort to gain my cause. At the first idea I trembled in my deepest soul. He who has been so near the door of his holiest ambition, only to see it close in his face, can understand my despair. Before I abandoned the thing entirely, should I take one more desperate step? But what should it be, in what way could I succeed. For a long time I could decide on nothing. Alas! all my senses were paralyzed, and nothing looked clear to my imagination save what I had suffered when I had grasped the Englishman's coat. Beethoven's side glance at my unfortunate self had not escaped me; he had taken me for an Englishman also. How should I turn aside the Master's suspicion and convince him that I was only a simple German soul, poor indeed, but enthusiastic?

At last I determined to write; I did so; recounted the story of my life, how I had become a musician, how I worshiped and had at last wished to know him; how I had tried for two years to make a little reputation as a composer of galops, etc., that I might at last make a pilgrimage to see him; what sorrow the Englishman had caused me, and in what a fearful position he had placed me. My heart grew lighter as I wrote; I concluded with earnest enthusiasm, and the letter seemed to dance before my eyes as I addressed it to "Herr Ludwig von Beethoven."

(END OF PART I.)

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NOTEWORTHY PERSONALITIES.

CARL WOLFSOHN AND THE BUST OF BEETHOVEN

About the 19th of the present month a bronze bust of Beethoven is expected to be unveiled in Lincoln Park, the gift of Mr. Carl Wolfsohn. A representative of MUSIC took occasion to interview Mr. Wolfsohn in order to get from him a statement of the motives leading to such a splendid act on his part, for Mr. Wolfsohn is not a man of wealth, but a musician, who divides his time between practicing music which pleases him upon the piano and giving lessons to a limited number of pupils accepted for their docility and general talent.

"Beethoven is my religion," said Mr. Wolfsohn. "I consider that his music has in it more for the regeneration of humanity than any other revelation which has yet been made. Beethoven was a religion in my family. My mother was a splendid pianist and every evening she was in the habit of playing fine music, but mostly Beethoven's chamber compositions, generally where several other instruments took part as well as the piano. In this way my early training led me to a thorough acquaintance with the works of this great master and also to that intimate familiarity with them, and worship of the spirit displayed in them, which would perhaps not have come to me at all or until very much later, in any other way."

"You have played the works of Beethoven a great deal in public, have you not, Mr. Wolfsohn?"

"I played all the sonatas of Beethoven twice or three times in Philadelphia and again twice at Steinway Hall, New York. This must have been about 1865. When I came to Chicago in 1872 to take the direction of the Beethoven Musical Society you may remember that during the first year I was here I played all the sonatas of Beethoven in ten recitals. The second year we had ten recitals of Schumann, the selections covering rather more than half the works of that composer. The third year Chopin was the author selected and about half the pianoforte works of Chopin were played. The fourth year I commenced a series of historical recitals which, however,

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were given up before being fully completed; or perhaps it would be more proper to say that these historical recitals covered the ground pretty thoroughly of the entire development of piano music previous to that of Beethoven, so that, taking my five years' work in all, I think I may say that we covered the most important phases of piano music and practically brought forward a large number of compositions which are commonly avoided by pianists as not being effective, but a knowledge of which is essential to an understanding of the authors in their completeness. The Beethoven Society, as you remember, did a very important musical work here and brought forward a number of works which never have been heard here since; among them the Beethoven Mass in C, some compositions by Rheinberger and by other modern writers."

"But you forget your chamber music series?"

"Not at all. For ten years we carried on a series of chamber music concerts, generally trios and compositions for piano and one other instrument, with a few piano pieces interspersed. The last three years of these, as you will remember, were given at Martine's Hall in 23d Street, and were attended by a remarkably select and appreciative audience. But it is not my intention," he went on, "to occupy your time with an account of what I have done for music in Chicago. If the result of my work has been to advance the popular interest in music in the slightest degree, I am well repaid for all my labor, because it has been a delight to me from the beginning of my life until now."

In this connection it may be stated that if any one man can be said to have been more influential than another in having brought about the establishment of the Chicago Orchestra, that man is Carl Wolfsohn. At the close of the chamber concerts in 1890 there was a very handsome reception given him, and he made a little speech, in which, after thanking them for their recognition of his efforts in the cause of art, he went on to say that he had two ambitions. One was to see a statue of Beethoven placed in Lincoln Park, and the other a permanent orchestra established in Chicago, under the leadership of some great master, preferably Theodore Thomas. Mr. Wolfsohn offered to head a subscription for the latter purpose in the sum of one thousand dollars. Mr. George P. Upton, who was present at this reception, took up the cry, and in an editorial in

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Carl Wolfsohn

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"The Tribune" a few days later, suggested that it would be better for the city to have an orchestra than to have a statue of Beethoven in Lincoln Park, since the orchestra was a permanent monument to Beethoven, presenting his inner life and acting upon the people who hear in a way that no silent memorial was able to do. Accordingly, the Chicago Orchestra Guarantee Fund was started in the manner suggested by Mr. Wolfsohn, his own name at the head for the sum of one thousand dollars a year for three years, and the subscription was filled up by forty-nine other gentlemen, each in the same amount, and thus the guarantee fund of fifty thousand dollars a year for three years was secured. This guarantee fund, as is now well known, was more than exhausted in each of the first two years, but later on less demands were made upon it. At the end of three years a guarantee fund was no longer secured, but in place of that a series of subscriptions from what were called "governing members." These subscriptions generally aggregate about thirty thousand dollars a year and are paid by the gentlemen making them in addition to whatever sums they pay for their boxes or tickets to the concerts.

In his studio at 2502 Indiana Avenue, Mr. Wolfsohn has a very interesting collection of portraits of Beethoven, ten in number, two or three of them very unusual and rare. Later on we hope to be able to present copies of some of these to the readers of MUSIC. The bust of Beethoven is of double life size, of bronze, the features having been modeled partially after the death mask, but the face turned upwards more than the unidealized portraits of Beethoven show, Beethoven's habit having been to carry his forehead somewhat overhanging, making his face look downwards. This bust will stand on a pedestal on which are some measures of music from the Ninth Symphony—"All mankind will be brothers," and modestly, at the bottom, "The gift of Carl Wolfsohn." The cost of the bust complete erected will be about two thousand dollars, all of which practically is given by Mr. Wolfsohn.

MR. WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

We take pleasure in presenting a portrait of Mr. William Armstrong, the well-known music critic of the Chicago Tribune. Mr. Armstrong is first of all a literary man, although as

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a practical musician he made thorough study at Stuttgart and elsewhere, and is a teacher of the piano.

Mr. Armstrong has written two novels, the first one called "Thekla," published by Lippincott's in 1889, the second, "An American Nobleman," by Rand & McNally in 1896. He was a member of the staff of Belford's magazine up to the time when that suspended; in 1893 he became a member of the Tribune staff, where he has remained ever since.

Mr. Armstrong is of pleasant personality, of a sweet and sincere disposition, and his relations with artists have been unusually agreeable. During the present season he has repeated his lecture, "Unpublished Interviews with Great Musicians," in many places, and quite a number of times in Chicago. He will also give this lecture in London during the present season, and also a new lecture especially written for that purpose, called "A Group of American Song Composers," in which he speaks of Mrs. Gaynor, Mr. Schoenfeld, Mr. McDowell, Mr. Foote, Mr. Chadwick, and Mrs. Beach and many others.

Mr. Armstrong's success in maintaining a position so peculiarly difficult as that of the musical chair of the Tribune speaks well for his tact and modesty of demeanor. There is a sort of superstition attached to the Tribune in and about Chicago, which is largely due to the great influence it exercised as a musical organ during Mr. Upton's incumbency of the critic's chair for about thirty years. In consequence of this any unfavorable comment upon performances and performers is felt very severely, and all sorts of "pulls" and "kicks" are worked to secure the discharge of the offending critic. Some very interesting reading could be given upon this subject if it were worth while. To the credit of the Tribune management it should be said that very little attention is paid to unfavorable comments reaching the office.

As a critic, Mr. Armstrong is sincere, and generally clear. In his Sunday columns he has worked up a large number of interviews with prominent artists, which have been read with interest. "The Unpublished Interviews with Great Musicians," although very rarely touching the rank of personality called for by the specification (since they are mostly public singers and public players and not great composers), is very interesting and characterized by a very lovely spirit.

Mr. Armstrong is sure to make friends wherever he goes.

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MR. WM. ARMSTRONG.

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EDWARD BAXTER PERRY, PIANIST AND MUSICIAN.

If one were called upon to name off-hand the three or four artists whose pianoforte performances had on the whole been most operative in educating the American public to music of the higher grades, the name of Edward Baxter Perry would necessarily come early in the list. Mr. Perry considers himself the originator of the form of musical ministration called "lecture recitals," in which artistic performances of high-class music are preceded by conversational and informal, but often poetic and ingenious, explanations of the composer's ideals and methods. As Mr. Perry is gifted with an exceptionally fine sense of form and tasteful language, his work is of peculiar interest and value. Then he plays the pieces and listeners ordinarily indifferent to playing and unprepared to follow music as a discourse find themselves listening with interest to discover, if possible, where all these fine things come in; and at the end, even when not able to point out the precise place where fact and fiction meet and kiss each other, they discover that the playing has touched unexpected chords and that they have been refreshed and interested in what they supposed would be entirely "over the heads" of any but the women folks.

E. B. PERRY.
At the age of three.

The pluck and perseverance involved in carrying a work of this kind through twelve or thirteen years, in all parts of the country and in a repertory covering well-nigh the entire range of piano literature, can hardly be appreciated by the ordinary mind. Mr. Perry was born in Haverhill, Mass., in 1855, and a fine, healthy child was he. I happen to have here a photo, the only one taken of him previous to the accident by which he lost his sight. This happened, if I remember rightly, when he was about six years old. All his education in literature, in which he made distinguished attainments, and all his music study came later. Every line of his music has had to be read to him note by note, and his mind is a veritable encyclopedia of information, literary extracts, and music.

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His European teachers were the celebrated ones of the day: Kullak, Pruckner, Liszt and Clara Schumann. He played in

MR. EDWARD BAXTER PERRY.

Germany when just coming out as virtuoso pianist, and one of the things he is most proud of is his having played a private recital for the old Emperor Wilhelm.

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Besides his work as player and litterateur, Mr. Perry is also a composer of ability and originality. Among his pieces which are best liked are his fantasias "Lorelei," "The Lost Island" and "The Portent." He is also understood to have devoted considerable attention to orchestration, with a symphonic poem and other large things in view.

Many whimsical things are recorded of his concert career. I think one of the best of these is the startling telegram, arising from the body of his grand piano being separated from the legs, the latter going to the wrong place. Mrs. Perry received from somewhere out west a wire saying: "Mr. Perry's legs came to-day; body shipped to Cincinnati; where shall we send the legs?" All of which must have been the work of some Daniel come to judgment among music clerks.

In June Mr. Perry will close his season with a recital before the National Meeting of the Music Teachers in New York, and then will sail immediately for Europe for several months of study, concert work and rest—taken in intermingled doses. He expects to do about six months' playing over there, after which he will return to America and his regular work. MUSIC is promised a number of articles from his pen concerning European notabilities.

AN AMERICAN MASTER OF SINGING.

Among the myths of pedagogy is the story of on old Italian teacher of singing, to whom a fine young voice once came and entered upon study. The master wrote a line or so of exercises upon a sheet of music paper and the lessons began. It was a question of placing tones, forming a vocal sound, soft, musical, easily produced, mellow, penetrating, vital. After a few lessons other exercises were added, and so until at length, but not so very soon, the entire music page was filled. The instruction went on one year, two years, three years. When the pupil became impatient the master would answer: "Have patience, my dear; you have a beautiful voice, but there are still certain imperfections which we must remove before we are ready to sing anything well. So the singer took hold again with renewed courage, and at length completed five years of lessons with only this single page of musical exercises. At last human

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nature broke out, and she said: "My dear master, I cannot possibly go on in this way any longer. I simply must sing. I am full of a desire for song. I must have a piece." The master heard her not impatiently, and answered: "My dear, you are at this moment one of the greatest singers of the world. You are free to sing whatever you please. There is nothing which is too difficult or too great for you." The work had been completed. The voice was placed, every tone had been made even with every other tone; the same timbre extended throughout the voice, and the quality was under control of the singer's will or musical feeling. Added to these, the breath control had reached perfection, the phrasing was irreproachable, the trill was fine and finished, and fiorature and embellishments were alike satisfactory. Everything had been done by means of the few simple vocal forms, carried out in a variety of ways. It is a pretty story, and may have been true.

The Mehan School.

In the city of Detroit, in the state of Michigan, there is a modern master of the art of singing, concerning whom this story might almost be true. I am speaking of Mr. J. D. Mehan, whose method of proceeding with voices is almost identical with that in the story. Naturally, the pupil is not absolutely confined to the exercises upon a single sheet of paper. For the finished art of singing includes not alone the formation and association of tones, but also musical feeling and experience, both of which the American pupil generally has to acquire some time after the formal studies in singing have been begun. But with Mr. Mehan the first essential of a singer is tone; a

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tone musical, soft, penetrating, capable of being thrown out with the ringing timbre which great artists use in moments of greatest climax, yet essentially an easy tone for the singer to produce. Moreover, every singer has a natural quality of voice which, if secured, will be more easy for the singer and more effective for the hearer.

This fundamental timbre of the individual Mr. Mehan considers to be more often illustrated in the natural speaking voice than in the singing, for the great majority of singers begin with more or less faulty methods of forming tone, and in the effort to be impressive take the tone in unnatural ways. Having formed his ideal of this fundamental tone quality, which the pupil should work toward, it is then a question of tone and of

Reception Room; Mrs. Mehan's Studio in Rear.

little but tone until finally the proper production has been made a habit, the compass of the voice extended, often a whole octave beyond the singer's impression of her final limit, and the entire organ brought under control, the art of phrasing acquired and the like. In the course of this training pupils come weeks and weeks together without any music at all; or only with a few exercises. The great majority of the exercises they are asked to work at are not even written down. It is not necessary, so simple are they as to form.

I lately had the pleasure of hearing a succession of these pupils in various stages of advancement, and it was a rare pleasure. For here, for the first time in my experience, I heard pupils in comparatively early stages of their education

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produce tones with the timbre belonging to finished art, yet never with any sort of forcing or straining. The work had all the appearance of an elementary school of high musical art.

One of the features of this work which much impressed me was the number of excellent singers "in hand," as I might call it, like unfinished work in a voice shop. Here were ten, fifteen, or more, singers—sopranos, contraltos, tenors, basses —of unmistakable merit, most of them already very superior church singers, many of them, indeed, filling brilliant concert engagements, having a fine legato, clear and musical tone, strength, brilliant timbre, expression, and, above all, a very finished enunciation of words without impairing the legato or slighting any vocal element, the like of which I have never happened to encounter before in any one studio or school. I doubt whether there is a studio or school anywhere surpassing the record of this. These young artists sing songs of every sort — up to and including the great works of oratorio and opera—such songs as the better class of ballads, church pieces, and the like. Two pupils sang that best of Mrs. H. A. Beach's songs, "Love Song," with great effect. Another gave Dudley Buck's "Behold there shall be a day," etc.

A Corner in Mr. Mehan's Studio.

Many interesting features of this work are here omitted for lack of space. Such as the excellent compass and tone-quality of the contraltos, who are all able to sing up to B flat above the staff without difficulty, and at the same time without sacrifice of the richness of the lower registers. Also, the healthful value of the work, Mr. Mehan's teaching being often sought for the up-building of lung power and for steadying the heart action and the general equalization of nerve force and vital capacity.

Incidental to the many conversations we had together, the question came up, as always with regard to virtuosi, "How

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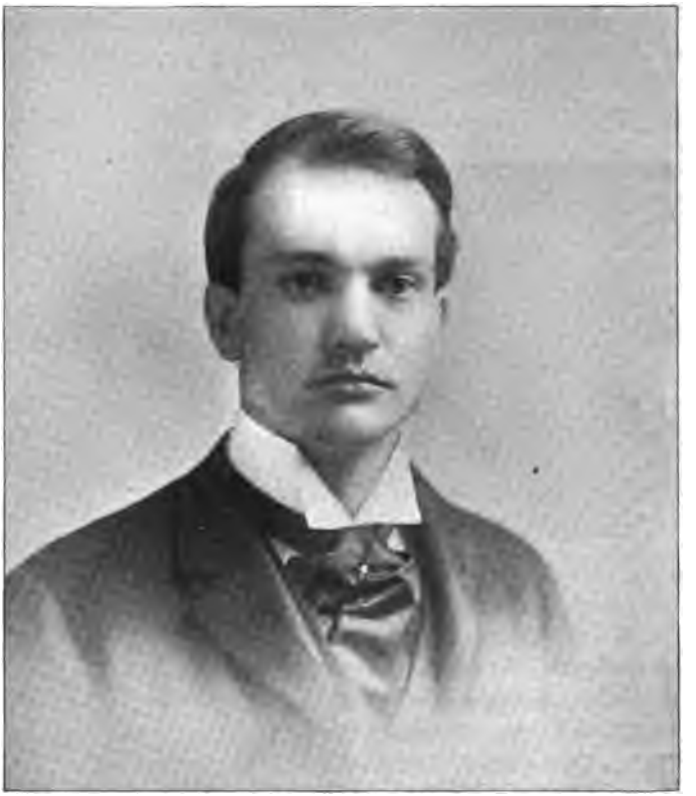
did he learn all these things? Was he taught them, or did he find them out?" But this is another question, to be left to a later time.

MR. CLARENCE C. BIRCHARD.

The portrait hereto appertaining will be recognized by a very large circle of public school music superintendents and



MR. CLARENCE C. BIRCHARD.

teachers throughout the entire United States as that of the energetic and enterprising superintendent of the music department of the American Book Company—Mr. Clarence C. Birchard.

He was born at Cambridge, Pa., in 1869, and after having

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pursued the usual course of studies, taught school for a little while; but his organizing talent almost immediately attracted attention, and he became associated with the house of Ginn & Company, as the head of their music department. In this position for eight years, he was brought into intimate association with the late very eminent Dr. Luther W. Mason. About three years ago he resigned from Ginn & Company's services, and becoming interested in the Natural Music Course entered the employ of the American Book Company, where he still is.

Mr. Birchard's objects in life are much more than merely introducing certain singing books into the public schools of this, that or the other leading city. It is his great idea to popularize and extend the music study in the public schools, and so conduct it as to secure from it the higher educational results, which the most advanced school of idealistic philosophers and educators believe to lie latent in it. In this way he has associated in his summer schools with the authors of the Natural Course many other educators for the sake of the special ideas which they represent, and it is by reason of this aspect of his work that attention is called to his personality at this time. Mr. Birchard is a modest man, not given to blowing a trumpet before him, but arriving at the destination all the same with promptness and dispatch.

MR. JOHN LATHROP MATHEWS.

Mr. John Lathrop Mathews, the second son of the editor of MUSIC Magazine, a graduate of Harvard, is at present the western musical manager of the King-Richardson Publishing Company, representing the American System of School Music of Prof. Zuchtmann, and as such the business head of the summer school of that system to be held in Chicago, July 12-31, of which an advertisement appears on another page.

Mr. Mathews is a young man with his reputation still to make. His training has been mainly in literary and philosophical directions, his studies having been unusually full in these departments. His name will be recognized as that of a contributor to this magazine, both of sketches and of poetry,

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and it is altogether likely that more will be heard from him later on.

Mr. Mathews is a very ready writer, and, like the newer generation of literary workers, is able to handle the writing

MR. JOHN L. MATHEWS.

machine himself or to dictate with repose and certainty. As an example of his readiness, it may be mentioned that one of his prettiest pieces of verse was thrown off impromptu, within a half hour, in response to a demand for a few lines of "poetry" to fill up an unpleasantly short page of this magazine.

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Along towards the end of June a very interesting experiment is to be tried in New York. An able and diligent committee under the leading of that indefatigable worker, Mr. Herbert W. Greene, has been planning for a meeting of the National Association of Music Teachers of unusual proportions. As is well known to those belonging, the future of this body has been in question for some years. National in name, it has never at any one time in its history numbered more than probably three hundred real teachers of music, although the lists for any year show seven or eight hundred names. These are mostly names of amateurs who have subscribed for a ticket for the single year in order to help out a meeting in their vicinity. Many have been the plans for remedying this state of things, but nothing has been found able to change it.

The trouble is that the national association has not as yet shown itself able to do anything which a state association cannot do just as well—that is, has not shown such an ability for several years. Time was when each annual meeting was a festival, in which important new works were brought out. This cost a great deal of money, and made somebody an immense amount of trouble in the working up; but when it was done there was a record distinctly creditable. Such were the meetings held in Indianapolis, Chicago, Detroit, and less so in Cleveland. This was not really a national music teacher affair, to be sure, but it was something sui generis, which the state associations could not so well follow.

In planning for the meeting this year the committee have carefully endeavored to limit the subjects of discussion to certain radical and important phases of the art of teaching music: First, music in universities; second, music professionally administered for making musicians; and third, music in the common schools. It was thought that a meeting of music teachers would find these topics interesting if anything could interest them.

Then for the discussions they sought first of all to have the best men on the list. So they began by inviting the three

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music professors of Harvard, Yale and Columbia to take places at the head of the line. Will it be believed, all three of these gentlemen refused to have anything to do with the matter. This was unfortunate so far as appearance goes—but the gentlemen may know best; perhaps the association lost little, after all. After passing "the seats of the mighty" along the university line, no further difficulty was experienced in securing gentlemen for discussion capable of interesting their audiences and likely to have something to say.

Then, by way of musical interest, prizes were offered for new musical compositions, the prize compositions to be publicly performed at the meetings of the society. This ought to bring in a considerable number of works of value.

In addition to this they have arranged a great exposition of trade material, musical instruments, sheet music, books, all sorts of notions and so on—everything that any inventor or salesman would like to call to the attention of the teachers. Thus, supposing the affair to go through according to the schedule, this meeting of the National Association will be a memorable one, and it may perhaps prove so profitable that a new line will be found along which the society can work practically for many years.

* * *

The central question of all remains to be answered: What good can a national association do which the state associations cannot do just as well? The answer to this is that the national association can control a wider range of talent and so make a more imposing combination of ideas and authority. The idea of making the national association a delegated membership from the state associations was vetoed, principally for two reasons: First, that this would reduce the business mostly to routine matters, and second that it would probably result (to judge from the office-holding material all along the line) in omitting nearly or quite all the more distinguished professional musicians from the membership of the national body thus formed.

* * *

The question of a mission in life for the national association is a troublesome one. Among the things proposed for it to do has been that of giving certificates to teachers, particularly

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young teachers, in order to authenticate their qualifications. This was one of the ideas current in the early history of the association. But upon reviewing the actual working of the early meetings of the national association, Messrs. E. M. Bowman and those immediately around him thought better to establish an inner brotherhood, called the American College of Musicians, for upholding the trades-union feature. The College of Musicians turned out useful in some respects, but its main function of authenticating teachers it has performed to a very limited degree, and latterly perhaps not at all. In fact, so far as can be learned, it seems to have quietly shrunk away from public view.

All schemes for requiring certificates from young persons desiring to give lessons fail practically from the opposition of teachers, who do not like the idea of requiring their graduates to come before an examining board, perhaps actuated by different educational methods, where they are liable to fail in passing upon grounds technical rather than actually concerning their competence. I confess that while I have not had this idea myself, having been fortunate in my pupils who have taken the examinations of the College of Musicians, and in fact thinking that those examinations are more lenient than necessary in the present state of musical education, I can see that almost all leading teachers take this view of it. It is one thing to offer yourself to examine the work of other teachers; and quite another when the other teacher offers to examine yours.

* * *

At the same time there is no doubt that the march of events is in the direction of requiring music teachers to be properly qualified and this fact ascertained. Mere testimonials are of no value. A prominent teacher gives a few lessons, putting the student in possession of a few of the methods or principles of his work, and he finds it difficult to refuse to say in a writing that he has given such lessons and has been pleased with the diligence, talent, disposition or something of such student. Nevertheless, when the teacher has carried his work to the point of making an accomplished player of the student, after some years perhaps, the fundamental elements of good teaching still remain to be provided for.

Teaching is a question of knowing material and of being

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able to impart. The material for teaching is something very much wider than the material of good playing. For the latter, a moderate repertory is quite sufficient—sufficient at least until more can be provided. But ,for teaching one needs to know the instructive material and the great repertory of the pianoforte from the foundation, from the days of Haydn to those of Paderewski, D'Albert, Sherwood, Godowsky, Liebling and the rest. And especially to know the music of moderate difficulty—music of which the student has but a few pieces in his own studies, but which he has to know upon a broad scale in order to select understandingly and effectively for pupils.

More important than material is a knowledge or technique of instructing. One needs to know the signs of opening mind, and the reverse, and the educational value of the material, which is something quite different from its musical value, some pieces having an awakening leaven in them for young minds quite one side their relation to the world-swim of musical development and literature. Of principles of teaching, and the practical application of material, the ordinary private lesson or conservatory training has nothing whatever. The young student graduated as to his playing and his theory, is still entirely an unwritten book insofar as regards the central parts of his work as teacher of music.

* * *

Hence, even if the association were to devise some kind of examination for those proposing to become teachers, it might not touch upon the main thing—which is the ability to reach the mind of pupils. At this point teachers are as different as light and darkness. A good student will learn from any teacher; a poor one has some kind of difficulty which stands in his way. The question for his teacher is: What is this difficulty? How can it be removed? In other words, the mental gift formerly known in New England circles as "gumption" is a quality very difficult to ascertain by any examination short of the practical one of life itself.

* * *

For this reason I, personally, have generally advised leaving the young teacher free to enter upon the go-as-you-please race of music teaching at his own will in the idea that those

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gifted for the business will eventually complete their educations and succeed. Meanwhile I have endeavored, like many others, to bring these matters together into short and outline courses and discussions for summer classes. It is unfortunate that as yet we have no chairs in musical pedagogy where principles are handled and material shrewdly estimated according to its relation to principle. But then a chair of this kind tends towards long words and short ideas; while the great school of all, the practical school of experimental education upon growing minds, remains forgotten. We must not forget that just as there are blacksmiths who know certain qualities of welding and shaping iron which professors of physics would have to learn new for themselves at actual practice, so the country is full of music teachers, ladies and others, who have found out practically a number of things upon which they can work with confidence.

If I were to ask such teachers as Dr. Mason, Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Liebling, Mr. Parsons, or Mr. Sandford, what they knew of pedagogy, they would nearly all deny that they knew anything about it. Perhaps they might meanly turn the question upon me and ask what I knew about it. What do I? Nevertheless, every one of them has arrived at certain procedures in teaching which are the result of long experience. These procedures they have found to advance players in their own experience better than other methods they have been able to think of. They work their own ways, alike in some respects, different in others. The playing itself, at the end, is much the same in all cases. Whatever these gentlemen accomplish in their teaching operates along some principle of pedagogy. What are these principles? This is one of the things the musical profession would be better for knowing, and the public would be thereby benefited.

* * *

It has been said by some one that the clever mathematical youngsters who solve all sorts of difficult questions off hand, without conscious calculation, do so probably in pursuance of certain qualities of numbers which as yet have escaped the analysis of mathematicians. Just in the same way productive music teaching turns upon individual sagacity in adapting material to the state of the pupil and in stimulating her to activity. But the science of doing this has yet to be formed.

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We differ very much in the order we go about things. For example, one teacher tells me that touch is the last thing to be taught; I think, on the contrary, that touch is the first. If I play a very little, but make a musical tone, I have at least one element of good musical effect; but if I play a very little and never or only by chance make a musical tone, what is there in my playing to enjoy? The world of music is full of pieces which can be enjoyed if musically done with a very little technique.

Dr. Mason gives some reams of arpeggio forms without troubling himself in the least whether the student knows the chords to be harmonically so and so; all he wishes is finger forms upon the keyboard, and in the mind with reference to such and such combinations of tones and rhythms. All this is done in the lower grades. Explanation of the chords he will have later. So another wishes memorizing for the betterment of the musical quality of the playing; but he does not trouble himself to give any instruction in musical form except a very few elementary ideas of motive, phrase, period, and paragraph. Another says that we have no right to ask this until we have taught form. I go with the first. If I am running a summer hotel and the demand for fried chicken exceeds the capacity of the kitchen force, I put on an additional girl or two. "But," says the girl, "I do not understand the anatomy of chickens." "Never mind that," say I; "you cut up chickens for a few days and you will discover that the joints are more likely to be in some places than in others, and in a few days more you will know pretty nearly where to find them."

In other words, much of our most valuable knowledge is that which we arrive at accidentally, as a sort of unconscious cerebration upon things which have thrust themselves upon us in daily practice.

* * *

This is much the same in all professions; and the tendency is continually to enlarge the range of foreseen knowledge, and to diminish the dependence upon intuitively discovered principles or practices, which, while ultimately to be found scientific to whatever extent they are true, are as yet not so ascertained. School graduation, however, is no evidence that the

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graduate is fitted to become a teacher or is competent to teach. That is another story.

* * *

Meanwhile, the state associations are continually enlarging the field of their activity and are holding meetings which certainly have value. The good things are such as meeting acquaintances, knowing the leading minds, hearing new music, and general companionship in friendly discussion. The bad elements are running for office. Would it not be better to draw officers by lot, publicly, from the names in a hat? Who knows?

* * *

The musical season in Chicago has come to an end. One of the last events was a very interesting, but also very long, piano recital by Mr. William H. Sherwood, given in Central music hall. This was the list of pieces played:

I.

Haendel—"Fire Fugue" in E minor.
Bach—Gigue in B flat.
Bach—Gavotte in G minor (from 3d English Suite).
Beethoven—Last Piano Sonata in C minor, Op. 111.

II.

Chopin—Polish Song (Maiden's Wish), arr. by Liszt.
Chopin—Preludes in C, F and D minor, Nos. 1, 23 and 24, Op. 28.
Chopin—Impromptu in F sharp, Op. 36.
Schubert-Liszt—"Soiree de Vienne," No. 6.
Schumann—Romanza in F sharp, Op. 28.
Schumann—Maestoso, Semper Energico (second movement of Fantasie), Op. 17.

III.

Haberbier—Prelude from "Etudes Poesies."
Guilmant—Organ Fugue in D (arranged for piano, by Mme. Rive-King).
Rubinstein—Serenade in D minor, Op. 93.
Godard—"En Route" (Concert Etude).

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IV.

Grieg—"Solvejgs Lied" from "Peer Gynt," Op. 55, vol II.
Wagner-Liszt—Spinnerlied, from "Flying Dutchman."
Wagner-Liszt—"Isolden's Liebes-Tod," from "Tristan and Isolde."
Liszt—Grande Polonaise in E.

From first to last the playing was extremely musical. In this respect it belonged in the very front rank. Technically, also, Mr. Sherwood showed that all his old-time mastery of the pianoforte still remains with him. But the great feature was the musical feeling which showed in every line. Never, for a single moment, did he pound, but always played for the melodic and harmonic idea. At times his playing was exquisitely sensitive and beautiful, as for instance in the Rubinstein serenade, which was one of the most beautiful pieces of playing heard in Chicago for many a day. In all the larger pieces differences of opinion might exist with reference to the readings, particularly as to tempo and rubato; but everything was artistic and musically conceived, and individualities of reading are not only to be pardoned but to be desired with avidity. Mr. Sherwood is an artist of distinguished value.

* * *

A few days later Mr. Godowsky played a program, postponed several times by reason of an injury to his left thumb—a trifling accident which probably cost him about a thousand dollars, so great are the punishments of indiscretion with artists. The list was this:

Ballade, variations on a Norwegian theme.....Grieg
Kreisleriana (8 pieces).....Schumann
Andante Spianato and Polonaise, Opus 22 (E flat).....Chopin
Ballet music from "Alceste".....Gluck, Saint-Säens
Tarantelle "Venezia e Napoli".....Liszt

In spite of the tenderness of the ailing thumb, upon which a new nail was forming, this important list of pieces was played admirably, and only a little short of the standard which Mr. Godowsky has taught us to expect from him.

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THE LOUD OR DAMPER PEDAL.

BY H. A. KELSO.

The damper pedal may properly be called a loud pedal for three reasons, namely: Its use reinforces the overtones, the resultant tones, and the summational tones.

Force or intensity of tone is dependent upon the amplitude of the vibrations and the proximity of these vibrations to resonating bodies. For this latter reason the damper pedal may properly be termed the "loud pedal," notwithstanding high musical authorities to the contrary. Intensity of tone is purely relative as are heat and cold. The Esquimo considers fifteen degrees Fahrenheit above zero balmy summer weather, while in the torrid zone this state of temperature would be found exceedingly frigid. Thus it is with the intensities of tone. If the character of the piece is of a bold, heroic character, the intensity of tone resulting from a stroke of sixteen ounces might be taken for the normal standard, in which case a stroke of about eight ounces would produce a piano, and one of four ounces, a pianissimo effect. Most people are accustomed to consider the combination of partial tones, called "clang," as a single tone, while in reality it is composed of at least six single tones of different pitch. There can be no such thing as a single tone produced on a piano; every key when struck produces a "clang." The mechanism of the piano is such that the overtones in the "clang" are reinforced in intensity through sympathetic resonance when the dampers are removed from the wires. The reinforcing of the overtones, which is accomplished by pressing the damper pedal, is exactly what increases the intensity of the entire "clang." On this account the damper pedal may properly be called the "loud pedal." Then again, there are resultant tones caused by the vibrational ratios of the overtones; for example, the first overtone is one octave above the fundamental. If the fundamental be sounded and the damper pedal pressed down, the first overtone will reinforce the fundamental and it will be louder as a result of the reinforcing. There are several combinations of overtones which reinforce the fundamental; among these are a combination of the second and third, third and fourth, fourth and fifth overtones. A combination of the third and fifth overtones reinforce the first overtone. There are also resultant tones of the second and third orders, but these are very weak. The resultant tone of the second order arises from the simultaneous sounding of the resultant tone of the first order with one of the original tones. A sumational tone results from the vibrational ratios of two overtones. Thus it may readily be seen that there a number of tones which are reinforced in a single "clang" by the use of the damper pedal, and consequently entitle it to be called the "loud pedal."

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AN EVENING WITH LISZT.

(Ten Evenings with Great Composers. No. 9.)

(Copyright, 1897.)

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

Unquestionably, Liszt was one of the most interesting personalities of musical history. This began to show itself in his early childhood. Born at Raiding in Hungary, the boy had piano lessons at the age of six, his father having been a good musician himself, playing easily and well upon the piano and many other instruments. By the age of nine the boy appeared in concert with such success that after a repetition of the concert in a neighboring town, the great Hungarian magnates, Prince Esterhazy at the head, united in providing a stipend of six hundred gulden yearly for his proper education. Thereupon Liszt's father resigned his position and attended scrupulously to his son, removing to Vienna and placing him under the teaching of the famous writer of etudes, Czerny. Liszt was now ten years old and for two years he studied in Vienna. At the end of this period a farewell concert was given, in which the boy played with such astonishing power that Beethoven, who was present, came upon the stage and embraced and kissed him at the close of the concert.

Liszt was now taken to Paris with the intention of entering him at the conservatory. But Cherubini, who was then head of the institution, was not favorable to gifted children, and admission was refused him on the ground of his being a foreigner. Accordingly Liszt went on by himself, but entered upon thorough private lessons in counterpoint and instrumentation from Paer and Reicha. He attracted attention in Paris at once, his princely letters of introduction giving him admission in circles where a common person could never enter; once entered, his own genius and fascinating personality did the rest. Liszt seems to have been of a very fine and sincere nature, genial, charming in conversation, having plenty of wit as well as sentiment; entirely free from jealousy, yet most likely feeling within himself powers which as yet had not come to expression. He was singularly pure in character and a universal favorite of women as well as men. In 1824 he made his first concert journey to England, and he played everywhere in France and in parts of Germany. In 1827 his father died, and the boy now had the responsibility of supporting his mother. Accordingly he continued to make his home in Paris and occupied a part of his time in teaching. At this time he was in the habit of playing such concert numbers as the Weber "Invitation to Dance," with perhaps a few cadenzas of his own, but mainly in the original form; the Concertstucke of Weber,

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and now and then a sonata of Beethoven. One of his most favorite numbers was a sonata by Czerny, and we find a letter in which he says substantially (I quote from memory):

"Dear Master: I wish you would write me another sonata, for nothing pleases so well as the one you formerly wrote for me." Liszt does not appear to have entered upon any course as pianist which could be called original, or marking out a new path, until after Paganini came to Paris in 1831. This wonderful genius performed the most astonishing and unheard of things upon the violin, and more than a year before this time Robert Schumann had heard him in Milan and was already beginning to try to do for the piano some of the things which Paganini did upon the violin, in his famous "Studies after Paganini."

Paganini's appearance in Paris set the town on fire, musically, and for some time all attention was centered upon him to the neglect even of such well-tried favorites as Liszt had by this time become. This fact, and the inspiration of his novel playing, inspired Liszt to new efforts on his own behalf, and he now entered upon the career of original mastery of the pianoforte and the new style which from this time characterized his works. It is probable that some of his famous "Studies for transcendent execution" date from this period, but as he rewrote them twice afterwards it is not possible now to say which ones, or to trace the steps by which he arrived at the many new effects in piano playing which later came from his pen in such astonishing and epoch-marking number.

Berlioz, the father of program music, came back from his residence in Italy, in 1833, and brought with him his fantastic symphony, "Episodes in the Life of an Artist." This work Liszt set for the piano, and, if I am right, it was the beginning of the enormous number of transcriptions of orchestral works for piano which are to be found in his works. Liszt had already made a certain mark as composer, his operetta of "Don Sancho" having been produced at the grand opera in 1825.

When Liszt turned his serious attention to composition, which he must have done about this time, he entered earnestly into the path of the so-called "music of the future," although this term had not yet been invented. Berlioz had showed himself very bold in his modulations, and the learned Fétis had advocated the closer association of keys which distinguishes the harmonic practice of Richard Wagner from the rules of the classical school. So it was with two fixed ideas that Liszt began to write: First (from Berlioz), that music ought to signify something, adhere more or less closely to a poetic or imaginative program; and, second, that in trying to do this, one might go in any direction needed for the desired tonal effect. Meanwhile upon the key-board of the piano he had the individuality of manner which had been developed much sooner, and which was now taking on an astonishing range. Add to these influences, the ideas of individuality and human freedom which were in the air, and we need not wonder that the talent of this great art-

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ist now blossomed out with such luxuriance that its fragrance filled the world.

It was in 1834 that Liszt's first marriage took place, or as soon after as circumstances warranted. The young and brilliant Countess D'Agoult, wearied with a tyrannical and unsympathetic husband, left him and placed herself under the care of Liszt. They lived about three years next in Geneva, in a semi-private manner, and here also Liszt continued his studies and experiments. Then, in 1836, he entered upon his great career as performing artist, when he astonished Europe from one end to the other by playing the piano in a manner previously unheard of. His art had everything in it. He had enormous facility, his very long hand giving him the same kind of mastery over technical difficulties that Paganini had upon the finger-board of the violin, and while indulging in long stretches of pianissimo, he diversified his performances by climaxes of prodigious power, under which for a long time piano hammers gave way, so that often there were three or four grand pianos upon the stage and as soon as one was knocked out in the melee another was rolled forwards to be sacrificed in turn. After a few years, the piano makers found ways of strengthening their actions, so that nowadays such a thing as a hammer breaking in a concert never occurs.

In 1839 Liszt did one of those daring things which hardly any other musician has ever done. Hearing that the committee in charge of raising funds for a Beethoven monument at Bonn had found themselves making little or no headway, Liszt wrote them offering to raise the entire missing sum himself. This he did, and in 1847, I think it was, he himself conducted the musical festival with which the monument was dedicated, himself playing the fifth concerto of Beethoven in a manner which Berlioz characterized gloriously in his letters from Bonn to the Paris "Journal des Debats."

In this same year Liszt entered upon the restful period of his life in accepting the position of musical director at Weimar, where he lived and kept up a sort of musical court until 1861, and at intervals after. In the exercise of his duties here he was able to accept the manuscript of Wagner's "Lohengrin" when that hot-headed young musician had gotten himself mixed up in the revolution of 1848 at Dresden, and Liszt produced the work at Weimar in 1850. From that time forwards Liszt was the mouth-piece of the new school, or rather he was a sort of god-father to it, ministering to Wagner's impecuniousness often and again out of resources which were absurdly small when we consider the rank of genius which the salary covered. Liszt's salary at Weimar was about eleven hundred dollars a year.

In order to appreciate Liszt's standpoint as pianoforte writer more particularly, it is necessary for a moment to glance at his celebrated contemporary, Thalberg. This artist, born one year later than Liszt, was taught by Hummel and Sechter at Vienna, and in 1827 he made his debut as pianist, exciting admiration by the beauty of his tone, his unexampled equality of running work, and perhaps a little later

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through an effect of which he was the inventor (at least for the pianoforte), that, namely, in which the melody is carried by the thumbs in the middle range of the instrument, the long tones being sustained by the pedal while the hands carry long and light running passages across the full range of the instrument. The real inventor of this effect was Parish-Alvars, a great virtuoso of the harp, who was born in 1808. Availing himself of the beautiful melodies of his native Wales, and later of suitable operatic melodies of the Donizetti and Bellini school, he created beautiful effects upon the harp, previously unheard, by means of melodies and surrounding variations or accompanying arabeskes of runs, both arpeggios and scales. When Thalberg began to be praised for discovering this device in piano playing there ensued a long and acrimonious correspondence between him and Parish-Alvars, the latter claiming the prior invention—and rightfully so.

Thalberg arrived in Paris in 1836, and for some time there was quite a contest between him and Liszt for superiority of art. Thalberg sang a melody beautifully, and his running work was of the most delightfully clear and even description. He was entirely reposeful in his work, never manifesting any uneasiness of bodily position, no matter what the difficulty of his playing might be. Liszt, on the other hand, being of an impassioned and nervous temperament, had a great deal more motion, and in his brilliant climaxes he developed a strength which seemed excessive to the aristocratic hearers constituting the main portion of his audiences. Presently, however, the honors of the competition went to Liszt, where they have ever since remained.

Liszt had the good fortune to divine the future course of piano development, as also did Schumann. Both took for the strategic center of the piano the principle of what has been called the "differential touch," or discrimination in touch, by means of which not alone long passages of different kinds were discriminated from each other, as in the Thalbergian melodies and their surrounding arabeskes, but the infinitely finer discriminations which take place within the phrase, and especially in chord playing, where at least one tone of the chord belongs to the melodic thread, and as such receives an emphasis or at least a distinctness of delivery to which the remainder of the chord has no claim whatever. Moreover, while Thalberg employed the pedal, and it was in fact an indispensable condition of the effect of his pieces, he did not rightly consider what would be the effect when the piano should be developed to a sonority—a continuance of vibration which in his time it did not have. Schumann and Liszt recognized the inner significance of the pedal and wrote their works with reference to what we might call perhaps a sort of pianoforte chiaro-oscuro (luminous-indistinctness) which inevitably follows when the pedal is rapidly employed in quickly moving chords. In many of the Schumann pieces this is one of the most notable elements of the tonal beauty; and it is the underlying con-

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dition of the successful performance of nearly or quite all of the great Liszt transcriptions.

Thus, in the course of the thirty years or more, over which his activity as composer extended, Liszt not only inaugurated new principles of playing but brought them to perfection himself, and illustrated them in a thousand ways in his voluminous works, and, through the charm of his personality and his pleasure in contact with young and promising genius, became the master and the forming influence of all the concert pianists who came upon the stage previous to his death.

No periods can be safely marked in the creative career of Liszt, at least not in so far as relates to the pianoforte. In his Studies for Transcendant Execution, which appear to have been first written along about 1836, advanced principles of playing are illustrated as fully as any that meet us later; and in the first of his serious transcriptions of orchestral works for piano, the fantastic symphony of Berlioz, he set himself as seriously to reproduce upon the piano the orchestral work as he did in his famous transcriptions of the Beethoven symphonies and the later things of Wagner. But while creative periods cannot be affirmed with certainty, there are differences of style. In some of his works he indulges in a variety of piano playing additions having no essential or indeed suitable relation to the musical matter which he purports to be illustrating. In others, on the contrary, he is essentially simple, loyal, and scrupulous to the last degree. The latter is true of his transcriptions of some of the Schubert songs, especially such as "Thou Art the Rest," "The Wanderer," "Hark, Hark, the Lark," "The Erl King," "The Ave Maria," "Greeting to Spring," etc. In many of his operatic fantasies, on the contrary, he puts in running work, effect cadenzas, and interpolations of various sorts. This is illustrated perhaps better than elsewhere in his enormously difficult fantasia upon melodies from Bellini's "Sonnambula," which for several years was one of his own concert pieces. In this there is a very difficult part where two melodies are going together, and a long and difficult trill. Other examples of this kind of writing are found in his "Trovatore" fantasias, his "Rigoletto," and the like.

After the production of "Lohengrin," Liszt seems to have entered upon a more serious view of his art than he had previously held, and his works later are generally more confined to musical considerations, and free from display as such. Nevertheless, the "Rigoletto" fantasia cannot have been written prior to 1851, for it was in this year that the opera was first produced.

In cataloguing the Liszt works according to the difficulty they present to the piano player, it must first be noted that such has been the advance during the fifty years since the early ones were produced, that compositions which at their first appearance seemed stupendous to ordinary pianists have now, thanks to education and the general advance of art, become practicable to players of little beyond ordinary capacity. In fact there is a whole world of pieces

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by Liszt which are more practicable to young players than most of the serious compositions of Chopin. The latter composer demands above everything else refinement and delicate finish; Liszt demands musical idea and effect, and while refinement adds greatly to the charm of the works, it is not absolutely a sine qua non. In other words, Liszt always wrote with an eye to the stage, and with a certain largeness and ample scope of treatment, in which breadth and genuine musical intention, combined with a certain freedom upon the key-board, are the main conditions of success. From a modern standpoint, the most difficult of all the Liszt works are probably his arrangement of the overture to "Tannhauser," which he himself considered the most difficult piece ever written; the "Don Juan" fantasia, and perhaps the "Sonnambula."

It is of course extremely difficult to illustrate powers so varied and ample as those of Liszt in any single program, unless we were to confine ourselves to compositions of the most extreme difficulty, since it is in these that he has shown most fully what he considers possible upon the pianoforte. The following list, however, will afford a good idea of his style, without making upon the player any demands which cannot be met by the common run of superior amateurs. At the same time, in consequence of the variety of composers represented, the program presents quite a variety:

PROGRAM.

A Dream of Love. No. 3.
Waldesrauschen.
Consolation. No. 5.
Polonaise in E major.
Five Transcriptions from the Songs of Schubert.
The Wanderer.
Greeting to Spring.
My Sweet Repose.
Hark, Hark, the Lark.
The Erl King.
Four Transcriptions from Wagner and Paganini.
March and Chorus from "Tannhäuser."
Romance of the Evening Star. "Tannhäuser."
Spinning Song from "The Flying Dutchman."
La Campanella. (Paganini.)
Concerto in E flat. With second piano. (Optional.)

The first group of these pieces contains four numbers entirely original with Liszt. The first one, the Dream of Love, is number three in a series of nocturne-like compositions which are very melodious, picturesque and full of sentiment. At the same time, towards the end of this third number there is one of those brilliant passages, the opportunity for which Liszt never could forego. The second piece on the list, Forest Murmurs, is a little on the line of the Forest Murmurs in Wagner's "Siegfried," except that Liszt's

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operates mainly in the upper range of the piano, whereas Wagner busies himself for a long time with the lower ranges of pitch. When this piece is done with sufficient delicacy, and at the same time with adequate brilliancy and fervor, it produces a most astonishing and gratifying effect. The next selection is one of a set of six called "Consolations." These again are nocturne-like in character, and the one here selected is so simple that no explanation is necessary. The Polonaise in E major is one of the most brilliant and satisfactory of the original pieces of Liszt for the piano. The semi-martial chivalry of this style of composition is extremely well reproduced, and while there is a long passage in A minor which requires to be played rather discreetly to prevent its becoming tiresome, there is some lovely cadenza work in the last part and in a style thoroughly original with Liszt.

If the player prefers one of the Hungarian Rhapsodies it might be substituted for the Polonaise in E in this group. The Hungarian Rhapsodies are written some of them on original melodies in Hungarian style, but most of them probably on well known Hungarian melodies. It is difficult to speak with certainty on this subject, as Liszt has left no indications as to which are original and which are quoted. To refer to a very different composition in the same school, it may be mentioned that the famous Hungarian Dances of Brahms are composed upon melodies given him by Remenyi, when both were young. These melodies were not traditional Hungarian themes, but were improvised by Remenyi himself.

The next group of pieces consists entirely of transcriptions from Schubert's songs. They are very varied in musical spirit and in manner of treatment, but with the exception of the long continued succession of octaves in the Erl King (for which Schubert is responsible rather than Liszt), they are not very difficult for the player, and the resources of the piano are used with the utmost discretion for producing a musical effect.

In the third group of pieces we have several selections of the Wagner transcriptions, beginning with the very brilliant March from "Tannhauser," which, however, should not be ended at the first climax, but the intermezzo should be played and so to the end. The Romance of the Evening Star is one of those delightful melodies which it is always a pleasure to hear. These selections conclude with the very brilliant study after Paganini, the Campanella. In case this should not prove practical for the player, a Liszt rhapsody might be substituted or the Tarantelle from "Venice and Naples." The program may be regarded as complete at this point, but if it happens to be convenient to give one or more movements of the concerto in E flat, still a different idea of Liszt's manner of writing will have been gained. The concerto in E flat is very brilliant, but excepting the third movement it is not very difficult. There are few piano pieces in the repertory which make so much effect in proportion to the expense of performing them as this. It would be possible to omit the third movement and play the first, second and fourth.

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THINGS HERE AND THERE

CONCERNING BRAHMS.

From an article on the death of Johannes Brahms in "Le Guide Musical" (Brussels), a few particulars appear which are not generally known. Brahms seems to have been one of the first virtuosi of the modern school who had by heart complete scores. Not only did he play on his concert tours all his pieces by memory, but he knew by heart whole volumes of the works of Bach and Beethoven.

According to this writer, Brahms made the acquaintance of Joachim and Liszt in 1853, through the assistance of Remenyi, but it was in consequence of the advice of Joachim and Liszt that he went to Robert Schumann at Dusseldorf, and the famous article which Schumann wrote about him in the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik" was the last he wrote.

Mr. Imbert says it was through the advice of Joachim and Liszt that Brahms broke off with Remenyi. It appears that in 1854 he accepted the post of orchestra leader with the Prince of Lippe-Detmold, and devoted himself all the more exclusively to the study of theory and orchestration. He had already at this time written several works of merit, three sonatas, and a scherzo for piano, songs, a trio for piano, violin and violoncello, and variations upon the theme of Schumann. These first compositions reveal the rich organization of Brahms in a conception bold and powerful.

After having remained several years with the Prince of Lippe-Detmold, he decided to undertake certain journeys in order to make himself better known, especially through Switzerland, where he was admirably received, and whither, as a consequence, he returned often.

The period of 1859 to 1862 was remarkably productive, among his compositions being two serenades for orchestra, and several collections of songs. In the above were the two marvelous sextets for strings.

With the idea, perhaps, of following the examples of his illustrious predecessors, the master removed himself in 1862 to Vienna and there made his residence. He was received with great cordiality, as had been Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert, and he was able to follow step by step the reminiscences which these great masters had left.

In the year 1863 the place of Director of Singakademie in Vienna was given him, and thanks to his impulse beautiful pieces of Bach, Beethoven and Schumann occupied the first places in the concerts of the society. Nevertheless these absorbing duties fatigued him very much and he rendered his resignation in 1864.

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In a sojourn he made during the summer in 1868 and 1869 at Bonn and at Baden, he composed a great number of songs, and published two quartettes for stringed instruments and the Singing Waltzes. He came back to Vienna in 1869 in order to remain permanently. It was in this town that was executed for the first time the celebrated "German Requiem," which since has had so great success in Germany and Switzerland.

From 1872 to 1875 he had charge of the "Society of Friends of Music" at Vienna, and the most flattering distinctions were showered upon him. His compositions of this period were important. Songs such as the "Triumphlied" after the words of the Apocalypse, two symphonies, quartette for strings (op. 67), third quartette for piano, violin, alto and violoncello, a charming sonata for the piano and violin, and finally his concerto for the violin, written especially for Joachim.

In the midst of all these labors and this work, Brahms did not forget the master who had predicted for him so brilliant a future. From the time that Robert Schumann, the 27th of February, 1854, at Dusseldorf, attempted to throw himself into the Rhine, and was restrained and transferred to the private retreat of Dr. Richarz, at Edenich, near Bonn, Brahms did not fail of going often to see him, even to the date of his deliverance, the 29th of July, 1856.

When the removal of his ashes to the cemetery at Bonn was made, it was Brahms who conducted the mourning with Joachim, Dietrich and Ferdinand Hiller. In 1880 Brahms rendered a last homage to Schumann and directed the music at the Festival for the inauguration of the beautiful monument raised to his memory.

Since 1880 Brahms has composed outside of songs for solo voice, and songs for many voices, the Academic Overture, the Tragic Overture, Naenie, for chorus and orchestra, a concerto for piano (op. 83), trio in C major for piano, violin and violoncello, quintette for strings, three symphonies, four sonatas for piano and violoncello, sonatas in A minor for piano and violoncello, trio in C minor for piano, violin and violoncello, concerto for violin, violoncello and orchestra, Third Sonata in D minor for piano and violin (op. 108), two quintettes for strings (op. 111), trio for clarinet (alto) violoncello and piano, quintette for clarinet, two violins, alto and violoncello (op. 115).

* * *

In another article by M. Kufferath, certain particulars of the death of Brahms are given. The disease of Brahms was cancer of the liver. The first symptoms were manifest after the death of Mme. Schumann, at whose funeral Brahms was profoundly affected. From this time on he seemed to be the victim of an unalterable sadness. After various prescriptions, among them the waters of Carlsbad, Brahms consulted eminent physicians, apropos of which they tell the following amusing story:

At one of the first consultations the doctor ordered him to observe a strict diet. He then forbade him especially the favorite Vienna meats.

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"But it is impossible," said Brahms, "I dine this evening with Johann Strauss."

"You will not go, that's all," replied the physician.

"Bah! I will go," retorted Brahms. "Suppose I had not consulted you until the day after to-morrow!"

He dined that evening with Johann Strauss.

The treatment at Carlsbad having practically no effect upon him, and recognizing that his disease was practically incurable, the doctors told Brahms to live at his pleasure, so that during the last months of his life he lived much as ever before. He attended the Burg theater particularly. He never went, or but rarely, to an opera or to concerts.

Only fifteen days before his death this journal published a letter from its correspondent at Vienna giving the particulars of a concert there on the 7th of March, which Brahms attended, and of the ovation made to the master after the execution of his Fourth Symphony under the direction of Hans Richter.

This was the last concert at which he was seen. The demonstration from the public struck him and moved him. Afterwards he complained frequently of extreme feebleness and constant lassitude. At last, on the 26th of March, he took his bed never to rise. It was on Saturday, April 3d, a little before ten o'clock, that he breathed his last. Since the evening before he had not spoken, and remained plunged in a sort of somnambulence without seeming to have lost consciousness. When friends came in to see him, he took their hands and caressed them.

Saturday about half-past nine he slept. Madame Truxa—with whom Brahms had resided a long time, renting a large apartment—entered into his chamber, and could not prevent herself from bursting into tears. Brahms opened his eyes, took the hands of Madame Truxa and held them close for a few seconds. Afterwards he opened his mouth as if to speak, but at the same moment his head fell back upon the pillow. He was dead.

The funeral was celebrated solemnly at Vienna at three o'clock p. m. on Monday. There were present representatives of the musical associations, delegates from the Imperial house, delegates and friends from the theaters, and artistic and literary persons, delegations from all the neighboring villages, and from the Conservatories at Berlin, Leipzig, Breslau, Hamburg and Munich, the deputation and orchestra of Meiningen followed the procession. At the head, drawn by four horses, preceded by representatives of the Society of Concordia, were carried two great floral crowns, one from the city of Vienna, and the other from the city of Hamburg; six great breaks with floral crowns from the Associations of Concerts in Germany, Austria and Holland. Not one French flower.

In the hall of the Society of the Friends of Music the funeral chorus sang many religious songs, and at four o'clock the coffin was lowered into the earth at the Central cemetery. It is there that Brahms reposes at the side of Beethoven and not far from Schubert.

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According to articles published in Vienna, Brahms has left no will. He had several years before confided to his friend, Dr. Hanslick, a letter containing his last wishes. Dr. Hanslick sent this letter to Simmrock, a Berlin publisher, as he was the youngest of the three friends of Brahms, and Simmrock has sent the letter to the Master, only remarking that the instrument was legally of no value whatever.

About eight weeks ago Brahms had, in consequence, asked one of his friends to write out his will in good form so as to carry out all these intentions. There has been found among the papers of Brahms this paper, but the master had not had time to copy it into his own handwriting, nor is it authenticated by his signature, therefore this paper does not constitute a will, although it plainly contains the expression of his last wishes.

The intention of Brahms was to leave all his fortune, about 100,000 florins, after deducting certain bequests, to the Society of the Friends of Music. As is well known, Brahms had given a donation to this society of one thousand florins for the foundation of scholarships and the support of musicians without means.

Brahms had no parents and no relatives. His stepmother, second wife of his father, had a daughter, who still lives at Hamburg, and it has been discovered that for a number of years the master had entirely maintained her. Even this circumstance he has kept secret, and not even among his friends Hanslick, Simmrock and Fellinger, was it known until after his death.

In case no legal heirs should present themselves the estate of the master will become vacant and his goods will be reclaimed by the town of Hamburg, as his native city, which will lay claim even to the entire estate.

WHY BRAHMS NEVER MARRIED.

Brahms, unlike most men of the artist temperament, says a contemporary, was not at all fond of the fair sex. He remained unmarried, and so far as is known, without even the shadow of an early romance in his life.

His friend, Dr. Widman, writing in the Berlin Nation, gives the following characteristic bit of conversation with Brahms on that very subject:

"It was in the summer of 1887, during a walk along the shores of Lake Thun, that Brahms began to talk to me about the reasons why he never married. It was not the fear of being unable to support a wife and children with his art that made him refrain. 'But,' he said, 'at a time when I felt most inclined to marry, my pieces were hissed in the concert halls, or, at any rate, received with icy indifference. Now, I was able to bear that, for I knew exactly what they were worth, and that a change would come. And if, after such failures I

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went to my bachelor-room, I was not unhappy. But to meet a wife at such a moment, to see her questioning eyes meet mine anxiously, and to be obliged to say to her, "Another failure"—that I could not have endured. For however much a wife might love me and believe in me, the complete certainty of my final victory, as I felt it, could not be shared by her. And if she should have attempted to console me—puh! I cannot bear the thought; what a hell that would have been for me!' "

THE CHICAGO MENDELSSOHN CLUB.

The Chicago Mendelssohn Club closed its season with an interesting concert, in which the valuable assistance of Mr. David Bispham and Mrs. S. C. Ford added materially to the pleasures of the occasion. The club, numbering about sixty voices (male) sang: Schubert's "The Omnipotent," Goldbeck's "Three Fishers," three songs by Mr. A. D. Duvivier, "Come, Dearest, Come," "The Wandering Musician," and "The Wood," and Arnold Krug's "Fingal." In all these pieces the club showed superior training and sang with excellent musical quality. It was evident that both in the good-will of the singers themselves and by his own study and reflection, their director, Mr. Harrison M. Wild, has been making progress as a conductor and an interpreter of vocal music—a department with which previously his name had not been emphatically associated.

The three songs by that accomplished musician and composer, Mr. A. D. Duvivier, proved an agreeable addition to the program. All pleased very much, but the first perhaps most of all.

The solo work of Mr. David Bispham was naturally a very important feature. He sang that long and famous ballad of Lowe, "Archibald Douglas," a trifle of only twenty-one four-line stanzas, and in spite of this, which he did beautifully, also the role of Fingal. Of Mr. Bispham's work in general it is not necessary to speak further, since the sweetness of his voice and his pleasant method are well understood. Mrs. S. C. Ford, the well-known soprano from Cleveland, who has been heard in Chicago many times, gave for her first appearance three songs: "Through the Still Night," by Tschaikowsky, "Spring," by Henschel, and "Les Filles des Cadiz," by Delibes.

It is understood that the club will continue next year under the same able direction as at present, and that every effort will be made to bring the singing to a still higher standard.

THE CHICAGO APOLLO MUSICAL CLUB IN "ELIJAH."

The Apollo Club closed its twenty-fifth season with a festival performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," for the ever and ever so

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manyth time. In the present performance there were one or two innovations such as Mr. Tomlins is subject to. One of these was the singing of the Angel Trio by all the ladies, more than two hundred and fifty in number. This, which was an afterthought and not properly prepared, did not fully succeed, inasmuch as the voices fell somewhat from the pitch. It was not a fortunate idea, anyway, since the Angel Trio is intended, or was intended by Mendelssohn, to prepare for the beautifully light chorus "He Watching Over Israel," which follows next after it. When the full chorus of female voices gives the trio, the contrast upon which Mendelssohn counted is lost.

Another innovation, which is liable to be differently estimated by different readers, was that of the location of the boy who answers when the prophet inquires whether there are signs of rain in the sky. In this case the boy was a boy indeed, from some choir or other, and he was placed high up in the upper balcony, about a hundred and fifty feet from the stage, and he took all the time he needed to make his replies. The effect was naturally dramatic, since at first no one on the lower floor could make out whence the voice came. It would perhaps have been still better to have concealed him entirely in the room of the echo organ, whence his voice would have come out more or less according as the organist opened or closed the swell pedal, and where he could never be discovered by any of the audience. There is also a third manner of placing this singer, which is directly upon the stage, alongside of the other solo voices. The latter is the way Mendelssohn used to have it. When we are going to employ our imaginations as part of the material in a dramatic representation, why draw the line at the "boy?"

The singing of the club was very good indeed, and it is stated that the orchestral players accompanied a little better than usual when Mr. Tomlins holds the baton.

Of the twenty-five years of the Apollo Club, about twenty-three have been under the direction of Mr. Tomlins, and this is a very long time for a conductor to work in any city. In such a period a man falls into mannerisms and his limitations become stereotyped. Something of this sort has been experienced by Mr. Tomlins. On the other hand, it is proper to say that the idea of possibilities in vocal chorus work has been very much raised in Chicago through his ministrations. He has raised the standard by striving after effects previously not expected by our conductors. Occasionally the repertory has manifested a disposition to fall into ruts and repetitions; and sometimes the purely formal part of a chorus master's work, of making sure that the singers know the notes of their parts, Mr. Tomlins has failed to realize properly. But he has directed first and last nearly all the chorus singers of the city during one time or another of the lifetime of the singers now on the stage. He stands therefore with a personal following peculiarly his own. He will undoubtedly continue his position. And it will need a strong man to take up his work when he lays it down.

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THE CHORUS OF THE CHICAGO ORCHESTRA.

It is stated that the chorus of the Chicago Orchestra will be continued next year under the direction of Mr. Arthur Mees, who possesses entirely unusual qualifications for the place. Mr. Mees is one of those "routine" musicians who believe that when a body of singers or players starts in to do an ensemble work, the first duty they owe the composer and the public is to know thoroughly first of all the actual musical contents of what they are to perform—the very notes in all their relations and implications. And next to this he wants the work done with the kind of spirit the composer intended. He holds the altogether matter-of-fact idea that when a conductor has secured the actual tonal contents of a work and has got it played or sung in the tempi and nuances in general directed and implied by the composer, the work thereby is placed before the hearer under conditions most favorable to the composer. In other words, that whatever of thought, ideality or inspiration a composer may have put into his work, or sought to put into it, all this is more likely to reach the hearer when a really complete and accurate and spirited performance has been given, than when with no matter how much good intention and supposed inspiration the notes have been imperfectly learned and the whole scampered through with "faith in God" but without technical accuracy. There are many musicians who will agree with Mr. Mees.

It is to be hoped that next year the chorus will accomplish more, that is give more works, and works better worth hearing. This year Grieg's "Olaf Tryglason" hardly paid for the trouble of getting it ready; and the other achievements of the chorus, the march from "Tannhauser" and Beethoven's march from "The Ruins of Athens," were hardly such as to require that anybody should rise from the dead to do them.

MUSIC AT BAY VIEW, MICH.

For eight years the Conservatory of Music at Bay View has been doing good work in a quiet way at this popular summer watering place, and earned something more than a local reputation. The decision to develop there a summer conservatory of a high reputation and what has been done may justify this communication. It is well known that Bay View has long desired to number with its great summer educational advantages a conservatory that would command the respect of the musical world.

The Conservatory has at once been placed on a solid foundation of musical excellence by securing Mr. Wilson G. Smith, of Cleveland, for the director. His name is familiar to all musical people, for everywhere his compositions are among their repertoire, and his sound musical ideas have made him an accepted leader. A Detroit pianist says she found his compositions in the studios of Berlin. Miss Lilla Grace Smart, who is regarded as one of Detroit's favorite

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pianists, will also be associated in the department. It is hoped that Mr. Smith will consent to offer instruction in song interpretation, and other lines where he would be so helpful to singers.

Mr. Otto Engwerson, of Columbus, Ohio, will be at the head of the voice department. In upper musical circles he is well known from the large number of glorious voices he has developed. He is surely one of the finest voice teachers, and, besides, possesses a tenor voice of exceptional excellence.

The next place on the faculty is filled by Mr. Max Bendix, of Chicago, who will conduct the Violin department. For many years he was the first violinist in the Thomas orchestra, and has a national fame. In Chicago he is almost worshiped for his noble qualities.

The last place—the always popular Mandolin, Banjo and Guitar department—will be held by Mr. Henry Haug, of Detroit. The selection carries out the plan of making a first class conservatory. Mr. Haug commands a very large and select clientage, and is the director of Detroit's best mandolin club, as well as the famous Michigan University Mandolin and Guitar Club.

As the Conservatory is but one of the six thoroughly organized schools comprising the Bay View Summer University, the extent of the liberal advantages that can be enjoyed there by those residing where such opportunities can never be found will as usual fill Bay View with students. The attendance last year was between eight and nine hundred.

At Bay View one may hear every day in the Assembly the stars of the lecture platform, the finest readers and always several of the celebrities of the concert stage. Mr. J. M. Hall, of Flint, Mich., continues for the twelfth year at the head of the Bay View system. He promises the summer detailed announcements in a few days, and will send them to all who write for them. LOCAL.

PROGRAM OF CHILDREN'S MUSIC.

Given by Miss Fayerweather, at Danbury, Conn.

"For dainty Folk of only Four,
For gentle Sweet Sixteen and More."

Story of the Nutcracker and the Mouse King.....Reinicke
Overture.
Christmas Eve.
Barcarolle.

SONG PICTURES from "A Child's Garden of Verses,"
By Robert L. Stevenson.
Music by Eleanor Smith.

Autumn Fires.....
Windy Nights.....
Where Go the Boats.....
The Swing.....
The Shadow.....

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WONDER SONGS, being Six Selections from Artful Anticks,
By Oliver Herford.
Music by Clayton Johns, op. 19.

A Belated Violet.....
The First Rose of Summer.....
The Three Robbers.....
Heroes .....
The Elf and the Dormouse.....
A Fable.....

"Who has the Whitest Lambkins?"—Children's songs, op. 38,—
—Reinicke
"Bal des Enfants".....Westerhout
Gay Little Dandelion.....Chadwick
Merry Brown Thrush.....Buck
Little Boy Blue.....DeKoven
ST. NICHOLAS SONGS—

Where a Little Child Is Born.....
A Million Little Diamonds.....
If Blue Birds Bloomed.....
Night and Day.....
The Dandelion.....

"Grandmother Tells a Shuddering Tale".....Kullak
"Dance of the Elves".....Parlow
"Cradle Song".....Norris Bailey
SONGS OF CHILDHOOD, verses by Eugene Field—

Oh, Little Child.....Gerrit Smith
Armenian Lullaby.....G. W. Chadwick
Hushaby Sweet, My Own.....C. B. Hawley

SONGS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. W. J. Baltzell, of Philadelphia, lately gave a lecture on the above topic with the following very interesting program. Mr. Baltzell was assisted by five singers:

Ophelia's Songs (Hamlet).....Traditional
Hark, hark the Lark (Cymbeline).....Schubert
The Poor Soul Sate Sighing (Othello).....Traditional
Who is Sylvia? (Two Gentlemen of Verona).....Schubert
When Daisies Pied (Love's Labour Lost)—Chorus.....Macfarren
Come Live with Me (Merry Wives of Windsor).....Traditional
You Spotted Snakes (Midsummer Night's Dream).....Stevens
Tell Me, Where is Fancy Bred? (Merchant of Venice)....Macfarren
How Sweet the Moonlight Sleeps (Merchant of Venice).....Leslie
O Mistress Mine (Twelfth Night).....Traditional
Under the Greenwood Tree (As You Like It).....Macfarren
What Shall He Have that Killed the Deer? (As You Like It)—
—Traditional

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It Was a Lover and His Lass (As You Like It).....J. C. Bridge
Take, O Take Those Lips Away (Measure for Measure).....Wilson
Jog on the Footpath Way (Winter's Tale).....Traditional
Come Unto these Yellow Sands (Tempest).....Banister
Where the Bee Sucks (Tempest).....Jackson
Non Nobis Domine (Henry V).....Traditional

The following illustrations were given on the piano by Miss Essick:

Light o' Love, old tune referred to in Two Gentlemen of Verona and Much Ado About Nothing.

French Brawl and Canary, two dances referred to in Love's Labour Lost.

Green Sleeves, Mentioned in Merry Wives of Windsor.

Peggy Ramsay, mentioned in Twelfth Night

THE KANSAS STATE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Unusual preparations are making for the Kansas State Musical Festival to be held at Ottawa, Kans., June 11th and 12th, in connection with the Chautauqua gathering there. Several choruses from different parts of the state will compete for prizes, and all the choruses will be united in the full performance of the "Creation," which will be given on the evenings of the first and second days. From all appearances the choruses might hang up the sign "This is my busy day" for Friday, since the program promises that the morning will be occupied with a full rehearsal of "The Creation," with the combined chorus, orchestra and solo artists; from two to four o'clock Friday afternoon the grand chorus contest will occur, when several of the choruses will compete for prizes of six hundred dollars, divided into two prizes—one of four hundred dollars and the other of two hundred dollars—and in the evening will be the first performance of "The Creation." On Saturday forenoon and afternoon there will be miscellaneous concerts, consisting of solos by the artists and choruses, etc., by the other performers, and on Saturday night a second rendition of "The Creation." In the chorus contest each choir will be allowed two numbers; the first will be from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," "Be Not Afraid;" the second is left to the taste of the directors.

Among the solo artists engaged are Mme. Clementine De Vere, Mr. William Lavin, Mrs. Mabelle Crawford, contralto, and Mr. Francis Walker, basso. There will be an orchestra of forty pieces.

MINOR MENTION.

As an illustration of the standard of music at present prevailing in North Carolina, mention is made of two graduating programs recently given at the Brockmann School of Music, the graduations being in piano, harmony and history of music.

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The program of the first recital contained: Beethoven—Sonata, op. 14; Grieg's "March of the Dwarfs;" two pieces from Schumann, including "Novelette," op. 21, No. 1; Liszt's "Gondoliera;" Joseffy's "At the Mill;" Chopin, Valse op. 64, No. 2; Chopin's "Fantasie Impromptu," op. 66.

The second program began with Schubert's "The Fair Rosamonde" air with variations, and went on with two Water Scenes by Nevin; then a movement from Rubinstein's "Sonata for Piano and Violin," opus 13; four Forest Scenes from Schumann, and Chopin's "Scherzo" and "Funeral March."

Mr. Emil Liebling and Earl R. Drake gave rather an interesting program lately in which they began with "Rondo Brilliant," op. 70, B minor, by Schubert, for piano and violin, after which Mr. Drake played the following numbers: Adagio, by Godard; Hungarian Dances, by Brahms-Joachim; Concerto No. 5 (A minor), Vieuxtemps; By the Sea, Schubert-Alard; Mazurka, Wieniawski.

Mr. Liebling played these: Sonata, Op. 31, No. 2, Beethoven; Serenade, Strelezki; Des Abends, Schumann; Minuetto Scherzo, E. Liebling.

Mr. R. Watkin-Mills gave a very interesting song recital at Dayton, Ohio, April 30th, presenting the following list of songs:

"Bright Star of the Night," Spohr; "Droop Not, Young Lover," Handel; "O tu Palermo," Verdi; "I'm a Roamer," Mendelssohn; "O Ruddier than the Cherry," Handel; "Sirs, Your Toast," Bizet; "O, That We Two Were Maying," Gounod; "I Would I Were a King, Fair Maid," Sullivan; "The Wedding of Shon Maclean," Hatton; "The Ould Plaid Shawl," Haynes; "Leaving, Yet Loving," Martials.

The Philharmonic Society under the direction of Mr. W. L. Blumenschein gave "The Spanish Gypsy Girl," sung by the ladies' chorus, Larsen-Damrosch, and the men's chorus sang "The Forest Mill," by Nessler.

The Michigan Music Teachers' Association will hold its Twelfth Annual Meeting at Detroit on June 28th, 29th and 30th. The outlined program of concerts gives on Monday afternoon a concert of American compositions, Monday night a concert of Detroit Musicians, in which the Detroit Philharmonic Club is in the post of honor; Tuesday morning a concert of Manuscript works by Michigan composers; Tuesday afternoon a concert by the women, consisting of works by women composers; Tuesday evening, piano recital by Mr. Leopold Godowsky; Wednesday morning an organ concert in which a number of distinguished organists will take part; Wednesday afternoon a miscellaneous concert; Wednesday evening a joint recital by Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood, pianist, and George Ellsworth Holmes, basso, of Chicago. On the Public School Music, Mr. William L. Tomlins will make an address on children's voices.

At a concert given by the Peoria Conservatory of Music May 6th, the following important selections were given: Dvorak Quartette,

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Opus 47, three movements; Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, piano and violin, last movement, and the Saint-Saens Trio, opus 18, last movement.

* * *

We have received the program book of "The Ladies Musical Club" of Tacoma, Washington. The club colors are blue and cream; the club flower the chrysanthemum; the club's favorite pianist, Paderewski, of course, although this is not stated. The club was organized in October, 1891, and federated—whatever that may mean—in 1896. The list of active members of the club contains about thirty-two singers and twenty-four instrumentalists, and the list of associate members about seventy-five. The program book contains fifteen programs, which taken together show a very commendable standard of musical taste. As an illustration of this, a few of the selections for piano solos may be mentioned: Rubinstein's Barcarolle, Opus 45, Schumann's Arabesque, Beethoven's First Sonata, Grieg's Sonata for Piano and Violin, The Schumann Fantaisie pieces, Opus 12, Chopin's Opus 21.

Also a thoroughly reliable lot of overtures and symphony movements for four performers on two pianos.

* * *

The program of the Spring Concert by the Des Moines Musical Club under direction of Mr. M. L. Bartlett shows a high standard of music to be maintained. The program is too long for inclusion here.

It is said that at one of the rehearsals of a new Opera by Rossini, a member of his orchestra persisted in playing F sharp instead of F; whereupon the sarcastic composer remarked; "I would prefer to hear the F there, my friend. Your F sharp, it is true, is also very beautiful, and no doubt we can find a place for it elsewhere in the opera."

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

BY MRS. EMMA THOMAS.

"Music is at home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, in society an ornament."

(Question). "Will you kindly give me some information as to the benefits derived from the teaching of music in the schools? Our Board of Education think of introducing music and I wish some good arguments to present in favor of music in education."

Among the many advantages to be derived from the study of vocal music, we find it of great value as a direct promoter of health. Correct breathing is the foundation of good singing. The deep, full, vigorous breathing required in singing enlarges the chest, develops the lungs, quickens the circulation, and calls into constant exercise many of the organs directly related to the maintenance of health. It is said that in Germany, where the study of vocal music is universal, consumption and hemorrhage of the lungs are almost unknown, and it is believed by celebrated physicians to be due to the strength which their lungs acquire by constant exercise in vocal music. In this country, where the study of vocal music is not universal, statistics show that one out of every eight persons dies from consumption alone. In schools where music is taught we find more attention is paid to correct position and pure air.

The quality of the music of a nation is a test of its intellectual force. Education in music cannot fail to sharpen the wit and heighten the perception of our pupils.

I have never found a room that was good in music in which the teachers did not tell me that the pupils were good in arithmetic.

The ability to read correctly and rapidly is one of the best and strongest tests of good eyesight and concentration of thought, and in every department of life persons with exceptional abilities in these particulars are leaders in their several pursuits.

If the voice is properly trained, the enunciation is improved and in a thousand ways, because of its clearness and quickness, that will contribute to success. Music educates the ear, and an ear that is quick in catching tunes will be quick in catching words also, and the readiness in this regard is often all important in the transaction of business.

Again, in no way can our patriotic music be taught as well and thoroughly as in our public schools. We have in our country people of every clime and nation. Other nations nurture their national

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music in order to preserve the patriotism which their people already possess. We must do more than this; we must instill into these aliens the essence of our free institutions, teach them what they never knew, and open their understandings to what they can hardly comprehend. We are exceeding pleased to see that the leading directors of music are insisting that the pupils of the school become familiar with the patriotic songs.

The influence of vocal music as a moral force has been universally acknowledged, and the effect that it has upon children who stand in need of refining influence is very marked. Direct instruction will not prove very successful in instilling into the minds of children those moral and religious truths which will shape their lives and control their future actions.

But when a child learns some truth expressed in the words of a favorite song, its influence goes with him at all times. The boy forgets the oath or impure jest when through his mind comes stealing some sweet melody he has heard in the school room. Dr. Brooks has wisely said, "A school song in the heart of a child will do as much for its character as a fact in its memory, or a principle in its intellect." Because the impressions of early childhood are the most lasting, vocal music becomes one of the great agencies in the formation and molding of character. We cannot begin to estimate the influence on the future life of the children exerted by the songs learned in the school-room of to-day. To develop the intellect, we must go deeper than that, if we would do the greatest good to the child and show him there is a higher development, the development of the soul life.

We could give you many more arguments, but we think perhaps we have given you all that you require.

"What kind of songs would you select for rote reading?"

Songs that co-relate with the other studies. Songs that will appeal to their childish imagination. If the pupils are restless, singing one of the sweet little lullabies soothes them and they are ready to settle down quietly to work. If they feel dull and heavy, sing a bright song. Songs appropriate to the seasons should and can be a great help to the other studies.

"What particular books on pedagogy and school management do you think would be especially helpful for supervisors in the different departments to read?"

"Elements of Pedagogy," by E. E. White; "School Management," by Tompkins, and "Psychology in Education," by Ruric N. Roark.

"How much time would you give to rote singing, and through how many years?"

I think every course should begin with rote singing. Teach the little ones to love music. I would recommend that about one-half the time for three years be devoted to rote singing. I give occasional rote songs all through my grades, such as the national songs, Christmas songs, etc.

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"How would you give a language lesson upon the subject of the song, before giving the song proper?"

I would first give the words of the song in the form of a developed story, then let the little ones give it to me. Then you might carry it out still further by the grade teacher having the pupils reproduce it as a language lesson in written form.

THE CARE OF CHILDREN'S VOICES.

BY LUCY K. COLE.

(Read at the State Teachers' Association, Lansing, Mich.)

Much has been said and written regarding the material used for music work in the school room and comparatively little in regard to the manner in which such material is used.

The average teacher deems her duty ended in regard to the music lesson when the children have learned to "keep the time" and sing the tones written.

True with the vast amount of work required of our grade teachers there is very little time for doing more than technical work in any branch, and voice culture as such cannot be successfully carried on in our school rooms. But what we special teachers of music most desire in our school work is, not so much the cultivation of the child voice, as to preserve it in its natural simplicity and beauty.

But the short time, fifteen to twenty minutes, each day devoted to music in the school room, is not the only place where benefit or injury may be done the child voice.

How often one passes a school building and hears a class reciting the multiplication table together, or spelling in concert, in the loudest, harshest tones, very annoying to the listener and very injurious to the voices of the children.

Many teachers complain that they cannot arouse enthusiasm in their classes unless they permit them to talk very loud, in fact many teachers allow their voices to rise in pitch and intensity with their growing interest in the subject at hand. In so doing they are practically admitting that the physical is the dominant power in their natures, that the mental can only be aroused when the nervous organism is at its highest pitch of energy.

They are wearing themselves out needlessly and preparing their classes for nervous prostration in their late school life. Furthermore it has been demonstrated that the mind works best when the body is quiet and passive. It is the "still small voice" that is potent. Every orator knows how to secure the breathless attention of his audience by lowering his voice to a whisper and using a very intense tone. It is quality of tone, not the pitch or loudness, that carries weight and makes the lasting impression upon the listener.

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Education is supposed to include culture and refinement, but the unrefined, almost disrespectful tone in which many classes are permitted to answer is anything but cultured and refined.

Voice culture has proven that the light, natural tone carries much further than a loud, unnatural one. The child enters with a light tiny voice. If he is fortunate enough to have a teacher with a soprano voice, all is well, but if the teacher has a low voice then much harm may be done his voice. The speaking voice of a child of five or six years of age is seldom pitched below G. Imagine the injury resulting from forcing it to C or B.

It is possible to do more harm to the child voice in the first two years of his school life than in any late period, by pitching everything too low for him. The dust and impure air of the school-room are very bad for the voice. Singing while marching is also very injurious and should be discouraged by all.

The care of the child voice, then, is practically the care of the child. The voice is only the medium for the expression of what the mind and soul have experienced. If he has only the true and beautiful given him, surely the expression of it will be beautiful. If he hear only gentle, refined tones both in speech and song, his own cannot fail to be more or less a correct echo.

Therefore let us surround the child only with those tones and melodies of life which we wish him to express. Then give him songs, pure, simple, and entirely within the comprehension of his little mind and heart, and no one need fear that his rendering will be anything but beneficial to the voice of the little singer.

MUSIC FOR GRADE AND RURAL TEACHERS.

In this department last month some mention was made of the work of Mr. F. G. Haynes in the rural schools of Illinois. In speaking of this work the other day Mr. Haynes said:

"I have a regular program covering about two weeks, beginning anew the first and third Mondays of each month. In bad weather it takes up about all the time covering the ground, otherwise I can usually finish in about nine days, having my routes all planned to take in the schools that lie nearest together each day, saving as much travel as possible. In this way I can visit on an average five schools per day, sometimes only four, sometimes six. This gives as you see two lessons to each school during the time they are in session at the rate of one dollar and a half per month per school. I am supposed to give each school forty-five minute lessons, although in practice I can generally give the class thirty-five or forty minutes and the rest of the time is taken up in talking about the advance work of the class with the teacher.

"The majority of my teachers I find quite enthusiastic in the work, bright and quick at catching on; although I have a few that can do little but keep the class hammering, in which case it is gen-

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erally pretty slow work. I have at present thirty-five schools (including four villages with from three to six rooms)."

At a convention of Northwestern Iowa, held in Sioux City on April 29th to May 1st, considerable time was given in the rural section to the discussion of music in the schools, there being no regular music section at this meeting.

Miss Anna Wernli, of Le Mar, read a paper of considerable interest on this matter, which was followed by a general discussion in which it was suggested by one of the teachers that while most of them were very anxious to introduce music in their schools they had no means of providing material and themselves knew nothing about teaching music. The State Superintendent of Schools suggested that each teacher might write to some music house and buy a copy of a song and exercise book, from which to copy exercises on the board for the class to sing from. A representative of one of the leading music systems then offered to send to any teacher who would send in his or her name, a reduced fac simile of the charts of his system, and personal directions to each teacher for the use of this fac simile, acknowledging that he hoped in this way, while doing a great deal in the interest of music in the state, to interest the people at the same time in his own system, so that when they were able to buy they would buy of him, being already in the field. It is probable that many of the teachers will accept this offer and the next year will see a greater advance in music in the schools in Iowa than has been known there for some time past.

* * *

The close of the school year and the arrangement of appropriation for next year's work has shown a tendency in a number of western cities to discontinue the employment of special music teachers, and even of the entire music department. This has been done notably in Duluth, Minn., where special teachers in all departments have been discharged. Although an attempt will be made to continue music under the direction of the grade teachers.

There is considerable talk of a similar movement in Chicago. The situation in this city is peculiar, since there is always to be found in the Board of Education great opposition to all special studies, which are classed as "fads," and this opposition is sure to be supported by certain newspapers of the city.

Chicago is now spending some thirty thousand dollars per year on its music, and the result has not been such as to satisfy generally the musicians of the city, in fact there has been constant war among the music teachers and between them and the board, which is illustrated as well as in any other way by the quarrels which caused the withdrawal of Mr. Wm. L. Tomlins. The Board of Education has been constantly hampered by this trouble among the music teachers, and by the opposition each one of them has shown to the selection of any other man than himself for leadership of the public school work.

Mr. Strong, chairman of the music committee of the board, has

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felt this more than any one else as it has constantly been directed against his individual work. He has been endeavoring for a long time to find some means of reconciling the teachers of the city and the teachers in the schools. He is planning now what promises to be a very successful campaign with this in view, of which we shall speak more at length in another number.

The fact of the matter is, and this point must be recognized by every one who studies the school problem of Chicago, that what is needed most of all just now is the selection of some strong man to take the position of supervisor of the entire music department and conduct it all on one reasonable plan. This is not done at present. There are three chief supervisors at this time, one of the primary grades, one of the grammar grades, and one of the high schools, and under these are working a number of assistants. These teachers are able to visit each public school only once a month or two, and the bulk of the work devolves necessarily on the grade teacher, so that the city finds itself confronted by the same problem which now confronts Duluth, that of making its grade teachers, who in general know nothing of music, teach music. The solution of this problem is bound to come in the adoption of some such system as that at present in use in Cleveland, Ohio, and in the Second District of Denver, Colo. In the former place Mr. Stewart, supervisor of music in the city schools, gives his grade teachers a thorough course in music before they begin teaching in the city schools, and constantly directs them thereafter, personally doing comparatively little with the city children. Mr. Whiteman, of Denver, having a smaller district is enabled to give more attention to his children, but he also gives personal attention to his teachers, carrying them through a regular course in music in a class which meets every other Saturday, and at which attendance is compulsory.

The moment this plan is proposed in Chicago there is a great cry set up that it will make the already over-worked grade teachers do a great deal more than their time and strength will allow, as they are already constantly dinned into running to Saturday institutes. It has become a settled idea that Saturday holidays belong to the teacher as much as to the pupil, a question of which there is much to be said on each side. It certainly looks reasonable that the teachers' hours of work should extend over six days in the week as much as those of any other man or woman.

It is said by the teachers who are opposed to teaching music that they cannot sing and cannot teach singing without knowing how to sing themselves. This certainly appears rational ground, but it is true nevertheless that any teacher capable of teaching in the public schools can easily learn the proper method of voice and tone production, and can so cultivate her ear if not her voice as to be able to detect and note faults in the singing of children even though she may not be able to set the example before them in the first place, other than by the use of a mechanically produced scale or melody.

Certainly the difficulty which confronts the Chicago board, and

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the Duluth board, and the boards of half the country schools in the land will not be solved until some system shall be adopted by which the work is put within the power of the grade teacher to conduct and made so simple and rational as to need the minimum of explanation from the supervisor. As to the problem of doing away with the supervisor, this will never be practical or desirable in any large town any more than it would be practical and desirable to do away with the general superintendent of a railway because every employe under him knew his business.

To revert to our former topic, however, of the ill-feeling between the musicians and the school board, it is sincerely to be hoped that the former will meet Mr. Strong more than half way, and that the co-operation of the two forces may result in the adoption of some system by which the poor children and rich of Chicago may alike obtain a good preparatory course in voice training and in sight reading, and an elementary knowledge at least of musical theory and literature.

* * *

Much interest was aroused recently at a concert given by the schools of Des Moines, Iowa (of which I shall speak more at length in another issue) under the direction of Mrs. H. B. Reynolds, by the singing of the boys of the seventh and eighth grades. Though Mrs. Reynolds has been but a short time in Des Moines, her work has been of a very fine character there and she has developed in these advanced grades tenors and basses, the voices of the latter extending downward easily to B or even A.

It is claimed by many teachers that even in the eighth grade their boys do not naturally sing tenor and bass, and that it is necessary and advisable to keep the tenors singing alto, and often even the bass the same. As this is a question of great importance both to the children and to the teachers, who when they secure children of this class are often unable to find song materials for them in the books of existing systems, it is desired that those who have experience on either side of this question will enter into a discussion of it in these pages.

JOHN L. MATHEWS.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"I have a niece who has some musical talent. She has graduated in instrumental music. She has a sweet voice. She is in Chicago now temporarily studying vocal music, and is likely to be there next year for the purpose of studying music. Her means are limited. What I wish to ask is there any possibility of an agreeable young lady finding a position in a music store where she could try pianos for customers, sell music, etc., and thereby earn enough to pay for her music lessons and board. Her manners are very ladylike and winsome, and she plays with ease."

This question has been asked and answered in a general way several times before. It is impossible for any student to make a thorough study and support themselves in any kind of labor while doing so. It is like people who, wishing to perfect themselves in literary reading, desire a position as librarian in the large libraries. The so-called librarians in large libraries do not read the books. They give them to the public to read. They spend their time changing the cards about from one place to another, and getting up new catalogues, etc. They never see a book except when they have to copy the title on the card and not always then, because it is liable to be "called back" to them. The library expects them to perform this kind of service from about nine to five o'clock, by which time all their ideas will have left them.

In a music store it would be worse. In the first place, the art of selling a piano, or trying a piano to please customers, is a distinct art, at which a few—a very few—talented gentlemen excel. So far as I know the lady saleswoman has yet to appear in the piano department of any first-class music store. If she were to appear, however, her time would be fully occupied behind the counter or in the piano room, and when the time came for her lesson she would be totally incapable of using her voice with success.

Moreover there are about sixteen candidates for every one place of this kind that has opened: perhaps if I said six hundred candidates I should be nearer the situation, therefore I would not advise her wasting any time upon it.

ANOTHER TYPICAL CASE.

"I have only a very moderate education, and I received a moderate musical training with the intention of becoming a teacher. Eight years ago I married, and after four years was left a widow with two little girls. Upon going back home to live I took up my study of music again, but this was interrupted by the deaths of my father and mother. I am without means to go away for a regular education, and I have my two children to take care of. Now what I want to know is this, is there any way that I can study

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music by myself? To give you an idea of my standing—I know little or nothing about harmony, theory, etc., I play among others Mills' "Tarantelle" in A flat, Mills' "Recollections of Home," Von Weber's "Invitation," a little Bach, some of Grieg. What I would like especially would be to give lecture concerts. The people in this and all other surrounding towns would like that, as they like music but know nothing about it and do not understand it. Any advice you can give me will be thankfully received.—A. C. K."

There is no law against anyone studying music by themselves. All they have to do is to get some book of exercises and go about the systematic development of their hands, for which purpose I should recommend the first and third volumes of Dr. Mason's "Touch and Technic," practicing according to the directions in the book, to the amount of about one hour daily. In connection with this, you should learn one after the other, memorizing them, and bringing them up to a musical performance, the following preludes and fugues from Bach's Clavier, Czerny edition: D major, C minor, G minor, G major, and C sharp major. These five pieces, or ten pieces, since there are five preludes and five fugues, will occupy about one hour per day or more for three months, and if brought up to a reasonable speed in performance it will necessarily have a very important influence on your playing. Then in connection with those you should work at the following pieces, perhaps in this order:

Gottschalk's "Last Hope," paying careful attention to the round and musical singing of the melody, and the light and crisp performance of the running work; Wm. Mason's "The Silver Spring"; Raff, "La Fileuse," Moszkowsky's Waltz in A flat, Chopin's Waltz in A flat, opus 42, Polonaise C sharp minor, "Impromptu in A flat," the "Fantaisie Impromptu," in C sharp minor, opus 66.

The order which I have mentioned the pieces above would perhaps do as well as any, although if any piece in the list attracts your attention more there would be no harm in your taking it up. Should your appreciation run to Beethoven, I would advise the First Sonata, the "Sonata Pathetique," the "Sonata in A flat, opus 26."

These are all of moderate difficulty. You can play them if you try hard enough and work steadily. You should also play a few pieces of Schumann, such as the "Romance," F sharp, the four Forest Scenes that are in my books of phrasing, also "Grillen." It will take about a year to accomplish all this, and during the last half of it in place of working at the Arpeggios in Mason's book you had better work at the scales in the second book, but the two finger exercises should go on through the whole year. You can do a great deal with your playing in this way, but after you have practiced three or four months, it would be a great deal better for you to have some lessons from a good teacher who will point out the faults you are making in the performance of the same. In memorizing the pieces you must be extremely careful to memorize them correctly and not introduce any false notes.

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THE AMERICAN MUSIC SYSTEM. By Prof Friedrich Zuchtmann. King, Richardson & Co. Springfield, Mass. 1892-1896.

Book One—For Primary Grades. Pp. 113.

Book Two—For Grammar Grades. Pp. 161.

Book Three—For Advanced Grammar Grades. Pp. 165.

Book Four—For High Schools and Academies. Large 8vo., Pp. 255.

A Manual for Teachers. 16mo., Pp. 113.

Among the collections of school music now before the public, the American System of Mr. Friedrich Zuchtmann holds a creditable place, with its four readers and a teacher's manual. The first three of the books are occupied by the usual collection of songs and exercises intended to form pleasant material for singing in the school room and practice in reading music. The fourth reader consists almost entirely of part songs from the best German sources.

There are a number of peculiarities about this system which distinguish it from others now before the public. Mr. Zuchtmann begins at the foundation with the production of a good musical tone, for which purpose he lays a very careful foundation of breathing exercises and vowel elements, and later on with consonant elements combined with them. These exercises begin in the primary grade, and have for their first object that of improving the quality and resonance of the children's voices, not alone in singing but especially in ordinary conversation.

When these exercises have reached a certain point the author introduces with skill one tone after another, giving exercises on the melodic forms 1-2-1; 1-2-3; 1-2-3-4, etc., until the octave is complete, and later until the octave is extended downwards. The various permutations that are introduced in the scale as it stands at each one of these points, up to the 3d, 4th, or 5th degree, or whatever point they have reached, are carried out by means of the vowel elements "oo," "ah" and all the vowels one after the other, and various combinations of consonants, and later with words; and the sol-fa syllables are not employed at all. The notation of exercises for quite a long time, perhaps throughout the first grade, consists of numerals only.

Part singing is introduced at a very early stage in this system, although it is a question whether the method of introduction is so natural as it might easily be made. Part singing is very easily arrived at in either one of two ways; first, by singing consonances, such as the third and sixth, and changing the parts so that the

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children who sang the first tone in the exercise will sing the second tone later on, the object being to familiarize the children with the sound of the consonance and the effect of their voices to themselves when singing either tone comprising it. These exercises continued and carried out in three voices give a full chord effect, and it could very easily be improvised by teachers that teach the charts and scale patterns of this system.

Another way in which part singing comes very easily is through the introduction of canons or short rounds, in which, when the first set of voices have proceeded a certain distance, the second set begins at the point where the first started; the result being thirds and sixths or whatever the harmony requires.

Part singing, however, in either of these two ways, presents no peculiar difficulties, and it is quite certain that the formation of harmonic sense very early in musical instruction assists greatly in a correct interpretation, and in the proper sympathy of voices in singing. Something of this kind seems to be held by Mr. Zuchtmann since he has brought in part singing at so early a point in the work.

Another point which it is easy to commend in this system is the freedom with which rhythmic forms are introduced in the first book. The opposite of this principle was once carried out in the Chicago schools, and a very distinguished example has also been furnished us by the syllabus of the American College of Musicians, in the Department of the Piano. In the Chicago schools, at one time, the primary grades had nothing but quarter notes, a year later they had half notes, and a year later still they had dotted quarter notes, or something of the sort, whereas there is no difficulty whatever in giving all these forms in a school within two or three weeks, making the singing lessons infinitely more interesting and attractive. Any child able to count four, or to divide an apple into two parts, or a half of an apple into two equal parts, is capable of all the rhythm that one is likely to need in the first six years of vocal music.

In the second book of the series the minor scales are introduced in two part exercises, and in all of them and in the third book of the series quite a good deal of harmonic instruction can be introduced if the teacher likes.

Another incident of the freedom with which musical forms are introduced in this book is seen in the fact that the usual accidentals sharp two, sharp four, sharp five, and flat seven, are introduced in the first book. In this book also a diagram is given illustrating the relationship of the first three scales to each other, C, F, and G, as represented upon the staff.

The system is to be praised for the number of exercises it contains before the staff is introduced. It might, however, be criticised for continuing so long in the key of C. There are two objections to this, both important; the first is that it tends to mislead the eye, by establishing a mental expectation of the staff being

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in the key; and, in the second place, it is open to objection because the key of C is unfavorable to children's voices, the lower tonic falling in the natural range of the lower chest register, or at least the upper extreme of it. However, if the child, as indicated, begins with G instead of C and sings down to middle C with the same quality of tone as that in which he sang G, he will produce a musical tone and do himself no harm; but if he commences with middle C, and especially if he sings a tone below that and comes up, and if he sings at all loud, he is almost sure to produce middle C with the lower chest register and damage his voice, and make an unpleasant tone. One or two degrees higher is much better for most of singing. For this reason it seems to the writer that without continuing the early exercises any longer than they are already in this system before the staff is introduced, the scales in various keys should be taken in frequent succession. The eye soon becomes habituated to recognizing the relationship no matter what the signature is.

It is a very strong point in a system before the public at this time that children are taught to sing from the staff in all sorts of positions almost from the very beginning. That system, however, falls short in one point, and this important one, viz.: in laying an adequate foundation of tone and of tonal relations before much is done with staff notation.

In one respect this book differs from nearly all others before the American public, namely, that the author fails to use the sol-fa syllables at all. His idea seems to be to have the pupils master the effect of the different intervals, and to learn to recognize them at sight when represented on the staff and sing them with the same reliability that they read words and sentences. He considers that the dependence upon the sol-fa syllables makes poorer readers, and especially makes the readers less successful in singing at sight with words.

It is an open question in the minds of the most advanced music teachers, probably (at least with some of them who are really musicians), as to what is the principle by means of which modern chromatic harmony is to be conceived by singers, in other words, how far the scale relationships are an assistance or a hindrance.

We seem to have arrived at three grades of tonality; first, that of diatonic tonality. This comprises the full major and minor keys and very seldom modulates; or if modulating, only into the relative minor or dominant. Second, the chromatic tonality in which the chromatic tones of the key are introduced in all sorts of altered chords, such as naturally arise from the chromatic modification of one or more intervals of a simple chord. Some of the results in this grade of tonality are very beautiful, and it has now come into our music to such an extent that very few are the songs in which a few examples are not found. There is still a third grade, which we call the enharmonic, in which the chromatic principles are carried further, and the modulation made more remote by means of what

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we might call mental substitution, such as for example when we arrive at G sharp, we say "Let us call this A flat," and from A flat go to whatever makes connection with A flat, and then back again to the original key.

Choral music rendered in the chromatic tonality usually is as simple as the purely diatonic, provided the singer is familiar with the chromatic and enharmonic scales.

In England a very elaborate and extremely commendable system of instruction has been in use for many years, called the tonic sol-fa, having an extremely simple notation and therefore particularly desirable for primary schools. The sol-fa people have applied their system to representing the most advanced music that has been produced, and with very excellent results, so that singers well trained in the sol-fa are able to sing at sight, independent of instrumental assistance, the most chromatic and difficult of modern melodic passages. This is something which hardly ever happens to ordinary singers taught by staff methods. The sol-fa people bring their pupils to the staff at a point in the training about equivalent to the fifth grade of public schools, and those educated in this system become very accurate staff readers from that time on.

The Germans accomplish sight reading upon a wholly different principle, the actual root of which I have never been able to understand. Several choral masters in this country have been working at a system of sight reading for choruses, but I have not had an opportunity of examining their works. I have reference here to Mr. Frank Damrosch, who has lately been appointed superintendent of public school music in New York City, and to Mr. Arthur Mees, the choral director of the Chicago Orchestra Chorus. The system of Mr. Zuchtmann appears to be somewhat related to the German method, and I should think if carried out as his charts and indications seem to require, that it might result in a very reliable reading.

The books of this series are singularly abstemious in the matter of formal statements, and most of those we have are correct in form. Now and then, however, forms occur which admit of clearing up. For example, Interval is defined as the difference in pitch between tones, and "is indicated on the staff by a number of included degrees or steps." This is correct, but there is a missing link. The pupil needs to know what an interval is, and the manner in which he is to think it when he reaches it, because the musical effect has to be thought before it is ready for representation. The missing link in this case should have been answered in the first part of this definition, making it read something like this: An interval is the difference in pitch between tones; intervals are named from the degrees of the scale they include, counting the two tones making the interval. Thus from one to two is a second, one to three a third, two to four a third, and so on. Intervals are represented on the staff according to the number of scale degrees they contain.

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Again it is said that "Primes, Fourths, Fifths and Octaves in a major scale are called perfect." This is both true and false. The fourth and fifth from the tonic in the major scale, and from some of the other intervals, are perfect, but from upon the seventh the fifth is imperfect. The fourth from four to seven is augmented. "Seconds, thirds, sixths and sevenths are called major." Sometimes, gentlemen! The third from one to three is major, but what is that from two to four?

Again, he says that "a major second contains two half tone steps." I am not sure about the expression "contains." It is "equal," certainly, but does it "contain?" Does an augur hole "contain" a certain number of gimlet holes?

Again, he says "An augmented interval is formed by raising the upper tone of a perfect or major interval a half tone step." I should say "generally arises" from the chromatic alteration of the upper tone. It remains to be proven whether a tone can be "raised." Hades can be "raised," it is said, but not tones.

Modulation is defined as a "change of a tune from one key to another." It should be "the passing of melody out of one key into another." "Changing" from one key to another might be brought about by transposition, but the essence of modulation is to pass connectedly.

The general quality of the material in the books is excellent. Nearly all of it is from the most approved German sources, and it is perhaps possible that this has been carried too far, to an undesirable ignoring of everything American or English. Some of the music examples are very good indeed. For instance there is a very nice one on the lower half of page 34 in book Two, where the scale is sung by the altos in half notes while the sopranos perform a syncopated counterpoint against it.

Speaking of music material in the book, a very lovely gem from the antique is found in book Two, page 104, in a piece called "The Rose," the music of which is from that war horse of the seventeenth century, Michael Praetorius. It is a very charming little bit.

The fondness for large print and liberal spacing has been perhaps carried too far. In the fourth volume one single piece occupies eleven pages, which might by a few repeat signs have been put in less than half the space. This, however, is a matter for the publishers' conscience. If they like to encourage the manufacturers of white paper by using two sheets where one would do as well, it is patriotic and pleasing.

On the whole then the American System appears like an honestly made collection of school material presided over by sound educational and musical ideas, and which, for the most part, have duly permeated the particulars. One treats it with respect, and would like to examine the results after, say, a three years' use of the system.

W. S. B. M.

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(From Arthur P. Schmidt, Boston, Mass.)

"DREI CLAVIERSTUCKE" FUR DIE LINKE HAND ALLEIN, Componirt von Arthur Foote. (Op. 37.)

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Romanze.

In the above series we have three piano pieces for the left hand alone, composed by Mr. Arthur Foote, who was born and raised in the city of Boston, Mass., U. S. A., educated at Harvard College, and trained upon the piano by Mr. B. J. Lang. Why Mr. Foote should appeal to his fellow countrymen in accents unknown to most of them, and also unknown to the undersigned, I do not know, but to the pieces themselves:

Mr. Foote, who will be recognized by most of our readers as one of the most eminent of American composers, has here written three very clever pieces for the left hand alone, thereby placing players under still greater obligation than he already had done several years ago with some pieces for the left hand alone which have met with very general acceptance. In developing first class piano playing, there always comes a time when the right hand has acquired the art of musical expression, but when the left hand still plays like a well-meaning little girl, having neither the spirit nor anything like the solid tone quality of the right. One of the easiest ways of advancing the left hand from this point is to give it some pieces to play entirely by itself, where its deficiency in both technic and tone stand out in glaring colors.

The three pieces here given belong to the fourth and fifth grade in difficulty, the first, perhaps, even to an advanced part of the fifth grade, as there is no limit to the goodness to which they may be played. In order to make them sound more and more musical, in practicing them, I would recommend that after a certain facility has been gained, that certain passages be played with the right hand alone, and then try to produce the same effect with the left hand. In this way the difference in tone quality will become more obvious than it is where the pupil contents himself with hearing the left hand alone.

SECHS BRILLIANTE STUDIEN FUR PIANOFORTE, von Fritz Spindler. (Opus 391.)

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A very pretty study for harp effect with melody constant. Fourth grade.

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These pleasing pieces are all in the second grade, all nicely written and somewhat modern in style, extremely worthy the attention of teachers.

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A pleasing teaching piece, the beginning of which recalls the well known minuet of Boccherini. Easy fourth grade.

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GAVOTTE IN ANCIENT STYLE. Composed by J. De Zielinski.

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LYRICS FROM "TOLD IN THE GATE." By Arlo Bates. Set to music by G. W. Chadwick.

"Love's Like a Summer Rose."

"Was I Not Thine?"

"O Let Night Speak of Me."

"Were I a Prince Egyptian."

These four pieces are a very remarkable contribution to the rich treasury of modern song. The first, "Love's Like a Summer Rose," is a tender melody, very full, like the old English with a quasi-Scotch propensity to mark cadences in unusual places. The harmony is not altogether so natural and grateful as we find in other places. Still, the work is interesting and well worthy of attention.

The second, "Was I Not Thine?" is a very beautiful song indeed. Very richly handled, harmonically. Written in the key of E flat. The voice commences on E natural, while the harmony is carried into unexpected neighborhoods. Farther on, it modulates into the key of G sharp minor, which of course is only the enharmonic form of the subdominant taken in minor mode. It comes back very prettily into its original key, but the beauty of the song is in the close union of the music and words, and the unexceptionally good quality of the music itself.

The third, "O Let Night Speak of Me," is, in the opinion of the present writer, one of the most beautiful songs which has lately been written. Its grade is of a very high order and it is worthy the attention of every musician who takes pleasure in a poetically conceived harmony.

The fourth, "Were I a Prince Egyptian," is one of those queer things where local coloring is sought through the use of unusual intervals. After the Egyptian coloring has been duly established by about two pages of "lying in the tomb" with Egyptian splendors, and augmented intervals, the poet goes on:

"Yet should thy lightest footfall stir the air
Of that dim chamber, that chamber where I lay at rest,
Through all my being would love tremors thrill,
And hot, my longing heart leap in my breast."

Right here the composer has written with alacrity and precision, and has composed a very beautiful strain. A composer capable of producing four songs like these does not need to be coupled with the epithet "American;" simple, plain "composer" is sufficient, for music like this is good in any part of the world.

(From Theodore Presser, Philadelphia.)

"THE PEDALS OF THE PIANOFORTE," and their relation to pianoforte playing and the teaching of composition and acoustics. Four lectures delivered at the Conservatory of Music in Vienna. By Hans Schmitt. Translated by Frederick S. Law.

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This manual of the pedal covers the whole ground of its use and deserves to be noted and carefully understood by every advanced student. It is the most complete treatise for the pedal that has been written. The essential elements of it are found in the fourth volume of Dr. Mason's "Touch and Technic," where they were worked out originally and independently of this little book, which was not known at that time, but the student will find the long explanations and the more liberal examples in the pamphlet of Dr. Schmitt very advantageous for his study. The pedals are the most important point on the modern piano.

(From the John Church Company, Chicago.)

"PIPE and STRINGS." Three historic and descriptive sketches: The origin and development of the organ, the evolution of the pianoforte, the violin and its ancestry. By W. Francis Gates.

An interesting little outline of the development of the organ, piano and violin. The articles contained in this were published originally in the pages of this magazine.

(From Woodward, New York.)

"SONGS OF THE NATIONS." Compiled with historical notes by D. P. Horton. For schools, homes, glee-clubs, and patriotic gatherings.

Several enquiries are made from time to time for patriotic songs of the different nations. This little collection contains sixteen American, three English, two Irish, two Scottish, one Welsh, three German, two Austrian, one Holland, two French, one Spanish, one Polish, two Italian, one Russian, one Danish, one Swedish, one Norwegian, one Swiss, and the One Hundredth Psalm. As Mr. Lincoln remarked: "To those who are looking for this kind of a book, this appears to be the kind of book they will be glad to find." The best of it all is that it is so inexpensive, costing about thirty cents.

(From the B. F. Wood Music Company, Boston, Mass.)

LOVE SONGS. Edith Rowena Noyes.

Scottish Love Song.

The Rose Lover.

Lullaby.

Lament.

My Lover Sang.

Love Song.

A collection of very pretty short songs; in some cases the treatment of the text amounts to an interpretation unforeseen by the poet, as for instance, the second song, "The Rose Lover," by T. B. Aldrich, has the following lines:

"I lounge in the ilex shadows,
I see the lady lean,"

where the musical handling of the last line conveys an impression of meagreness not intended by the poet.

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In the fourth one we have a very slow melody, suitable for a contralto. In the third and fourth measures of this there is an undesirable parallel fifth between the soprano and the bass. A very pleasing one is "My Lover Sang," which would make a very agreeable effect indeed. For the collection as a whole, it can be said that it is unusually clever.

"I LOVE BUT THEE." H. J. Wrightson.

A somewhat impassioned song in modern style in which the melody has twos against triplets in the accompaniment.

MELODIOUS RECREATIONS FOR PIANOFORTE. A. Sartorio. Price, $1.25.

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Op. 19.	No. 4.	Nocturne.
Op. 19.	No. 5.	Capriccio.
Op. 37.	No. 11.	Troika-Fahrt.

A charming collection of pieces edited by that very capable musician, Mr. Heinrich Germer. The two volumes, of which the above is second, probably afford the country teacher his most agreeable and convenient list of attractive selections from this great composer. The editions are well printed, and at a moderate price.

MENDELSSOHN. Lieder Ohne Worte. Edited by Heinrich Germer. Price, $1.00.

This collection of Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words is arranged in what is supposed to be a progressive order, by reason of

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which the songs do not come in the usual succession. I do not think I should agree with Mr. Germer in all he has done as to the order of the collection, or as to the value of a good many of the pieces in this collection. Other teachers, however, might think differently.

PRACTICAL TEACHING MATERIAL. Heinrich Germer.

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SUITE. For two pianos, four hands. A. Arensky.

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(From Novello, Ewer & Co., New York.)

"THE LITTLE CHOIR BOOK." Compiled by Thomas Curry (organist and choirmaster, S. Simon's, Upper Chelsea and S. Paul's, Marylebone). With exercises by J. Stainer.

This neat little pamphlet of twelve pages, sold for ten cents, contains a few of the elements of music and instructions about harmony and exercises for the voices. It is designed for boy choirs.

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The intention of the fifteen songs composing this collection is to strike rather a higher grade than the ordinary grade of school songs. The subjects are sufficiently varied and the words carefully selected for children or young people, and the songs seem to have been intended for use in the higher grammar grades or in the high schools, where they would afford an agreeable variation from the standard collections in use in the school.

As all the music is by the same author, the book cannot be made the principal matter of the school singing, but only a part of that matter. The price marked on the copy sent for review is fifty cents, which, as compared with other school music, seems unnecessarily high.

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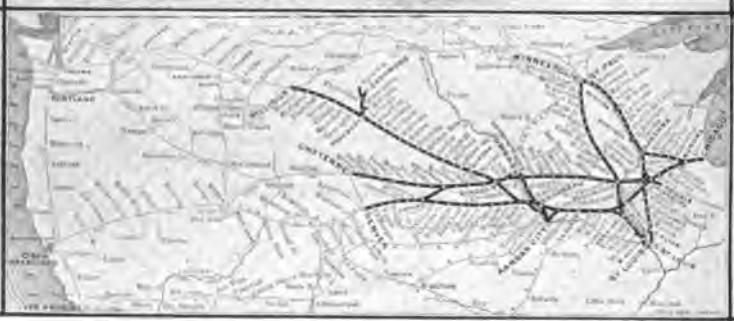

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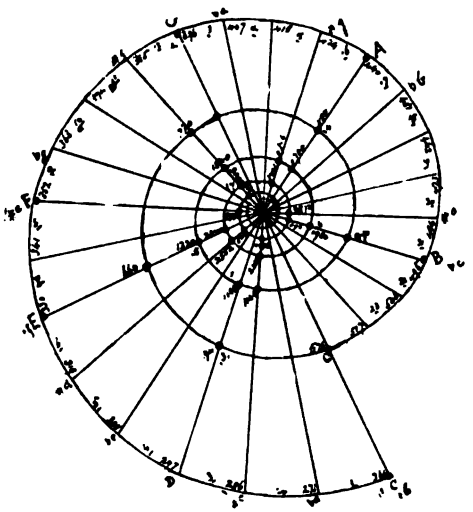
MUSIC

AUGUST, 1897.

UPPER PARTIALS, OR MUSICAL OVERTONES.

BY C. STANILAND WAKE.

Reference is made in my former article "Musical Tone and Color" (Music, December, 1896), to the principle of ratio shown by the association of continually decreasing interval with constant increase of vibration member, which operates among the notes of the musical scales, as with the upper partials, or overtones, of a particular note. This characteristic is exhibited in the diagrams given at page 177, the highest frequencies and the shortest intervals being nearest the center of the spiral figures. It is evident from a consideration of the diagram representing the first seven scales in sharps (which is here reproduced):



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that given the vibration number per second of middle C, 264, the frequency of any note in the series of scales can be calculated. The figure is divided into twenty-four equal sections by lines drawn from the center to the circumference, each part standing at the circumference for eleven vibrations. Hence if we wish to know the vibration number of the opening note, G, of the second tetrachord which enters into the composition of the octave of middle C, we have only to add to 264 the number (132) obtained by multiplying eleven by twelve, the divisions occupied by the first tetrachord of the octave, and we have 396 as the frequency of G. By again adding 132 for the next twelve divisions of the circle we have the vibration number of C in the octave above, or within, that is 528. This is just twice the number of vibrations of middle C. The rule applies throughout, and, moreover, the fact that if the vibration number of any note is known, that of its octaves may be ascertained by the simple process of multiplication or division, is shown on the diagram by the perpendicular lines which connect the center and the circumference having the same note in its several octaves.

There are other features of the diagram which are deserving of consideration. Thus, as the frequency of any note is twice that of the same note in the octave below—outside of it on the diagram—we see that the number of vibrations increases throughout the scales in the ratio of 1, 2, 4, 8, 16; that is, taking C as an example, the vibration number of the opening C of the fifth octave above middle C is sixteen times 264, or 4,224, which is the sum of $264+264\times2(5,281+264\times4(1,056)+264\times8(2,112)+264$, the vibration number of the fundamental note. Such being the case, if the number of vibrations of any note is known, that of any particular octave of it can be ascertained by multiplying or dividing the number, as the case may be, by 2, 4, 8, etc. Another feature illustrated by the diagram is that the principle of ratio requires the rule just mentioned to apply also to the intervals between the several notes of the same octave. In the outer circle of the spiral figure these intervals represent eleven vibrations per second, but that the notes of the higher octaves may acquire their proper value, the intervals on the next circle must represent twenty-two vibrations, those in the next circle forty-four vibrations, and so on. Similarly in the octave next below middle C the number of vibra-

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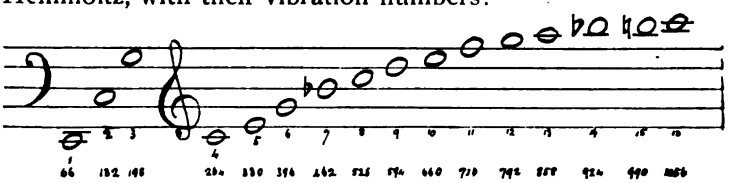
tions represented by the divisions of the circle will be reduced one-half, that is, will be five and a half per second instead of eleven, and so on with the still lower octaves; or, what is the same thing, two seconds will be required for eleven vibrations instead of one second, and so on, the time increasing in the same ratio as the number of vibrations per second decreases. This is required by the fact that, while the divisions of the figure remain the same in numbers, twenty-four, the vibration numbers of the notes of the octaves below middle C decrease, instead of increase, in the above mentioned proportion of 2, 4, 8, 16.

Before considering the bearing of these facts on the subject of upper partials, reference should be made to another feature of the above diagram of some importance. It is well known that in all undulations a ratio subsists between the length of the wave and the rate of its vibrations. Thus the length of the air wave of the lowest C on the organ, which has thirty-three vibrations per second, is about thirty-four feet. Hence the C wave in the octave next above, which has sixty-six vibrations per second, must be about seventeen feet, that is half of thirty-four; since to keep up the due proportion between the vibration rate and the wave length, as the former doubles the latter must be halved. It is easy to see, therefore, that since the intervals between the notes of the octave represented by the divisions of the circular figure stand for the differences of rates of vibration, the distances between outer and inner spirals, which decrease in the ratio of 2, 4, 8, 16, must represent the difference of wave length between the notes of the several octaves.

These facts will be found to throw light on the relations between the upper partials which we have now to consider. The following diagram gives those of C, up to the sixteenth, as ascertained through the experiments conducted by Professor Helmholtz, with their vibration numbers:



The upper partials here noted cover four complete octaves, including the fundamental tone and its repetitions, the indicative numbers of which are 1, 2, 4, 8, 16. This relation is the

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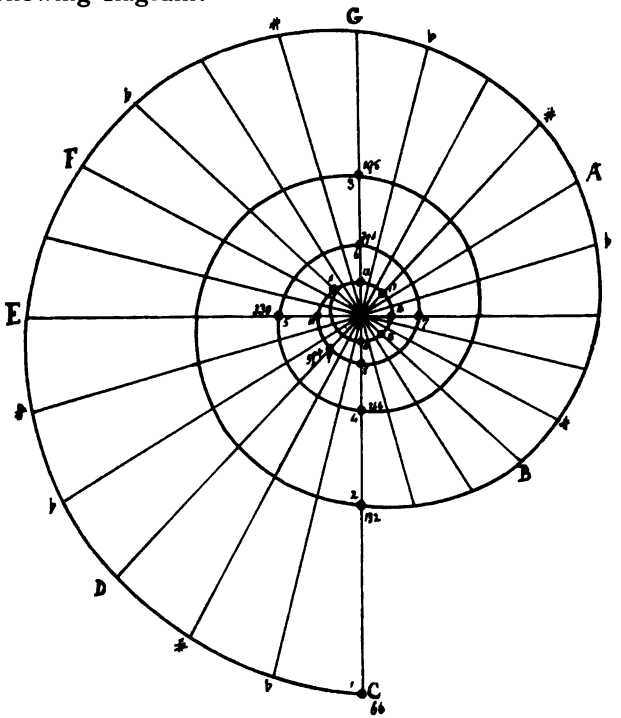
same as that which governs the relations between the curves of the scale-spiral figured above. It is a remarkable feature of the upper partials of C that the difference between the frequencies of any two adjacent notes is always the same, that is, sixty-six, which is equivalent to six series of eleven vibrations each. The fundamental tone has sixty-six vibrations, and its octave next above has twice sixty-six, or 132. As C of the next octave has 264 vibrations per second, this cannot be the next partial. This is pointed out by the addition of sixty-six to 132, which gives 198, the vibration number of G of the octave below middle C, and this G is therefore the third partial of C. The fourth is middle C, and the addition of sixty-six to its vibration number gives 330, that of E, the fifth partial. The further application of this rule shows what additional notes are required to fill in the four octaves covered by the upper partials of C.

If we place these notes on a spiral figure similar to that on which the scales are represented at a preceding page we shall find them to assume a special geometrical arrangement, as in the following diagram:



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This figure is well fitted to represent related tones whose intervals are said to decrease until they become "so small as to be almost impossible of articulation and of perception;" for the converging spirals can be increased to any number by enlarging the figure. As represented, the first interval between the tones proceeding from the fundamental note occupies a complete circle from 1 to 2. The next two intervals, from 2 to 3 and from 3 to 4, occupy half a circle each. The four next intervals, from 4 to 8, divide a circle equally between them, as do those between the remaining eight partials. The whole series of partials thus occupies four complete circles in the ratio of 1, 2, 4 and 8 with the sixteenth tone marking the limit of extension. If the progression were carried further—and theoretically it need never stop—the succeeding circles of the spiral figure, or evolute as it is called by architects, would be broken off into sixteen parts, thirty-two parts, and so on in the same ratio until they became "infinitely" small; but, however infinitesimal the ever-decreasing intervals between the partial tones might be, they would always have sixty-six vibrations.

Dr. Henry Wylde, in his "Evolution of the Beautiful in Sound," writes: "A priori it is known that if the ear is properly directed to the vibrations which occur when a full rich musical tone is produced, the ensuing vibratory action does not give off one tone alone—i. e. that of that prime—but a whole series of ascending tones are heard, a series which never varies, whatever may be the generating note," and which follows the order given above. Curiously enough, however, the vibration numbers of the partials as thus represented are not always the same as those of the notes with which they are identified. Thus, the eleventh partial is said to be F, which, according to the system followed by Helmholtz, has, in reality, only 704 vibrations instead of the 726 required for the upper partial, which, according to the rule that supposes a sixty-six vibration interval, should be G flat. Similarly, the fourteenth partial would fall on G sharp instead of A, which has twenty-two vibrations more than the number belonging to the latter note. Moreover, the two partials identified with B flat fall in advance of the position assigned to this note in the first diagram above figured. Possibly this figure may be so far incorrect, but the other variations would seem to point to the fact that the upper partials are gov-

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erned by the same law as that which gives rise to the segmental vibration which takes place in bells and bell glasses. This phenomenon is well explained by Professor Denison Olmsted in his "Introduction to Natural Philosophy," (2d edition, page 211), where he says: "If a thin plate of metal takes the form of a cylinder or bell, its fundamental note is produced when each ring of the material changes from a circle to an ellipse, and then into a second ellipse, whose axis is at right angles to that of the former. * * * It thus has four ventral segments and four nodal lines, the latter lying in the plane of the axis of the bell or cylinder. If the rings which compose the bell were all detached from one another they would have different rates of vibration according to their diameter, and hence would produce tones of various pitch; but, being bound together by cohesion, they are compelled to keep the same time, and hence give but one fundamental tone. But a bell, especially if quite thin, may be made to emit a series of harmonic sounds by dividing up into a greater number of segments. It is obvious that the number of nodes must always be even, because two successive segments must move in opposite directions in one and the same instant, otherwise the point between them could not be kept at rest, and therefore would not be a node." The division must be, indeed, in the ratio of 2, 4, 8, 16, and thus it will correspond in character to the geometrical arrangement of the upper partials given above. Probably the atmosphere itself undergoes this segmental vibration, under proper conditions, and thus the undulations of free sound become smaller and smaller in geometrical ratio, until they disappear as heat, into which sound is finally resolved.

This segmental division is of great importance, as it furnishes the key not only to the origin of the musical overtones, but also to that of the vortex, which is a universal operation of Nature. For segmentation is a phase of polarity, or rather it is always governed by polarity, as we see from the fact that the segments vibrate in opposite directions. Each section must, therefore, stand in a polar relation to its immediate neighbors, that is, if these vibrate in one direction it must itself vibrate in the other direction. Thus adjoining segments may be regarded as respectively negative and positive, or as active and passive. But as the segmentation is in the ratio of 2, 4, 8,

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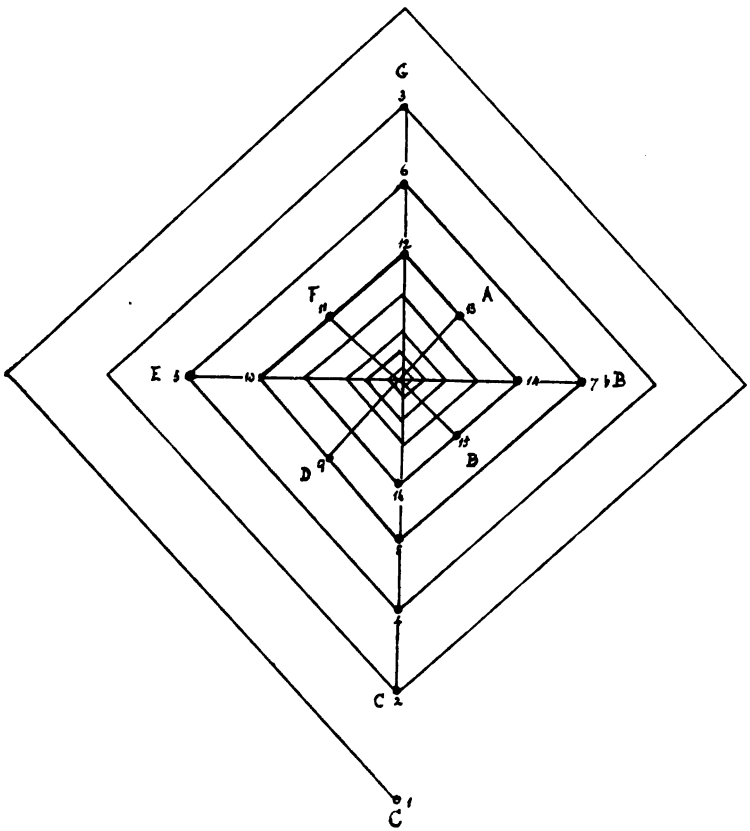
16, the relation is complementary as well as polar. If we divide a circle into two halves we shall have the first polar segmentation in which one-half of the circle will be negative and the other half positive. If each half be now subdivided into two equal sections, one of these will be negative and the other positive, as in the former case. This process can be carried on to any extent, and thus the circle which at first consisted of one negative and one positive section will come to have 4, 8, 16, 32, etc. sections of opposite polarity. The following diagram illustrates this idea and shows that the upper partials fall on the lines of segmentation, which also, therefore, furnish the nodes or notes of the musical octave. Although rectangular in form, the figure answers the purposes of a spiral and is easier of construction:



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This series of changes may start from the center as well as from the circumference. The initial wave will then form a central sphere of motion which will be succeeded by other wave-spheres, divided into 2, 4, 8, etc. segments respectively. If now we imagine a section made horizontally through the center of this mass of spheres we shall have two series of segments of opposite polarity, that is, not only will polarity exist among the segments of each series, but each series will, as a whole, be of opposite polarity to the other. We have here the principle developed in connection with the relation between the sharp and the flat scales, in the number of MUSIC referred to at the beginning of this article; for the position of the half tones, called sharps and flats, necessary for giving the intervals required by the scales, change places according to whether the scales proceed from the circumference to the center or the reverse. Thus sharps and flats are expressions of opposite polarity, and the transformation of the scales just referred to is similar to the change by transposition of a major key into its minor, or the minor into the major. Such a relation is known as symmetry, and it can be represented, as explained and illustrated by Professor Ernst Mach, in his excellent "Popular Science Lectures,"* by reflecting the music in a looking-glass. This is equivalent to turning the music upside down and reading the notes from right to left, and from below upwards. But, further, by placing the major and minor movements side by side, perpendicularly instead of horizontally, we obtain a perfectly symmetrical whole of which the two movements form respectively the right-hand and the left-hand expression.

This right and left-handed symmetry is true polarity, and is similar to that of the two halves of the body as a whole, and of its several parts. It is undoubtedly at the root, not only of the opposing movements of the musical scale, but also of the octave itself, and yet polar symmetry is insufficient fully to explain these phenomena without the addition of the segmentation which gives rise to the phenomenon of upper partials. This is a true vortex effect, for it exhibits the movement to the center which is necessitated by ever-decreasing wave lengths combined with ever-increasing vibration number, in due ratio, and

*English translation by Thomas J. McCormack, Open Court Publishing Co. (Chicago), page 101-103.

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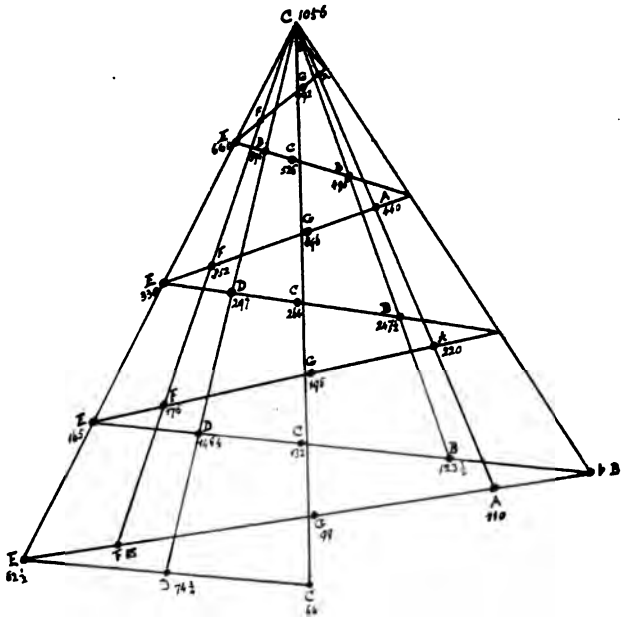
also the spiral movement which attends such a combination. These features are well brought out by the following figure:



Vortex operation is separative and at the same time refining, and the development of upper partials is an expression of both of these principles. The note struck gives rise to its octaves, constituting a cone of sound, and then by the law of polar symmetry or contrast, its complimentary or opposite appears with its octaves. Each added tone gives rise to another at such an angle to itself as is required by the principle of segmentation, which supplies the rational number for the vibrations which mark the intervals between the upper partial tones and indirectly the frequencies of all the notes of the full musical scale.

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MODES AND LIMITS OF MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

BY JOHN S. VAN CLEVE.

Music, in common with all those arts which receive the distinctive and honorable soubriquet of fine arts, must always be looked upon from the objective and the subjective points of view alternately, for it is like the shield about which the knights disputed, as recorded in Beamont's Moralities, silver on one side and gold on the other. When we hear two musicians engaged in an animated dispute as to whether music is merely an audible structure or whether it is a cryptograph of the soul's inmost secrets, we are inclined to cry out, "Hold! hold! brethren! suspend the clashing and sawing of your hostile steel, strike out no more sparkles of antagonism; each of you speaks not merely in honesty, but also in truth; but do not make the golden fruit of truth like the apple of Ate, merely the seed of contention."

A fine art, as distinguished from a mechanic art, is a materialization or tangibilization of man's thought, his abstract essence, his individual fragment of the infinite absolute, expressed or pushed outward from himself at such an altitude as will cause its appeal to react again on the abstract nature whence it came, but it must not descend to the lower plane of physical utility. A fine art is a flash of mysterious electricity, linking two clouds aloft in the atmosphere, and revealing suddenly a vast panorama of things before hidden in darkness; a mechanic art is a mountain stream leaping downward from out the silver urn of eternal ice to flush the valley with the green and golden glow of grass and grain. The poet builds his stanzas to fill my lonely hours with the unsubstantial but indestructible palace of beauty. The watchmaker fits his dainty assemblage of shafts and pivots and wheels and cogs to regulate and divide the activities of my daily life. The musician clusters his sweet sounds like purple grapes on the vine of imagination that I may be cheered with the wine of delightful feelings; the chemist extracts sugar from rags and perfume from garbage to delight my bodily senses.

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Music, like every fine art, is a symmetrical arrangement of physical phenomena pendant, like crystals, upon a thread of purpose. We may consider these crystals mere ornaments to beguile the passing moment with the entertainment of symmetry, or we may study them as deposits of vital phenomena, the geometries of evolution. Thus we may listen to music and receive it "through the porch and inlet of the ear" as a pleasing stimulus, as an elation of the nerve-life, or we may set sail, with the intellect, upon this sea of sensations and voyage to wonderlands. The honesty of those musicians who reject, with a wry face, all rhapsodies of explanatory literature need not be questioned, but the narrowness and limitation of their intellectual horizon is equally apparent. It is quite possible to be silly and shallow in talking or writing about music, but enthusiasm, if sincere, is better than pedantry, however honest. Ah! gush, you say. Yes—but it is the nature of a fountain to gush and is it not better to be a living fountain, leaping aloft into the light and giving a curve of beauty to each touch of the breeze than a creaking, squeaking pump or even a well-oiled pump of mere technique, squirting its fluent and unchanging stream into the monotonous channels of conventionalism?

All explanations of music from the microscopic directions as to fingering given by the editor of the piano-piece up to the apt images with which such an imaginative mind as that of Robert Schumann makes us spectacles to sharpen our sight withal, are welcome, for they may be helpful. Music is so precious a product of human life that we cannot exhaust its meaning or value. There are, however, distinctly marked zones of significance which, though they merge into each other, as the frigid, the temperate and the torrid, merge into each other on the surface of the earth, are, nevertheless, if taken, each at its acme, sufficiently distinct. If a man could mount the fabulous green silk carpet of Solomon and bid the coursers of the air deposit him now on the banks of the Amazon, now in the emerald lap of smiling England, now with Nansen amid the appalling glories of the Polar realm, would he doubt the difference? Without straining this analogy too far or trying to make it fit too snugly, I maintain that there are, in the interpretation of music, three stages of suggestiveness absolutely unlike and radically different, yet eternal, necessary and inter-penetrating.

These three stages are, first, the Formal, or intellectual; sec-

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ond, the Classical, or imaginative; third, the Realistic, or symbolic. Despite the extreme difficulty in the present formative stage of aesthetic science which besets the path of the definer I can see that the adjectives just chosen and coupled in antithetic pairs, will, if closely scrutinized, be found valid and suggestive.

I.

First, then, the formal type of music is that in which the orderly sounds appeal to us by the three primary qualities of music; namely, rhythmical pulsation, which moulds into symmetry the vague sense of passing time as the liquid finger of the wave writes ripples on the blank sand; second, by melodic succession which shifts, like the play of colors cast from the sky; and, third, harmonic synchronism, which suggests the depth of beauty in the cut diamond. Music, which possesses the charm of a suggestive rhythm, a suggestive melody and a suggestive harmony, must be embodied in such a quality of sound as is agreeable to the auditory nerves, namely, the physical analogue of the intellectual concept, harmony; it must also have dynamic gradations which are the heightening of the melodic element, and it must also have accentuation, which reenforces the articulations of the rhythmical skeleton.

There is a vast literature of music which meets all these requirements, but nothing more, and, indeed, all that was produced up to and including J. S. Bach, may be accurately enough comprehended under this category. By way of exemplification I will cite the great organ fugue in G minor by Bach. Here we discover a melody noble, vigorous, graphic; it stirs the pulse, catches the attention, bites into the memory; there is evolution of form by the transposing and imitating devises of the fugue idea; there is a stately march of appropriate and clearly ascertainable harmonies. To inquire why this particular fugue delights us so keenly would send us digging among the roots of ontology and psycho-physiology which, though a fascinating study, would be aside from the present purpose; let it suffice to say that here is a fugue so consummate as a masterpiece that it has certainly never been surpassed and, perhaps, has never been equaled.

Suppose, now, we superadd to this great fugue, to this mighty product of imagination, moving outward through mathematics

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still other elements keeping them strictly within the legitimate domain of musical art; let us take the fugue from its original environment among the pipes of the organ and let Liszt transpose it into a piano solo, then let Abert indue it with the rich life of the modern orchestra. In its first estate upon the organ it was simply an assemblage of musical sounds of one given quality, impinging upon our ear-drums, in regular time, with melodic outlines, with harmonic sub-stratem. When it advances to the piano, though the tone quality loses stateliness, it gains brilliancy, and a most important addition is made, viz: Accent comes in, for no instrument equals the piano in accentuation. When the fugue burst into the full bloom of orchestral color in addition to a still heightened dynamic contrast, the glowing element of timbre is introduced. Thus we have carried this great art-work through three stages of increasing impressiveness, yet it has remained merely a tone structure, and the added eloquence of proclamation has been brought about by the effective use of the purely physical qualities of sounds. Though so marvelously transformed, it has remained the same in essence, just as pure carbon is identical in its three alotropic forms of charcoal, plumbago and diamond. There are, I know, conservatives who would rather hear the G minor fugue in a monochrome organ performance than on the decisive piano or in the many-voiced orchestra; but as for me, give me the heightened expressiveness.

It is apparent by a little reflection that thus far we have examined a piece of music which is simply music and nothing else. One need not perhaps borrow the famous lines of Wordsworth:

> "A primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him
> And it was nothing more."

and wrest them somewhat from their original significance; but we may say that what we have thus far experienced of beauty lies strictly within the realms of tone, and as the rainbow is beautiful for its gamut of colors and its graceful curves, even without the poet's analogies attached to it, or the sublime and mysterious significance which it received in Holy Writ when it became the symbol of the divine promise that the world should never again be overwhelmed by the floods of water, so the great fugue is beautiful directly to our tonal sense.

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True, it may be necessary to develop the tonal sense to such a stage that the higher and more complex forms of sweet sound become intelligible, and because the fugue is music, pure music, and nothing else, it by no means follows that the intelligence of the child, or the tyro, or the ear of some lower animal like the dog, the horse, the elephant, can receive and digest its message.

II.

There is a higher stage of significance where nothing is lost of all that the fugue contained, but where an envelop of possible imaginative meaning, or at least consanguinity of artistic hints from other realms may be discovered without over-straining the wings of fancy. In this realm let us select another composition which for the mere sake of securing some likeness in the midst of diversity shall be the scherzo from Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream music, a composition also built up from the materials furnished by the G minor tonality. This is the most perfect scherzo ever written. Others there are more stately, such as the scherzo of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, others more directly symbolic, such as that in the Sixth Symphony of Beethoven; but there is no one which is so perfect and exquisite a model of the airy grace and untrammeled playfulness which inheres in the idea of a scherzo. Now what does this scherzo contain? First of all we discover rhythms, tone formulas of melodic outline and intelligible harmonies. These were found also in the fugue above alluded to. The scherzo structure is, of course, in rhythmical respects, far simpler than that of the fugue. But when we question the pertinency of what is set down upon paper by the composer's pen, we find that Mendelssohn has reached the target at which he aimed as completely and with a blow as central as that attained by the thought in the mind of Bach when he evolved the great fugue in G minor. Should any cultured musician, upon hearing this captivating scherzo for the first time, experience a high degree of pleasure, purely musical, brought in and delivered to him through the channels of sensitized musical perception and cultivated musical reflection, no one could say he had erred in the slightest. Even should he stop short here and never know or even suspect that there was more to this scherzo than meets the ear, he would not be in fault; his mind would simply be in a

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state of arrested development. The botanists tell us that in plant life thorns are abortive leaves, leaves arrested at some stage of their unfoldment and hardened into spines. If, therefore, the musician's intelligence does not expand to the full appreciation of what the art offers him, he can not be blamed, provided his apprehension and enjoyment of musical beauty remain sincere as far as they go. He is in the condition of those Christians who have apprehended a part of divine truth, but who have not attained to an ideal state of sanctity.

How shall we proceed to learn what this scherzo contains? Fortunately the process in this particular instance is clear and simple in the extreme. If we read the history of Mendelssohn's life we know that he wrote a series of instrumental and vocal numbers to be used as preludes and interludes to the charming comedy of the Midsummer Night's Dream, by Shakespeare. Any one who understands the English language and will take the trouble to read, with analytical attention, may soon come into possession of that rich picture gallery which Shakespeare created for us in this most marvelous of all dreams. The mischievous Puck and his dainty elves, Queen Titania and her fairy attendants, the perplexed and sighing lovers, the honest rustics, the ludicrous ass-headed clown Bottom (the greatest burlesque figure in literature), will all pass in procession before his mind's eye. By the shortest of all short steps, as easy as stepping across a rivulet, we may here go over from the domain of the musician to that of the poet, and back again from that of the poet to that of the musician, and it is scarce necessary to cast a bridge over this tiny barrier of separation. The flowers which nod on each bank of the rivulet touch and kiss at every stirring of the breeze. What musician is there who is such an unconscionable dullard, such a priggish peg-driving pedant of a shoemaker artisan, that he can not discover the airy gambols of the fairies, and the dainty mockery of Bottom and his gaucherie in this film of music.

In order to make this tone symbolism of Mendelssohn's scherzo absolutely valid and appropriate to the fancy of Shakespeare, it is not necessary to be too pragmatical and exact. You need not, for instance, in the two measures consisting of an eighth, four-sixteenths, and three-eighths, which constitute the significant initial motive, try to count exactly how many steps the fairy dancers take, nor imagine on which particular

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thread of the dew-bespangled cobweb they mount to begin their frisking. But let the music course along your nerves and the imagery of the poem flutter before your mind's eye at the same time, and you will receive a heightened and more glowing gratification than you could from either singly.

In this realm of music which meets all the requirements of the art itself, namely, structure, tune, and simultaneous voicing, there is a magnificent and varied literature chiefly of that type derived by metamorphoses innumerable from the sonata idea, and illustrated with various degrees of definiteness by the productions of that school known as the classical in contradistinction to the romantic. In this school the three great names are Haydn, the father of the sonata, quartette and symphony; Mozart, the glowing nightingale, the spring poet of pure tune; and Beethoven, the reasoner and imaginer, the foreshadower of the age to come. Many of the works of Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Rubinstein, Raff, and lesser men, obey this type, though certain works of these latter composers undoubtedly belong in the third division, upon which we may now touch.

III.

Starting with the initial impulse suggested by that most lovely of symphonies, Beethoven's Symphony in F, No. 6, The Pastoral, a great school of brilliant modern music has come into existence, in which, with more or less success the composer does express something extraneous to music itself. A score of works, such as "Der Freischutz" of Weber, at least in certain scenes, such as that of the Wolf's Glen, the labeled piano pieces of Schumann, the descriptive songs of Schubert, the concert overtures and oratorios of Mendelssohn, the symphonic poems of Liszt, the Im Walde and Leonora Symphonies of Raff, the Ocean Symphony of Rubinstein, the Till Eulenspiegel of Richard Strauss, the Noon Witch of Dvorak, the Moldau of Smetana, the tone poems of Chopin, and the lyric dramas of Wagner, not to mention the most concrete of the concrete, Berlioz, who actually transmuted the basest and most prosaic metals of common ideas into the precious metals, the silver and the gold of beautiful enchanting music—a long array of these splendid examples of creative imagination elbow each other and rush pell mell before the mind when the idea of programme

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music or concrete tone-symbolism is placed under examination. Let all be brushed aside, however, and selecting from that musical son of Franz Liszt, Camille Saint Saens, the most graphic of all his graphic symphonic poems, The Dance Macabre, also in G minor, four perfect instances of tone painting may be cited:

First—The D twelve times repeated informs us that it is midnight, twelve of the clock—

> **"The witching hour**
> **When graveyards yawn and hell itself breathes forth**
> **Contagion to the world."**

Yet, perhaps, we should not catch this hint with such a lucid and concrete perfection, did not the title, Dance of Death, convey at once to the mind of the intelligent listener who was conversant with the famous mediaeval legend, precisely this idea and nothing else. It is worth noting that Dvorak has, in his recently composed symphonic poem, the Noon-Witch, stated the hour of day in the same way that Saint Saens reminded us of the nocturnal stage.

Second—No sooner has the clock struck the hour of emancipation for ghosts and hobgobblins and demons, than we hear a marvelous piece of musical realism, where the A-E flat, answered by D-A, tells us that Death, the master of the revels at this uncanny ball, is tuning his fiddle. Saint Saens has here made a droll use of a little technical fact, viz., that the E string of the violin is the one which most frequently loses pitch, and nearly always the first stroke of the bow extracts the diminished fifth A-E flat. As it appears in the symphonic poem of the Dance Macabre, this alternate sawing of the diminished and the perfect fifth is not merely technical and comic, but is symbolic and hideous.

Third—Saint Saens has hit upon a capital device of instrumentation, and, with the genuine fearlessness of a modern composer, has called into his service an instrument which is usually regarded as little better than a toy, and certainly not more than a voice of the tap-room to beguile with amusement a passing moment. The short, hollow tone of the xylophone is precisely adapted to hint at Death cracking his heels against the tombstones in fiendish merriment at his power over the wretched and infernal route of phantoms. The xylophone is an instrument consisting of little rods of hard wood of various

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lengths which are smitten by mallots held one in each hand. It can produce some curious and by no means uninteresting effects, and future composers may do well to consider the touches of comicality which they may extract from these little sticks, wherewith to garnish their sprightlier moods.

Fourth—The five notes of the E flat major triad, sung out solo by the oboe, described the crowing of the cock whose clarion notes is the signal for each unlaid ghost to scurry away and slink into his several grave. It is quite true that this crowing of the cock, according to perfectly musical intervals is by no means exact, or so realistic as to be comical. It is also true that a listener, not versed in the poetry and legendry of demonology, who did not know his Hamlet or his Milton's Nativity-Hymn, and like compositions well enough to be cognizant of the logical connection between cock-crowing and ghost-vanishing, might not happen to think that this little shriek of the oboe was a cock-crow; but once knowing so much as this, it is quite easy to detect the analogy and the symbolism.

Some capital examples might be further derived from the symphonic poems of Saint Saens, in the imitation of the spinning-wheel and the impatience of Hercules in the Rouet d' Omphale and in the galloping figure, The Thunderbolt, and the sob of the Heliades in the Phaeton; but in the enormous over-plus of possible illustrations it is not necessary to over-burden the argument or to lose the pathway by sinuous excursions into the underbrush with superfluous instances. Enough has been adduced to prove beyond the faintest possibility of a reasonable caval, that certain sets of situations, characters, and concrete objects may be symbolized, indicated and distinctly conjured up by structures of tones. It may be admitted, without hesitation, or any demur, that not everything in heaven or earth can be thus translated into tones with symbolic definiteness; it may be admitted that in order to translate anything into symbolic definiteness of tones, the composer must have a unique and special gift of many-sided imagination, it may be admitted that in order to decipher this kind of hieroglyphic music the listener must have intelligent preparation, must be an Egyptologist of the tone-world, must be supplied with information entirely extraneous to music itself.

But what is lost by such an admission? The most vehement partisan of the new school would not claim that no music is

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music except that created on the principles espoused by himself and his confreres. All that is claimed in the present paper is this: That it is possible without over-straining the imagination to envelop music with a shell of ultra-musical ideas. This shell may be added to the soft, warm, palpitating substance of the music, and may become its habitation just as the smooth, pearly chamber of a univalve sea-shell is the palace of a living creature, without in the least checking the vitality or modifying the essential nature of the music itself. It is quite possible, even in the same evening, and within less than an hour, to receive Bach's noble fugue, Mendelssohn's dainty scherzo, and Saint Saens' grotesque tone-poem from the very same orchestra, and as has been noted, the three compositions are built out of the scale degrees and harmonies of the same G minor.

Bach's great Mass in B minor, Handel's Oratorio of "Israel in Egypt," Haydn's Creation and Seasons, Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night," Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," or "Faust" music, Brahms' "Triumph Hymn," Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Dvorak's "Spectre Bride" and Requiem, Mozart's "Requiem" and "Don Giovani," Liszt's "Holy Elizabeth," and any of the operas of Wagner, would furnish in many degrees and kinds illustrations of these three aspects of musical expression, these three degrees in the definiteness of tone, sometimes all three of them plainly indicated in the same work. There is here a vast world which the true music lover and connoisseur ought to explore, and enrich his mind with the contrasted treasures therein found. It is by such familiarity with the special creations of great masters, and indeed with the special details and features of great creations, that our musical faculty is properly nourished.

In music, as in religion, it is the easiest thing imaginable to become a bigot, to harden into a fossil, to burrow like a mole. Nothing is so self-satisfied as ignorance; nothing is so bitter as narrowness; nothing so unjust as partisanship. The fusilade of abusive epithets and silly criticisms, fired in rattling volleys at Richard Wagner, and their utter futility, ought forever to silence and put to shame those carping and indolent old fogies who want to set up the God Terminus in their own backyard. The hailstorm which fell upon Wagner pelted his poor head, but having pelted it fell to earth and melted. Bach was thought to be crazy, or near to it, by the honest little-headed burgers

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among whom he lived; Beethoven was pronounced a lawless fellow by his teacher, Haydn, and a mad man by Weber and Spohr; Wagner was the arch-fool as well as arch-innovater of all ages, to the Philistines whose conceited repose he disturbed.

The thought which must fill the mind of any ardent music-lover, when he passes in review the immense world of beauty which the past has bequeathed to us, must be a mixture of rapture, awe, and gratitude. What wonders have been achieved! Who shall dare to say what wonders are yet to be added in the years that stream upon us from the exhaustless urne of the future! The true musician is he who, like the Christian as exhorted by Paul, tries all things and holds fast that which is good. The fugue, the scherzo, and the symphonic poem, though different in nature and not equal in relative value, are nevertheless all beautiful, all worth having, all worth knowing, all worth loving. No amount of sincere study of music, whether it be analytic or constructive, whether it be technical or literary, whether it deal with dissection or with the collation and collocation of aposite information, is unworthy of respect, and never should be treated with flippancy or contempt. The flippant and the contemptuous man in art is always the shallow; the modest, the industrious, the receptive, is always the genuine musician.

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A LONE HAND.

BY EDWARD BAXTER PERRY.

There was a mob at the door of the Trocadero and a long line stretching up the street—a mob and a line composed chiefly of women, for it was 10:30 a. m., and the hour at which the wonderful one-armed pianist was to play.

The day was warm; it was the beginning of spring, but it felt more like July, and the women were elbowing, buffeting, clawing their way toward the front, wiping the perspiration from their faces as they went, maneuvering, scolding, remonstrating, in short, behaving as female enthusiasts are wont to behave under pressure, whether the ultimate object is a bargain counter, or a celebrity of musical proclivities.

Half way down the sixty-foot line that stretched along the street, stood two girls in quiet but modish toilets. One of them was pretty with the prettiness that is the accompaniment of youth and freedom from all care and responsibility; the other was a girl of striking beauty who would have attracted attention anywhere, as well on account of her marked type as for a certain high-bred, imperious manner. The people about them who were listening to their conversation for want of better entertainment, learned that the name of the beauty was Blanche, and that the other girl was called Alicia.

"I shall never get over it, Alicia, if we are too late," said Blanche. "He plays the prelude to-day, he plays it first and I do not care for the second number. Oh, why don't they move up?" she wailed piteously, wiping her forehead with a frivolous excuse for a pocket handkerchief and at the same time tugging hard to withdraw her foot from the two hundred and fifty pound pressure of the fat woman in front, who was standing upon it as placidly as though it were the rock-ribbed earth.

Just then there was a plunging in the rear. Two flashily dressed girls in very large hats pitched forward with all their weight, giggling flightily and digging with their elbows. A rib of Alicia's parasol was broken; Blanche's hat was knocked over her eyes and came near being lost altogether.

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"Oh, Blanche! I know I shall faint before we get in. How on earth can you go through with this sort of thing every day? It is enough to bring on nervous prostration."

"It has not been so warm before," replied Blanche, unmoved, "and besides, when you have heard him you will be repaid for all that you have suffered. If you do not even pine for further martyrdom I shall be convinced of something that I have long suspected."

"What is that?"

"That you have no soul."

There was a lunge forward of the whole procession—a breathless, perspiring, panting scramble, and after five minutes of desperate contention for mere respiration, of being borne quite off the ground, literally carried along by the crowd, the two girls won an entrance to the lobby of the building where the line spread out like a fan, to converge again immediately upon the narrow entrance to the auditorium.

They fell into their seats in moist, limp, breathless heaps, and Blanche raising her eyes to the stage said with a joyous exclamation, "We are not too late, there he is now! He is just going to begin."

"He," was the Polish pianist who had just taken his seat in front of the instrument. He looked to be not more than twenty years of age, slender, blond, with a profusion of yellow hair thrown carelessly back from a pallid brow, making a sort of golden glory about his shoulders and lighting up the whole stage. He had a pair of deep-set, luminous blue eyes that after a single glance at the audience were fixed with a sort of tender melancholy upon the key board.

Even a careless observer would have felt that the personality presented a unique element, but the peculiarity upon which all eyes were fixed, was the arm next the audience, the right, which hung rigid and useless from the shoulder, and the hand attached to it shrunken to one-half its natural size. The artist had begun to execute a series of tentative chords and arpeggios, while waiting for the applause to subside so that he could go on with the performance, but the applause continued, round after round, sonorous, deafening, for was not this Vladimir Ravinski, the wonderful left-handed pianist, with a history which had been worked by his manager for all that it was worth?

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It was said that he was a natural son of Rubinstein and a Polish countess noted for her beauty. Being a pianist he was inevitably a pupil of Rubinstein and of Leschetizky and in the dawn of his career was held to be unrivaled in his actual command of the instrument as well as in promise of future greatness which he held out. But in a moment that brilliant future had been hopelessly blighted. The pianist had fallen in love, the love affair ended in a duel, the duel in a useless arm. Undaunted by this misfortune, which would have crushed a less heroic soul, the young musician had spent several years in training his left hand and had in the meantime mastered some of the most celebrated as well as the most difficult compositions for the piano. Also he had created a great sensation in Paris, London and Berlin, where he had appeared previous to his debut in America.

This, in brief, was the story which had been amplified and varied indefinitely, and this was the magnet which drew the women from all quarters of the town to the Trocadero twice a day. But once drawn thither it was the spell of the handsome face, the picturesque figure, the poetic temperament and magnetic personality as evinced in Vladimir's interpretation of numerous well known compositions by his fellow Pole, Chopin, not to mention certain improvisations of his own, that held them. They came again and again; the place was always packed at the hour that he was advertised to play, and when the recital was over, the women went out wiping their eyes and sighing like furnaces, which seemed to prove that, whether or not the young man were a son of Rubinstein, he certainly had command of the stops which govern the curious instrument known as the heart feminine.

This morning, it may have been owing to the sudden rise in temperature, there seemed to be an air of melancholy and lassitude about him that lent a peculiar charm, and as he began the Raindrop prelude of Chopin a breathless hush fell upon the audience. Even those who did not care for music and were only sitting through the performance with such patience as they could command until the celebrated "female impersonator" should come on, sat still and listened with the air of those who feel that something unusual is going on, though they cannot tell just what it is.

Blanche leaned back in her seat with a voluptuous sigh of

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anticipation, while Alicia—it was the first time she had been present—lifted a lorgnette and fixed an unrelenting gaze upon the member that hung perpendicular and rigid between her and the performer. The slow procession of the prelude moved on with its one reiterated note like the continued dropping of water on the head that produces madness; then the choral of the procession of monks with their sandaled feet gliding over the stone floor, then the note again, insistent, terrible, until it seemed that the human heart could hold no more anguish, and then that heart-breaking chord that suggested the horrible grinding of bones in some instrument of torture.

And there was something awful in the rapt intensity of the performer. He did not look at the keys, but sat gazing at a fixed point slightly above him, the deep melancholy of his luminous eyes and the anguish of his face becoming more marked as the prelude approached the climax. The piano was so arranged as to give the best possible view of him, and every movement of the wonderful hand was followed with a curious scrutiny. While only a musician could be fully aware of the difficulties overcome, there was that in the artist's dynamic power and his facile command of the instrument that gave to the achievement the color of magic. Added to this the musician's attitude and expression were of one who saw in the distance the picture he was trying to convey in tones. He was oblivious of his surroundings—was himself the instrument upon which some unseen hand was sounding that tempestuous note of woe.

When the prelude was finished his hand slipped limply from the keyboard like a thing that had suddenly become useless, but neither his attitude nor expression changed. He remained gazing with the same rapt look into the distance, though the applause was deafening. It continued for some time without making the least impression upon him that any one could detect; finally he started slightly as one who is suddenly and rudely awakened, and bowed to the audience.

When the last note of the prelude died away, Blanche's head was resting upon the shoulder of her companion in the limp luxury of abandon that follows stress of emotion that is stormy without being disagreeable. The head was lifted slowly and a handkerchief drawn swiftly and surreptitiously across the eyes. Then as the pianist, after repeatedly bowing his acknowledg-

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ments, turned once more toward the instrument, she rose hastily, saying: "Come, let's go. I can't endure that."

As they pushed toward the door another burst of applause greeted the performer, and as it subsided the cause of it became apparent. A highly ornate arrangement of the familiar "Mocking Bird" soared aloft in riotous bravura, athwart whose intricate embellishments fragments of "Dixie" and "Yankee Doodle" swept at intervals. The piano had become an orchestra, and the audience was wild.

"If he only wouldn't do that," moaned Blanche as she escaped into the street.

"Doesn't he play anything but those two?" asked Alicia.

"Yes, ever so many things; that is why I can't understand his always playing them on the same day."

"I suppose he does it to catch the crowd," replied the other indifferently.

"But what anguish there is in the thought," persisted Blanche, almost weeping, "that having played the prelude as he does he should be able to play that dreadful thing at all. Do you know," she went on with the air of a person confiding some disgraceful secret, "I am afraid that he wrote it himself, or at least arranged it."

Alicia wanted to laugh, but considerately refrained. "One must eat," she replied calmly. "Necessity, you know, is the mother of many things besides invention."

"I suppose that if he had money he would not have to be there at all," murmured Blanche dreamily.

"No," replied Alicia, "he would have nothing to do but wear his halo."

"Alicia," said Blanche, turning upon her companion with a sudden burst of feeling, "I am going to marry him. I have plenty of money, why should I not marry whom I please? Why should I buy a title? I prefer brains."

"Brains usually come higher—they are more scarce," suggested Alicia.

"Papa will consent when he finds that my mind is made up, I am sure."

"He usually does, but I fancy that upon this occasion his mind is also made up."

"We shall see."

"I trust that he will have sufficient decision of character to

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decline your offer," said Alicia, settling back against the cushions of the carriage.

"Who?"

"The Pole. I would not marry him if he were solid gold and encrusted with jewels like a Chinese god. They are all crazy."

"Who, the Poles?"

"No, the musicians."

"You need say no more. I shall not change my mind."

* * * *

In the stifling dressing room at the back of the stage Vladimir sat wiping the perspiration from his face as he waited for his business manager, who presently appeared, bringing with him the usual complement of tinted, perfumed missives. The Pole received them with the air of a man to whose burden the last featherweight had been added, read them one by one and dropped them wearily into the cuspidor at his feet. Then he leaned his head disconsolately upon his hand, fixed his eyes wistfully upon the square of dingy brick wall that was the only view afforded by the window of his dressing room, and waited with the patience of one who has long since learned that misfortune only becomes more harsh and vindictive under resentment. He was waiting for his carriage.

Presently his eyes wandered back to the table upon which he was leaning and discovered there a bit of paper that seemed to have been brought in with the notes before referred to. It was neither tinted nor perfumed; it was a piece of the frayed margin of a program with something scribbled on it in pencil. It had fallen so that the writing was uppermost, and the chirography, though careless, had a certain dash about it. It was only one line, but it fixed his attention. "Why do you always play that dreadful Mocking-Bird after the prelude? It is a crime."

As he turned the bit of paper over in his fingers he remembered a certain person who for two weeks had sat in the same seat in the parquette, who invariably went out when he began to play the Mocking-Bird. He could not help noticing her because of her distinguished appearance and her constant attendance. She was evidently a woman of wealth and refinement, and if she were the author of this protest she was also a woman of taste in music. There was no name to this com-

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munication, but he did not put it into the cuspidor. The others had made love to him, flattered him; this one had found a barb in a very old wound and had given it a pitiless wrench. Nevertheless he folded it and put it into his waistcoat pocket, and he did not play the Mocking-Bird again for two weeks.

At the end of that time the day had once more rolled around for the prelude programme. He had just finished the first number and was waiting for a moment of quiet in which to begin the second when some one in the audience yelled, "The Mocking-Bird, play the Mocking-Bird." It was a man's voice, and it came from the gallery, but it instantly won the suffrages of the audience; the one voice swelled into a roar that was further augmented by whistling and the stamping of feet. The Pole turned his sad, unfathomable eyes upon the parquette, where sat as was her custom at that hour of the day, the woman whom he believed to be the author of that prohibitive missive. She was preparing to go out. He began a barcarole of Rubinstein, and she sat down again. He felt convinced.

It was the evening of the same day, as Vladimir sat waiting for his carriage, that an elderly gentleman with a very large diamond pin and a bustling, assertive manner, burst into the dressing room as though his entrance had been a hard won victory over the guard at the door. The apparition paused in the center of the room as if to get his breath, then he came forward and handed Vladimir a card, at the same time announcing that he had come on important business. The musician suspected him of having bribed his manager, and a look of deep and abiding reproach, which included both offenders, overspread his countenance. But with the decorative courtesy that distinguishes the well-bred foreigner under all circumstances, he indicated a seat and awaited the disclosure with polite attention.

The visitor took off his hat and desperately rubbed a very bald crown for at least three seconds before speaking. What he had expected to encounter in that stuffy vault behind the stage of the Trocadero, only himself knew; but whatever it was, he most assuredly had not encountered it. His rotund figure fidgeted upon the chair, and his rubicund face grew a shade redder as he groped in his consciousness for a beginning that should be neither too brusque nor too conciliatory, and he opened his mouth more than once before he found it. But he

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was in the habit of getting through with anything that he started upon, and at the moment that the Pole was taking in his feet and hands, which were those of a common laborer, and his legs, which were distinctly bowed, he said:

"I suppose you find this thing profitable? It pays?" he queried with a lunge of his head in the direction of the stage.

A look that was an odd mixture of contumely and astonishment played for a moment upon the face of the pianist, who vouchsafed no reply, but sat as one wrestling with the difficulties of an unfamiliar idiom. The visitor repeated his question, not quite so confidently, but with determination. The musician, no longer able to take refuge in misunderstanding, replied, in effect, but choosing his words with marvelous discretion, that it was a matter strictly between himself and the manager of the Trocadero, whether it paid or not.

The visitor studied his host for a moment. He had the aspect of a naturalist who had encountered a specimen difficult to classify. Finally he said with a jerk: "I have come here to talk business and I may as well come to the point. I never did believe in mincing matters, and I want you to get out of the country. It makes no difference why I want you to go. It is enough to know that I consider it to my interest to get you away, and I'm willing to pay any reasonable sum to induce you to put the Atlantic between you and America."

No muscle of the Pole's face had moved, but his eyes had suddenly become two points of fire, and the hand that rested upon the dressing table gripped the edge of it so hard that all the muscles stood out. He said simply: "I do not understand."

The American moved uneasily, looked hard at the musician, and finally blurted:

"Damn it! I've got a daughter, as fine a girl as there is in this country, if I do say it. I've spent a lot of money on her education—why, I kept her in Europe for three years studying music and traveling around, and I had plans for her that were just about to mature. Everything was working all right when you showed up. She has heard you play and she's crazy—wants to break off her engagement;" he finished, springing up with a gesture of despair and beginning to pace the floor.

"It iss not a serious matter," said the Pole quietly, "and it iss not grand opera," he added wearily, noting the frantic

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gyrations his visitor was accomplishing within the limited space afforded by the dressing room.

"Not serious!" screamed the anxious father, turning suddenly round upon him. "Now, look here," he straddled the chair upon which he had been sitting, and reached between his knees to draw it nearer to the musician. "My daughter is engaged to an Italian Count and I want her to marry him. I've spent too much money on her for her to throw herself—no offense, but you see the point? Now it can make no difference to you where you are so long as you have money. As I told you before, I am willing to pay liberally. Just go away until this thing is settled, and you shall have the money, and when it is all over you can come back if you want to and stay as long as you please."

The musician looked at his visitor with ill concealed scorn and disgust. The scorn was for the nobleman who was willing to sell himself and his title to the daughter of such a father; the disgust was for the man who valued his daughter according to the money that had been spent on her education, as if it were merely an investment upon which he were presently to realize rank and title.

"But you need not pay me any money," he replied, beginning to show signs of excessive fatigue, "I do not vant to marry your daughter."

"That is because you do not know her," said the parent despairingly, "when you see her it will be different, and you will see her if you stay here—she will manage that one way or another," he added under his breath.

"I vill not take your money, I vill not leave America, but I vill cure your daughter of her madness. Bring her here tomorrow night at zis hour."

"Bring her here!" exclaimed the astonished visitor, once more springing off his chair. And then, as he surveyed the chief obstacle to his long cherished plan, from the hirsute sunburst to the toes of the varnished shoes, he said: "Bring her here to meet you? I guess not. I'm no fool. It was to prevent her from coming that I agreed to come myself."

"As you blease," said the Pole. "I haf given you my vord," and he reached for his hat.

His visitor moved toward the door, but paused, arrested by a sudden thought. He turned back to say, "I'll take you at

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your word. I don't know what your little game is, but if it works to suit me, the money is yours whether you go or stay."

The next evening as Vladimir came into his dressing room he found a lady and a gentleman waiting to see him. The gentleman was the same who had called the previous evening, and the woman—well, could any one, save perhaps the reader of stories, have dreamed that the man with the large diamond pin and the woman of the parquette were father and daughter? Here they were, and even as the musician stood gazing in mute pain from one to the other, the man was saying:

"This is my daughter, Mr. Ravinski."

"It could only have happened in America," was the thought in the musician's mind as he struggled to throw off the numbness of astonishment that had settled upon his faculties. The father accompanied the introduction with an imploring glance, which said as plainly as possible, "Please to be as good as your word and lose no time about it," but the eyes of the Pole were fixed upon the girl, and the eloquence of his gaze did not escape the anxious parent.

The girl came forward with extended hand: "I want to thank you for that prelude, which I have heard you play so often. I never tire of hearing it, but most of all I want to thank you for not playing the other."

The urbanity of the Pole seemed to have deserted him suddenly. He was feeling in the pocket of his waistcoat for something which he presently found. It was the frayed margin of a programme with something written upon it in pencil. As he held it toward her between his thumb and finger he said: "Den it vas you who—"

"Yes, it was I," she answered, smiling.

"You have given me your word," pleaded the parent in a distressed whisper.

It was true. He had given his word, besides was he not—"pardon me one moment," he said and turned to the table.

He first unwound a bandage from his right wrist and took off the shrunken hand, which he placed in a box that stood open to receive it. He then unwound the bandage that held the natural hand in its painfully cramped position, rubbed the hand and pinched it smartly; then with both hands began to divest himself of his make-up. He laid aside his ambrosial curls, discovering a frontal dome that was as bald as an oyster,

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and applying some sort of preparation to his face, rubbed it off with a towel and once more confronted his visitors. There was nothing left of the picturesque Pole save a distinguished bearing and a pair of eyes whose fire not even the frosts of age could quench—blue eyes, deep and luminous, with a fixed expression of melancholy. It was no wonder that they were sad; they reflected the heart-breaks and the disappointments of fifty years.

"I am an old man, as you see," he said, turning toward the girl, but as their eyes met his voice was unsteady. She was not only very beautiful, owing no salient feature of her personality to her father, but there was a stony look in her face that gave him pain. He pulled himself together and went on. "I assure you I can blay much better mit two hands as mit one; but nobody vish to hear me blay mit two. I vorked all day mit two hands; I vas fery poor, and sometimes I vas fery hungry; now I blay two times a day mit one, and I am a celebrity, and I make money. You haf my secret."

The girl's blood had been slowly freezing from the moment that he began to unwind the first bandage; her limbs were lead and her vocal chords were rigid, but after all, she did owe something to the rather uncouth figure at her side. She rose slowly, with effort, but steadily, and came forward, once more with extended hand.

"We appreciate the confidence you have placed in us," she said, "and we will keep your secret. I hope that you will some day come to see us and play for us with both hands."

"Ah," said the musician, bowing low, "I vould give ze whole vorldt to be a Pole mit one arm; and I vill neffer play ze Mocking-Bird again."

As the carriage rolled away from the stage entrance she threw herself upon her father's shoulder with a passionate sob: "How could you do it?" she demanded brokenly, "I would have died rather than go there if I had known."

In the dingy dressing room a plain German pianist, with one hand too many, sat gazing at the opposite wall with fixed eyes and a face that was gray and set. He held between his fingers the frayed edge of a programme with a single line written upon it in pencil.

Who shall say what it had cost him to unmask?

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BALAKIREW AND BORODINE.

BY A. POUGIN.

(The New Russian School.)

After M. Caesar Cui it is very natural for us to occupy ourselves with his friend, M. Balakirew, who, we have seen, was his companion from the beginning, and who shares with him the honor of being the chief initiator and inspirer of the famous "coterie" that his partisans call the "Cohort" and that is designated softly under the name of "koulchka."

M. Mily Alexander Eiewitch Balakirew was born at Nijni-Novogorod, the 2d of January, 1837. M. Balakirew owes, they say, the best part of his early musical education to a very distinguished man, Alexandre Oulibicheff, a diplomat who, while serving his country with honor, found time to cultivate art in a serious fashion, and who wrote two important works upon Mozart and Beethoven, of which, in some respects, one might deplore the spirit, but which are not the less worthy of interest and attention. Oulibicheff, after having retired from diplomacy, settled upon his estate at Nijni-Novogorod, the native town of M. Balakirew, and it is there that upon his return from the University at Kazan, where he went for his studies, he was able to profit by his lessons and counsels. Of an independent and lively spirit, little inclined to intellectual servitude, M. Balakirew in all probability confined his pupilage to things appertaining to the technical side of his art and not to its aesthetic; not but what this relation might have an influence upon his temperament and upon his personal views which became soon after characterized by theories very definite, very complete, of which he set out to be the revelator, the propagator, and the obstinate defender. He had scarcely passed twenty years of age when he removed to St. Petersburg, where he located in order to give himself up entirely to the serious study of music. It was there that he made the acquaintance of Glinka, who showed him much sympathy. It was there, also, that he commenced to ally himself intimately with M. Caesar Cui, and so from their study of questions of art and exchange of views which they made daily between them upon this subject, re-

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sulted this combination of doctrines and principles, singularly unbending, that the one and the other began to disseminate around them, as much by example as by opinion.

M. BALAKIREW.

M. Balakirew was endowed anyway with remarkable energy and activity; having become a very capable pianist, in 1862 he founded in St. Petersburg a gratuitous school of music, which has rendered very important service and whose concerts he

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personally directed; at the same time he studied with ardor the popular national art, of which he took the task of assimilating the spirit and character and published in 1866 an excellent collection of forty popular melodies and chansons. A little later the Russian Musical Society, recognizing his rare qualities as orchestral conductor, confided to him the direction of its concerts, and finally M. Balakirew became almost entirely the director of the singers of the imperial chapel.

With all this M. Balakirew has produced very little as a composer, and behold how very little the total account makes: Three overtures upon themes Russian and Tchek; overture upon a martial Spanish theme; "Thamar" symphonic poem, inspired by poetry of Lermontoff; "La Russie," symphonic poem; music (overture, march and four entracts) for "King Lear;" "Islamey," an oriental fantasy for piano; and in addition a few mazourkas, and a score of romances, in which one emphasizes the personal accent. This is all. One sees that fecundity is not the quantity dominating M. Balakirew, and we remark further that he has not touched the theater except in a secondary way and aside, in his music for "King Lear," which otherwise does not lack in interest. He had at one time commenced the composition of an opera called "l'Oiseau d'Or," but I know not for what reason this work has been abandoned. In France we have very little opportunity of judging of the talent of M. Balakirew as composer, because he is known with us only by his symphonic poem of "Thamar," upon the subject of which opinions are very much divided, the one exalting it beyond measure while the others decry it, may be more than is reasonable; at any rate, it is quite certain that the performance of this much discussed work in our great concerts has produced little more than a negative effect.

A capable arranger, M. Balakirew has given good reductions for piano of the "Jota Aragonesa" of Glinka, of the "Flight into Egypt" and "Harold in Italy," of Berlioz; this latter for four hands, as well as a quartette of Beethoven for two pianos. Concerning his very interesting collection of popular songs, his friend, M. Caesar Cui, who considers him frankly as the first Russian musician (an opinion which appears excessive when we remember Rubinstein, Tschaikowsky, and Rimsky-Korsakow) analyzes and appreciates in these terms: "The collection of Balakirew is certainly remarkable; of all those which

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have been made it is without contradiction the best; it only contains forty songs, but all these are chosen with the greatest tact, very correctly noted and harmonized with beautiful art; the accompaniment of the piano from the beginning to the end preserves its essentially national character; it is of a great variety and adapts itself so well to the different melodies of the collection that even one of these little songs taken separately, constitutes by itself alone a veritable work of art. This fashion of treating the national melodies has found imitators, among whom we might mention Prokoudine, and, above all, Rimsky-Korsakow, from whom a collection of one hundred popular songs is presently to appear at St. Petersburg."

As a further indication, I insert here the complete judgment which M. Cui has published concerning the talent and the musical personality of M. Balakirew: "A musician of the first order, an inexorable judge of his own compositions, knowing from the foundation all musical literature, as well as ancient and modern, Balakirew is above all a symphonist. In producing vocal music he has only written twenty romances, which distinguish themselves by pure and large melodies, by very elegant accompaniments, often by passion and great interest. Lyricism dominates. They contain throbs of the heart expressed by delicious music. As to their form, the romances of Balakirew have points of union between those of Glinka and of Dargomijsky, and those of the authors who follow him." It appears to me, nevertheless, in spite of the esteem which attaches to the name of M. Balakirew, doubtful whether this artist occupies in Russia a musical situation comporting with such eulogies. Maybe I deceive myself.

We pass now to Borodine, who we have seen was almost considered as the chief of the young school and more largely endowed of those who composed it. Alexandre Porphyriewitch Borodine, born at St. Petersburg the 12th of November, 1834, died in this town the 27th of February, 1887. He descended on his father's side, say the biographers, from the Princess Imeretinsky, that is to say from the last kings of Imeretie, the most beautiful of the ancient kingdoms of the Caucasus, where the flowers of the orient blossom in the shadows of the eternal snows. The ancient kings of Imeretie vaunted themselves, they say, on descending from David, and carried on their arms the harp and the crown.

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No more than M. Cui, moreover, Borodine was not an artist by profession. He was, above all, a savant of the first order, who, after having made the brilliant studies at the academy of

BORODINE.

surgery and medicine in St. Petersburg, under the direction of Prof. Zizine, was called later to succeed his master as professor of chemistry in this academy and at the same time became the

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councillor of state. He published in various scientific collections in Russia and Germany many memoirs and important researches upon chemistry which attracted the attention of the most learned. Passionately fond of music, he occupied himself with it nevertheless from his infancy, learned to play the flute, the violin-cello, the piano, but failed to pay attention to the theory of the art, except by reasoning and by the analysis of works of contemporary masters, to the execution of which he joined himself, taking the part of the piano or the 'cello in private seances of chamber music.

Nevertheless, Borodine commenced at a very early age as composer, evidently from instinct. He was only thirteen years of age when he wrote a concerto for flute and piano, then a trio for two violins and violin-cello upon themes from Robert the Devil, and a little later a scherzo in B flat for the piano and a sextette for string instruments. Nothing of all this has been published. It is principally since 1862 that he commenced to occupy himself seriously with composition. He then formed part of the circle containing Balakirew, Cui and Moussorgsky, and it is under the influence of the doctrines of his companions that his musical nationalism commenced to show itself. It was at this epoch that he wrote his first symphony in E flat, which he finished only at the end of five years in 1867, and which M. Balakirew had performed under his direction with a certain success the 4th of January, 1869, in one of the concerts of the Society of Russian Music. Encouraged by this result, Borodine decided immediately to compose an opera and commenced to set to music a drama by Mei, entitled "The Betrothed of the Tsar;" but he presently gave up the labor, although it was already considerably advanced. He produced then a certain number of romances, The Sea, The Sleeping Princess, Dissonance, The Queen of the Seas, The Old Song, My Song Is Sad.

(Note.) In speaking of one of these, The Sleeping Princess, M. Hermann Laroche, at that time musical critic of the Golos, expressed himself concerning the romances of Borodine in the following manner: "The greatest part of these romances is written pianissimo. The author without doubt employs this nuance by discretion, by consideration for the hearer, at least it cannot be by a sentiment of shame, as one speaks in a low voice of things that one would not dare to mention out loud. In

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all his works one would say otherwise that he sets himself to occasion the auditor some kind of a disagreeable sensation. The title of one of his romances—Dissonance—appears to be his device. It is necessary for him always to introduce somewhere a dissonance, often many, and it often happens as in this romance that he has nothing else to say. One time only in his quartette he seems to have realized his ideal. Concerning his cacophonies he wrote one day for his defense "My Song Is Sad;" but this beautiful thought passed too quickly and came to nothing, because the last autumn he published with Bessel three new romances which are enthused with the same poison. It is improbable that this arch enemy of music is not without talent; because at the side of the sickly and unformed extravagances in which his works are so abundant, we occasionally find there harmonies full of richness. It may be, after all, that a tendency which carried him towards the ugly is contrary to his intimate instinct and is nothing more than the sour fruit of an insufficient artistic education." There is something true, without doubt, in this criticism, but one must regard it, nevertheless, as excessive.

It was at this point that Borodine realizes that he might make an attempt at the theater under conditions sufficiently original. Etienne Guedeonoff, director of the Russian Opera, who was a distinguished dramatic writer, had written the fantastic opera ballet entitled Mlada, which was intended to carry a sumptuous mise en scene; he undertook to mount this work and desired to see the music composed by the four champions of the new school, M. Borodine, Caesar Cui, Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff. These entered voluntarily into his views and each one undertook one act of the drama, while M. Minkous undertook to write all the music of the ballet properly socalled.

(Note.) It is to be remembered that Mr. Minkous had written at Paris the music of Nemea, or Love Revenged, a ballet represented at the opera July 14th, 1864, and conjointly with Leo Delibes, that of Le Source, represented at the same theatre the 12th of November, 1866; on returning to Russia M. Minkous there became inspector of the orchestra in the Imperial Theatre at Moscow, afterwards in 1871 he was made composer of the ballet at the Russian Opera, a place left vacant by the death of Cesare Pugni.

These put themselves to work, but while they labored at the

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enterprise of the Guedenoff the theatre changed hands, and, behold, it was no more a question of Mlada. One of them, nevertheless, M. Rimsky-Korsakow, did not lose sight of the subject, because, as we shall see farther on, he took it up by himself alone and presented a Mlada in 1892, and what is very singular after the death of Borodine, who, in this collective work, had been charged with the fourth act and had sketched the finale without orchestrating it, M. Rimsky-Korsakow took care to finish the same and to orchestrate this finale, and had it executed and published in this way.

In spite of all Borodine felt himself attracted towards the theatre. This, which is here proved, is that his abortive attempt of the Betrothed of the Tsar, after which he went on to Mlada, decided him, all of a sudden, after having written the second symphony in E flat minor, to put himself seriously upon the composition of an opera. This opera was the Prince Igor, which he left unfinished and which was only played after his death. His friend, M. Vladimir Stassow, who was his biographer, furnished him the scenario of a libretto which he himself afterwards remade and of which he wrote the words. This subject, which recalled a legendary epoch of the history of Russia, was taken from a national epic poem, the epic of the Kings of Igor, in which an author remaining unknown, retraces the high deeds of an expedition of the Russian princes against the Polovtsi, a nomad people of the same origin as the ancient Turks, who has settled in Russian provinces towards the middle of the twelfth century. This subject, treated unfortunately in a fashion a little naive and without developing a lively interest, gave at least the composer episodes so heroic, so picturesque, the occasion of employing lively colors and of finding happy contrasts, and, above all, of communicating to his work a profoundly accentuated character of nationalism.

M. Borodine presently found himself in disagreement with his friends of the circle. We find proof of this in his correspondence, which is very interesting, giving us not only indications upon his ideas of musical matters, but also what was wholly commendable in the man, showing us there a heart full of nobleness and a conscientious goodness which awakens all our sympathies. In evidence of this, I quote a fragment of a letter addressed to one of his lady friends, Madame Karmalina,

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in which he mentions the reasons which forbade him devoting himself too assiduously to his passion for art:

"As a composer seeking to be unknown," he says, "I am ashamed to avow my musical activity. This will be comprehended. For others, it is the principal occupation of their life, the end of their life. For me it is recreation, pastime, which distracts my attention from the activities of my professorship.* Cui is by no means an example for me. I love my profession and my science. I love the academy and my pupils. My teaching presents a practical character and involves on my part a great deal of time. I have to spend a great deal of time in conversation with the students, because the young pupils ought to be directed carefully in their labors. I have at heart the interests of the academy. If on one side is the desire wholly to finish my work, on the other hand I dread that I should occupy myself with it too assiduously and so should be led to neglect my scientific labors."

In order to show the disagreement which I mentioned between Borodine's ideas and those of his friends, touching the character properly to be given to dramatic music, I will again have recourse to his correspondence where he himself has stated: "It is necessary to remark that in the dramatic point of view I have always been in disagreement with a large number. Recitative is neither in my nature nor in my character. Even though, as some of my friends think, I manage it not at all badly, I am above all attracted by melody and cantilena."

This is completely and clearly opposite to the doctrine stated by M. Caesar Cui. So the score of Prince Igor, diversified in the form of the "Convive de Pierra" of Dargomijsky, so vaunted by these people, is divided into well determined pieces, airs, cavatinas, duos, trios, etc., and in this respect the work presents quite as fully as "The Life of the Czar" an incontestably national character.

It is, nevertheless, difficult to determine the talent of Borodine as a dramatic musician or writer, because the score of

*Borodine was one of the most ardent partisans of the accession of women to superior education. It was he who sought with Professor Rudinieff and Madame Tarnowskia in the medical school for women at St. Petersburg, the school where he taught chemistry from 1872, and in which he did not cease to occupy himself actively ever unto his death.

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"Prince Igor" was far from finished when its author died, and then, as I have said, it was finished out and completed by M. Rimsky-Korsakow, who was assisted in this labor by his excellent pupil, M. Glazounow, who is to-day one of the most brilliant in the court of the young Russian school. Borodine had completely finisned only the prologue and the first two acts, by the aid of which his pupil, M. Rimsky-Korsakow was enabled to construct the second act and to write entirely the fourth, while M. Glazounow wrote the overture and all of the third act. Nevertheless, insofar as we can judge in France concerning "Prince Igor," there is one thing which appertains to him exclusively, viz.: the airs of the ballet with chorus, of which the harmony is curious, and the oriental character so remarkable. These ballet airs are charming, full of color, particularly in the movement, with the rare originality of the ideas and the rhythm used. And what a striking and brilliantly colored orchestration into which the composer has completed them! With tambourines to mark the time, the side drum, the big drum, the cymbals and the tambour de basque. It is not necessary to say that all the world joins in the festival and orgie so delicious and soothing, because all that is employed has been done with exquisite tact and skill.

It is certain that there is in the music of "Prince Igor" a very pronounced national color, which, in spite of the faults of the poem, has maintained the work in reportory, and it has recently been produced with great brilliancy in St. Petersburg. It was these parts without doubt which caused Borodine himself to say "'Prince Igor' is essentially a national opera, which would have no interest for others than Russians who love to revive their patriotism at the sources of our history, and who wish to live over again upon the stage the origin of our nationality." (Prince Igor was produced at St. Petersburg for the first time three years after Borodine died.)

The ballet airs of Borodine that I have mentioned suffice to show us the capacity with which Borodine managed his orchestra. This capacity is further illustrated in a very curious symphonic sketch to which he has given the title "In Steppes of Central Asia." One recognizes here the passion of the Russian composer for programme music. This feeling that binds them to their favorite songs, and which, after having been participated in by Rubinstein and Tschaikowsky, finds itself to-day

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illustrated in Messrs. Rimsky-Korsakow, Glazounow, Arensky and others. It is very original in its form, very melancholy in its accent, very interesting from an orchestral point of view—this composition; and of a poetic sentiment penetrating and intense, for which Borodine himself traced this programme:

"In the silence of the desert steppes of Central Asia, we hear the first refrain of a peaceful Russian song. One hears also the melancholy sounds of the orient. The tramp of horses and camels, the approaching caravan, escorted by Russian soldiers, traversing the immense desert, continuing its long journey without ceasing, abandoning itself with confidence to the guardianship of the warlike forces. The caravan continually advances. The songs of the Russians and those of the natives mingle their harmony. Their refrains at length die away in the desert, and by and by they are quite lost in the distance."*

Borodine holds, in reality, a very important place in the contemporary history of Russian music. Without exaggerating his value, one might say he gives a personal tone which is above all characteristic of his country and of his race. As a musician he was a little complicated, a little tormented, a fascinating harmonist, subtle and given to audacity, who was not afraid (not enough afraid at times) of offending the ears of his hearers, a very capable countrapuntist and an elegant writer for orchestra. What seems to be lacking in him is calmness in force and unity in conception, and above all a just sentiment of simplicity, which at times is necessary.

In addition to the works I have mentioned it is necessary to speak also of two quartettes for string instruments in A and in D, the Third Symphony, left unfinished (which has been completed by M. Glazounow), a scherzo for orchestra, a serenade for one woman and four lovers, a comic quartette for four male voices (words and music), sextet for song and piano, a little suite for piano, and a number of vocal pieces.

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*This composition was destined for use in connection with the representation of tableaux vivant which was to have had a place at the theatre of St. Petersburg on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Emperor Alexander II. It was destined to evoke successively a series of episodes of Russian history.

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CONCERNING MUSIC STUDY IN BERLIN.

BY EDITH LYNWOOD WINN.

The American colony in Berlin is every year becoming larger. There are perhaps one thousand music students here, among whom are many young women. Few of the latter who have not their own living to earn come abroad for serious musical study. The nervous strain resulting from hard study, concert-going and an absolute disregard of health, is sending many a young woman home to America every year a physical wreck. To come abroad for a little musical veneering is as foolish as unwise, yet it has its advantages. It often results in awakening real earnestness of purpose. This is, however, dependent upon the inspiration of one's teacher and the environment of musical life.

The highest type of music student abroad is honest, humble, wide-awake and worldly-wise enough not to be dazzled by the feverish life of a gay capital. He makes no mistake in selecting a teacher as earnest as himself. Self-restraint, dignity of bearing and sympathy with, as well as understanding of, human needs come with maturity. Hence it is that we find among the older students of music in Berlin many who are teaching to pay their expenses. Some of the Hochschule students play in the new Berlin Symphony Orchestra, some in other orchestras, some have ensemble classes, some have private pupils. If a student is very talented, he is occasionally placed upon the free list in the Hochschule. Sometimes a distinguished teacher gives lessons free of charge to a very talented pupil, and teachers sometimes make a reduction in price to worthy students who are poor. Last winter an article appeared in the Cosmopolitan setting forth the worst side of study in Paris. There are tales that might be written of Berlin as pitiful as true.

A young woman who comes abroad for musical study can find absolutely nothing to do to help her financially unless she teaches music or English. There is too much competition for the first and, since there is a strong predeliction in Berlin for London English, the second plan is not feasible. An American

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governess is out of the question. Said a German lady to an American inquiring for a position: "Your manner of life and the way in which you Americans have been reared makes it impossible for you to teach in a German boarding-school!"

The teacher-student in Berlin receives from two to five marks an hour for private lessons in music, the teacher of English from two to three marks, the tutor four marks. Generally students practice from three to five hours daily, take regular exercise in the Thiergarten and the beautiful parks in the suburbs of the city, attend concerts occasionally and live anything but

OPERA HOUSE IN BERLIN.

the Bohemian life which modern novels depict. You will find American girls reading at the cheerful rooms of the American Girls' Club, where all the current magazines, a few choice musical works and some really good fiction afford them needed relaxation from their regular work.

The cost of living varies according to location of Pension, bill of fare and desirability of room. The lowest price is perhaps seventy-two marks per month; the highest might be estimated at one hundred and thirty marks for room, fuel, fire, lights, Pension and service. Few young women pay less than one

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hundred marks per month ($25) for board and room. The environment of culture is a part of a young girl's education, and it is exceedingly unsafe as well as impracticable to select a Pension because it is cheap. It is an excellent plan to select a Pension in which German is spoken. For liberal training it is well for a student to enter a music school. Here he has ensemble work, piano and violin, harmony and orchestra work. It is also a great advantage to have private lessons in addition to the class lessons received in the music school.

Among the schools of music in Berlin are the Klindworth Scharwenka Conservatory, Kullak Institute and Stern's Conservatory. The cost of attending these schools varies, but it may be safely estimated at about seven dollars per month. The Hochschule is a plain, two-storied building on Potsdamer Strasse. One would hardly believe from its appearance that it is one of the highest institutions of its kind in the world. There stands at its head one who for more than twenty-five years has labored to make it of world-wide renown. I refer to the greatest living teacher and violinist, Joseph Joachim. Examinations occur at the Hochschule only twice a year, in October and March. Perhaps one-fourth of the students who try the examination are admitted, and very few of these go directly to Professor Joachim. The price of tuition is exceedingly low, being about sixty dollars yearly. The school is designed to aid indigent and talented German students, but it is probable that there are quite as many American and English students as German.

Nowhere in the world are there so many representatives of the Hochschule as in the teaching profession and orchestras of America. I refer especially to violinists, for the great name of Joachim has brought students here from all lands and from the isles of the sea.

Among the teachers of piano in the Hochschule are Professors Heinrich Barth and Oscar Raif. These two teachers, with the exception of Professor Moritz Moskowski, have probably more American private pupils than any other teachers in Berlin. From a list of seventy or eighty pupils, each one of these gentlemen may average between forty and fifty Americans. The price of instruction with them is five dollars for hour lessons.

Professor Barth appears often before the Berlin public and is a general favorite as a soloist and as an accompanist in the

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popular concerts of Barth, Wirth and Hausmann in the Philharmonie. It is rumored that he will retire from concert work. He will be fifty years of age on the 12th of July. While he is tall, robust, erect, the personification of well-preserved strength of mind and body, his concert work and constant teaching must be telling upon his nervous system. He is not a virtuoso whose advent was like that of a flaming star. "Dieser grosse Meister mit dem Characterkopf," he has been called. His natural in-

PROF. HEINRICH BARTH.

telligence, his intense application, his sturdy independence and his robust constitution have been more to him than what we commonly call genius. It reminds us of the saying of George Eliot: "Genius at first is little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline." One look at the earnest and strong face of Professor Barth indicates his great capacity of mind.

"A man mirrors his nature in his playing," says Schumann. This Professor Barth does. His playing has been called lack-

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ing in warmth of temperament. It is the intelligent conception of a thorough musician. In his search for true art, his personality is shown in devotion to truth as he sees it revealed in the purely classical school. At the age of nine years he came to Potsdam to study in the school of L. Steinmann, who afterwards adopted him and whose widow, now at the advanced age of eighty-six years, is the constant care of her devoted fosterson.

Professor Barth was afterwards a pupil of Von Bulow, and later of Tausig, from whom he may have acquired that cool discrimination, contempt for striving after effect, and a desire to acquire an extraordinary technical power. He was first connected with Stern's Conservatory of Music, and later with the Hochschule. For twenty-five years he has been the associate of Joachim, whom he has several times accompanied on his tours. In 1887 he received the distinguished title of Hofpianist, and in 1881 he gained the title of Professor.

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Professor Oscar Raif, at the age of forty-nine, is strongly built, short of stature and might be easily mistaken for a business man. Both Herr Raif and Herr Barth have the intelligent forehead and the flatness at the back of the head which is frequently seen in the heads of musicians.

Herr Raif is a man of varied ability. He is widely read and exceedingly fond of painting, which he had in earlier years a strong tendency to follow as a profession. He is a ready conversationalist and a man of very attractive personality. It is singular that in the '60s he should have met Von Bulow, who induced him to follow music for a profession. It is also singular that he should have come to Berlin to study with Tausig. The talent for teaching which Tausig possessed in such a marked degree was not as remarkable as his power to develop a distinct individuality in each pupil. He a pupil and an ardent admirer of Liszt, departed from the Liszt school. Herr Barth and Herr Raif, each in his own way, grasped and utilized the teachings of their great master, Tausig. Herr Raif believes not so much in a large technique as in a broad musicianly interpretation. Herr Barth believes in a great amount of technical work. Hence it is that students in Berlin find it advantageous without in the least disparaging either fine teacher, to study with both. Professor Moritz Moskowski is widely known in America through his compositions.

He was born in Breslaw in 1854. Although in earlier years he evinced a strong taste for concert work, he became devoted to composition, for which he had been much gifted. He received very thorough training under Kullak in Berlin. His compositions include an overture, a piano concerto, symphonies, violin and piano solos, songs, etc.

In his earlier years he concertized in Germany and France. Of late his devotion to composition and the demands of teaching keep him from concert work. He is very affable, genial and exceedingly humorous, like his brother, the poet, Alexander Moskowski. Fire, sentiment and rhythmical abandon characterize Professor Moskowski's interpretation. He has been termed a member of the Pre-Raphaelite School of Music. It is said of Sir John Millais that in later years he painted too many nymphs and graces. There was a sensuousness about his coloring and too much that appeals only to the eye. It is possible that many of Professor Moskowski's compositions appeal more

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directly to the quick emotions than to the sober intellect. However that may be, his compositions are often played by concert performers and he is exceedingly admired by a loyal host of pupils.

All of the teachers mentioned have several vorbereiters or preparatory teachers, who are very painstaking and loyal to their distinguished teachers. Many American students take two

MORITZ MOSZKOWSKI.

hour lessons one week from a vorbereiter and one hour lesson during the next week from the Professor. The vorbereiter receives from four to ten marks per hour for lessons.

During the concert season in Berlin the student enjoys great advantages. He also attends soirees given by his teachers, vortrags abends at the Hochschule, if he is a student there, and he is devoted to the opera, so much so that he is willing to stand in the line of march before the opera house door every

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Sunday morning from nine a. m. until he is so fortunate as to secure cheap seats in the third or fourth balcony for the coming week. He studies foreign life, he hears the finest operas in the world sung in their own language; he hears the finest violinists in the world, for Berlin is a violin city and will be as long as the Joachim school and its influence survives; he hears some of the finest actors in the world, as well as pianists; he mingles

EUGENE GURA.

with young musicians who represent the virtuosity of the younger art-world, and, by coming in contact with a phase of life hitherto unrealized, he becomes a being of finer feelings and higher perceptions.

He is often found in Saal Bechstein, where he listens to concerts from a one mark seat in the balcony. At the opera house he hears the whole Niebelungen Ring under the skillful direction of Felix Weingartner, and he pays much less than he could possibly have paid for a similar privilege in America. He hears

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the whole eight concerts of the Joachim Quartette for sixteen marks, and even less. If he is a student in the Hochschule he hears these concerts there at the noonday Probe.

If he is a student of composition, he enjoys the Tuesday and Wednesday evening popular concerts at the Philharmonie. So great is the appreciation of the American colony for these concerts that Tuesday evening has been called American night, and at that time perhaps one-half of the audience is American. During the intermissions the American students take a friendly promenade in the hall above, but they rarely sit at the tables, drink beer and eat ham and bread during the performance of the orchestra, a most disagreeable feature of these concerts. Both University students and Hochschule students are able to procure tickets for these concerts at a great reduction. The price ranges from ten to fifteen cents a night.

The student attends the Recitals of the most celebrated German singers. He finds much that is helpful in the study of the songs of Brahms, Franz, Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn and others. He may not be a singer himself, but the mature, intelligent and sympathetic voice of Frau Amalie Joachim, together with her extremely fine interpretation, the yet fine voice of Lilli Lehmann and the interpretation of a singer like Eugene Gura is of great value to the violin and piano student. When a virtuoso is sufficiently advanced, is pressed for money or desirous of helpful criticisms before entering upon an American tour, he gives several concerts in Saal Bechstein or in the Sing Academie. Perhaps the sympathies of the American colony have been enlisted in his favor. At his first concert he is very fortunate if he pays expenses. He calls upon the newspaper critics in order to establish a friendly spirit between them and himself, and, at the last moment before the concert, he scatters tickets far and wide in order to insure a full house. At his concert one hardly knows how he is being received, so vociferously do his friends applaud. If he receives favorable comments from the Berlin critics his road to success is sure (?) If not, he must go to Russia or to America. Concert-giving presents many discouraging features. The virtuoso is often too earnest to be discouraged and he accepts invitations to play at receptions given by members of the American colony, at soirees and occasionally at the homes of Germans of rank. He sees a certain boorishness in some classes of society. He studies nationality

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and behold, he finds defects in American education! He is impressed by the politeness of the Germans at table, the frequent salutation, the deference of the young to the old, the respect of the untutored to the educated, the dignity of the relation between teacher and pupil and the salute of the soldier to the officer. While he does not fully countenance and uphold all this, he sees defects in American training, and he realizes a too

PETSCHNIKOFF.

great independence on the part of our youth. It does him good, very great good. Another advantage which the student here receives is the stimulus which virtuosity presents to mediocrity. Among the younger stars of the violin world Petschnikoff has won the admiration of the violin student and, shining with equal lustre, is the young nineteen-year-old pianist Gabrilowitsch. Of course, they took Berlin by storm, and, as usual, young America's "bravo" had the carrying quality of a fog horn

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It is possible that as the years advance we shall be willing to assimilate more in our own land to come abroad, not as to a finishing school, but as to a supplementary school in which contact with new powers will call forth higher ones in us. Then with mature mind, strength of purpose, trained emotions and skilled fingers, shall the highest type of American student abroad, after a few years of study, without a regret set his face

GABRILOWITSCH.

toward the west, and, with more true humility than we frequently see displayed at present, say, in the language of Beethoven in his later days, "I believe that I am yet at the beginning."

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MUSIC AND AESTHETIC THEORY.

(Concluded.)

BY HENRY M. DAVIES.

Closely related with this conception of music, is another which attempts to explain the phenomena by reference to abstract relations which musical notes set forth, but which are absolutely dissociated from the mind of the artist. The Herbartians have reduced the peculiarly aesthetic character of our musical experiences to this formal scheme. Hanslick, to whom reference has already been made, rejects, therefore, the idea that music is the expression of the feelings. As his critic, Ambros, puts it: "Its only subject matter is forms set in motion by sound * *" The purely formal part is the real part of music. This consists not of the mental product, but of the elementary nature of tones, as determined by the excitement of the nerves; the charm of sound, the sensation it excites in us—this constitutes the essential subject-matter in every piece of musical art. In short, absolute form constitutes the reality of every aesthetic art-work. Now this theory must be judged by facts, and by its relation to the facts it will stand or fall. Against it the main charge is its abstractedness. It forces us to such questions as these, viz.: Is music to be understood as standing somehow outside, or apart from, the context of the artist's mind? Is it psychologically possible to abstract the formal part of music, so that the aesthetic quality is outside the aesthetic judgment? How does this theory square itself with the concrete facts of musical science and art, where, we grant, a theory of formal relations is more workable than in the other arts? It would seem that in ignoring so considerably the subjective conditions which surround the actual process of the aesthetic consciousness, this theory had omitted fully one-half, and that the most vital part of our art. Further, it is seriously to be doubted if there exists even in musical art such a formal exactness as the theory in question supposes; certainly, on its assumptions, no room is logically provided for that idealism,

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upon which all art ultimately rests. Finally, this theory would render a philosophy of art a very remote possibility; since it makes music and its formal relations the type of all art. The standards and peculiarities of the aesthetic judgment vary with the objects which it works upon. To make music the standard of all art criticism is a futile effort; to no concrete work of art does it apply outside its own sphere. (Bosanquet. History of Aesthetic, in loc.) Therefore, it cannot logically express the whole truth of the matter; though the partial truth in it is fully acknowledged, and that is that music consists in part of numerical relations. Within its own sphere this conception applies readily. Our objection to it is that it is forcible only when confined in this way to some of the facts presented in the musical consciousness.

Before passing to the more positive aspect of this part of the subject, it may be well to note what it is that a true theory of music is expected to do for us. A true work of musical art is a problem to be explained, and it is this problem that the theory of music attempts to account for. Beethoven's ninth symphony, e. g., consists of various movements. At the beginning and in the course of the score there are many sign-marks, indicating the master's prescriptions to those who would grasp his idea. There is a marvelous scherzo, in which he turns the 3-4 measure in the opening into 4-4 and again into 2 measure, gradually issuing in a Presto movement of great force. The whole work is a unit. Now you do not explain this work by describing the original instincts (sexual and other), out of which this wonder of creative art arose. Mental activities are not functions of any part of the body. Nor do we advance any nearer a solution by saying that the beauty of that symphony, the whole witchery of it, is nothing but the excitement of our nervous system by means of sound-waves—a sort of neurotic intoxication. These influences are undoubtedly operative and in the long run have a large educative function to perform for the musical consciousness. But no "inner" relations of sound-waves, with end-organs of sense, can alone meet the demands of our appreciation of the ninth symphony; which is intellectual as well as nervous, and "reaches us" (to use Coleridge's phrase) on the levels of our general culture. Nor, finally, do we satisfy the conditions of the problem by abstracting the purely formal elements of our appreciation, our sense of the symmetry of the

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work, from the contexts of Beethoven's character and life. A true theory of music must take note of these attempted explanations of the problem, but it must also go beyond them and search for reasonable grounds for that judgment of truth and worth which the music postulates. It must explain for us why it is that the cultivated man judges the ninth symphony, or any truly great work of musical art, to be true in reality, true to life, true to men in all time, true in Mars as well as upon the earth.

From the logical standpoint, the theory of music must be established on those laws of thought which control the operations of our minds in other departments of knowledge. The aesthetic judgment rests upon these in the most immediate manner. I cannot, therefore, accept the statement of Stout (Analytic Psycology, p. 107, vol. 1) that our judgment of the internal consistency of a musical work of art is not logical, but "purely aesthetical." We have no knowledge of a mind that can function in this way. Inasmuch as the aesthetic judgment must have some content and must possess at least a relative degree of validity, it must rest upon concepts which have logical value. Psycologically the logical concept is not widely separated from the growth of the judgment as an individual product. These concepts are formed in the process of development; the aim of which is the perfection of the rudimentary powers of the soul in the harmony of a single mind. There can be no operation of this soul which can escape the influence of the judging and inferring function it possesses by nature. Without formal categories art could not exist. No judgment as to the Beautiful, whether in architecture, painting or music, could have validity as knowledge without them. Besides, psychology makes obvious, in the course of its analysis, the existence of these forms, and it is only by reason of them that cognition of the Beautiful, as other than mere delusion, can be established. Let us look at this further.

The question is whether the aesthetic judgment expresses synthetic connections outside the merely logical necessity upon which all synthetic activity rests. (B. Bosanquet, Logic, vol. 11, p. 231 f). Lotze, in particular, seems to hold that, ultimately, the unity of all synthetic connections, i. e., what we may call the final synthesis, may be rightly described as of aesthetic rather than logical character. Now, if this mean, that in this final synthesis we escape the formal necessity upon which all

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knowledge rests; or, if it mean, that in this last resort knowledge is a non-rational intuitional activity only, then I think it must be rejected. For it rests partly on a contradiction. Aesthetic judgment is, as we have seen, a growth, and has this peculiarity, viz., that it is not as explicit as other empirical judgments. Mr. Bosanquet says truly "It is the peculiarity of the aesthetic product, or of the aesthetic aspect of any object, that although coherent and rational, having passed through the medium of mind, yet nevertheless, qua aesthetic, it is not discursively analyzed." "Having passed through the medium of mind"—any work of art must be rational, and must make its appeal, not only to feeling, but to our entire spiritual nature. A work of art is a growth; it is not, as we have already observed in criticising the Herbartian theory, constructed by combination of abstract relations in the process of our ideal representations. As such it involves all the activities of our minds. It is, therefore, charged through and through with intelligence; it is a piece of rational construtions, based upon the fundamental postulates of our rational nature; it expresses these postulates in its structure—the simple difference between the judgment of art and the judgment of anything else being, that the former is less conspicuously formulated on logical necessity. Let us interrogate our experience. Leaving out the composer, let us, as amateur auditors, listen to some masterpiece. Now, is there not in the appreciation of our feelings a sort of rational conviction or belief that "this is true?" Is not the aesthetic pleasure itself a form of logic? A logic of feeling? Is there not a certain self-evidence about the work, which partakes of the pleasure excited in us by all logical coherence or necessity wherever found? And as such, surely, we may speak of the logic of the aesthetic judgment.

But, perhaps we misunderstand Lotze's meaning. Perhaps he means that the immediate intuition of aesthetic coherence is a form of logical necessity. The "aesthetic feeling or intuition," with its splendid inevitableness, may mean that the object partakes of that synthetic coherence of parts, which underlies all logical universals. It may mean only that the individual unity, which belongs to everything real, is not left to be "toilsomely unravelled by reflection" in artistic apprehension, but is presented to sense perception as a unity to be unfolded in the process of discursive analysis. Music, specially in its begin-

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nings, consists largely of this work of reflective analysis; it is a work entirely unavoidable, however simple an object may be in its ultimate nature. If this be Lotze's meaning we may accept it in great part; for it shows us that our appreciation of art is not unreasoning, but partakes, as all knowledge, of our rational nature. To apply this to music, the very moods to which musical art so variously appeals are accompanied by considerable reflective apprehension. Some analysis have gone to the extreme of erecting the contemplative into the chief psychic factor of musical pleasure. Let us revert to experience for facts. Take Beethoven's symphony in C minor; or, better still, perhaps, Wagner's opera "Die Meistersinger," with its wonderful play of "motifs." A trained musician does not simply direct his mind to be affected, but also to discriminate and distinguish the coherence of the parts in their relation to one another and to the whole. And the more he does this, the more does he discover a certain necessity to underly the arrangement. Nor does he find this analytic work interfere with the aesthetic pleasure he feels. Rather does he gain an added conviction of the teleology of all artistic construction; the mastery of which either excites despair in him, or a noble emulation. At first sight the logical process may seem to destroy that immediateness of feeling, which, like our empirical moral judgments, seems to contradict the idea of mere logical necessity. But this very immediateness of feeling is, upon analysis, seen to be one of the best proofs of the logical character of all aesthetic enjoyment. It is intolerable that the necessity for this enjoyment should rest on a non-rational intuition. In fine, the aesthetic judgment, which underlies the process of musical construction, is a synthesis of analyzed parts; a process of real construction proceeding according to universal concepts, which have validity as entering into the form of all knowledge, and therefore possessing value for our feelings in art.

All speculative theories that violate the unity of self-consciousness must, therefore, be false. Schopenhauer is a glaring example of this. Music, for him, holds a peculiarly honorable place; but when he comes to defend this place he commits this psychological suicide. His separation of the phenomenal understanding, with its sole category of sufficient reason, from the noumenal will of the world, which functions as the blind cause

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of all things, is, to say the least, a violation of the unity of self-consciousness. This diremption, however, underlies the logical structure of his theory of art and specially of musical art. Rules have less to do with either than moods, chance coincidences; only bunglers in art have any respect for rule. The genius in music merely seizes the world-will in transient flashes, in its various forms of manifestation. Reality is given in art by a sort of self-annihilation on the part of the artist. Of course, this is raving, not reasoning, and the end of any defensible theory of the subject. Music for him, though the most immediate revelation of the essence of the world-will, is at bottom a wholly illogical affair. Schopenhauer's contempt for the grammar and drudgery of things shows how completely he has sacrificed fact for theory in this conception of musical art.

I conclude, then, that the judgment of the musical artist and the knowledge postulated therein, is a rational act; resting on the same laws of thought; involving the same consequences, as the most ordinary processes of the logical understanding. If, in its final form, there is a certain immediateness about it, not unlike the similar acts in our moral and religious feelings, this cannot mean that it is irrational. The life of the mind, in all its acts and processes, is involved in it, and this consists in the unceasing endeavor to construct objects according to the connection of things. This always precedes the unities which at bottom the heart must help us to understand, but which are the product of the constructive imagination and intellect, acting on the data of sense. The logical processes of judgment and inference enter into this result; though they are filled with a wealth of ideal Beauty—a fact which points to still deeper grounds for musical theory.

In the last section we have defended the nature and validity of our aesthetic judgment, as involved in all musical art, against certain negative theories and more positively as a self-verifying act obedient to laws of thought. We have endeavored to vindicate at once the necessary character of our artistic perceptions and the disinterested love thereof due to the presence of the ideal Beauty as the goal of all art. From the logical standpoint, the theory of music is concerned with these matters. A third standpoint is required in valid aesthetic method, viz., the metaphysical, and to this we now turn.

Music, we have seen, is a spontaneous creation; the expres-

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sion of a free movement of our thinking, feeling and willing minds in union with its object. The question for us now to consider is: What is the nature of this object and the relation postulated between the object and the content of the artist's mind? This question has already arisen in the psychological aspect of our subject, where the conditions of a true view are presented in the soil, so to speak, of the mind. We are urged to this final question by the same instincts that prompt all attempts at explanation, the philosophizing instinct. An historical reason also exists. For the conspicuous failure of physical science to meet the conditions of the problem is one of the most interesting facts of modern speculation. (cf. Riehl, Philos Kriticismus. Pt. III. ch. 5. Herbert, Modern Realism examined.) We have about arrived at the conclusion that a merely intellectual construction of the universe is an impossibility; that we must supplement this aspect by our aesthetic and moral and religious experience, otherwise we have warped the reality of the world. The metaphysical, though considerably discounted in circles where art is cultivated, is nevertheless the corrective of onesided and partial theories of reality, and to it we have to carry all our problems, if we would understand them in their deepest import. From metaphysics we may look for light upon two important questions of aesthetic theory. In the broad sense, metaphysics undertakes to tell us what is the nature of reality (ontology); in the narrower sense it tells us how far knowledge of reality is possible (Theory of Knowledge). Both these problems are momenta in the individual's mind in its function of judging. As we are not writing a treatise on musical art, but sketching a valid method of aesthetic, we shall not attempt here an extended examination of these problems, from the standpoint of our musical experience. This paper, too, is already long enough. A word or two in order to catch the bearing of these questions on the higher (and drier?) aspect of musical culture. The second of the metaphysical problems propounded above—the problem of the objective reference in knowledge—is the one usually taken up first.

Take any work of musical art. Now the best authorities are agreed that the source of the beauty of it and of our pleasure in it lies both in and yet beyond the technical rules whereby it is constructed. With or without logical justification (we have

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concluded that there is logical ground for it), every work of musical art postulates, as the presupposition of its value to us, not only objective reality in the sense of sensuous sounds, but far deeper than this, as Schopenhauer has well shown, reality as an ideal unity with which our minds are in communion, and of which the sensuous sounds are but the medium of expression. Even in the pre-historic period of musical culture we already find sounds worshipped as divinities and every effort of rude intelligence is put forth to understand the "spirit" of the drum, or of the water-fall. Expressed in modern parlance this postulate that music, regarded as a species of knowledge, involves objective validity, amounts to this, viz., that the reality postulated in all music is one and universal, and is real in all the objects which music aims at. Indeed, we may and must go further and say that upon no other ground could art rest and hope to attain its final purpose. Now, in this postulate there is the assertion of an object, not merely as an abstraction of our own minds, but as a true objective. Kant insisted that this was obtained in the movement of the mind within the sphere of the object. But Kant's agnosticism led him into the error of separating the object and the content of the mind. Yet the postulate that all knowledge is knowledge of some object, which we learn to know by contact with it, is one of the greatest discoveries in the world of reflection; and this we owe to the penetration of Kant's intellect. The intention of the object as Beauty, in the universal sense, belongs to the same order of mental processes; it is obtained in experience, but not by experience. The fact, therefore, that all cultivated men find in the masterpieces of the musicians an element of objective finality, can only be explained by reference to the metaphysical postulate that all our knowledge is of one universal object, which has true being, the knowledge of which imports truth to our cognition of it. In the fluent and changeful media of expression which music employs, it is well nigh impossible ever to express the fullness of this communion with the object. The heart of man is inexhaustible when directed to an inexhaustible object. Even the most perfect specimens of musical art fail, for this reason, to embody the object in a degree sufficient to satisfy all our emotional requirements. As we have seen, these are deep-seated and far-reaching. But if, in any degree, the self-conscious soul of the artist has embodied in a work of art anything true,

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his work postulates the objective validity of the content therein expressed for all minds similarly constituted. The orderly sequence of sound, under the constructive activity of imagination, and in harmony with the subjective conditions which determine the growth of mental life, always culminates in the contemplation of some universal Reality which the mature judgment judges to have objective, as well as subjective, existence. Any theory of music, therefore, that does not postulate the immediate interaction of the artist's mind with this object and the free union and intercourse of the two; any theory, e. g. that speaks of any single element unrelated to the mind or incapable of progressive interpretation—destroys all possibility of any sound theory on the subject. The soul of man is the subject of states of conscious experience, which combine into a unity not further definable; aesthetic states are synthetically combined into unity in the same way. But this objective unity is not to be conceived of as a statical identity, or as an unknowable x. In this sense the object of art has no existence at all. It is only as it changes in a free and spontaneous manner, in accordance with its own nature, that this object has reality. All man's knowledge is charged through and through with this orderly change in an object, and it is his conviction that, in this particular, he is not reduced to intellectual confusion, that always leads him to the view that the object of art is of like nature to his own mind and that he is in constant, living, intercourse with it. Upon this postulate the judgment of art immediately rests, in all its branches.

The second question of a metaphysical sort which aesthetic method must take up is this: What kind of an object is this which all art postulates? Realism, in all its varied shapes and colors, tells us that it is just what it seems to be, and no more. The being which art postulates is thus the reflection of our own spirit on the world of physical things. The phenomena are all we have; they are the reality of our experience. This is an utterly miserable explanation of our problem, in the light of the facts both psychological and logical. All knowledge involves transcendence above phenomena; inference to higher truth from data of sense; and in the last resort ideal truth in an ideal object. Rather would we say with Lotze that the conceptions upon which art rests "prove the presence of an idea of internal regularity, which our phantasy everywhere works into the con-

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tent of phenomena." With the idealists, the reality of our object is spiritual in nature. Music, thus, may be regarded as the expression of our ideal strivings after a fuller knowledge of the reality of this spiritual being in nature. It is true in proportion as it contributes to our feeling for ideal being. Perhaps Realism and Idealism are extremes. Materialism is, from the standpoint of art, a necessary implication of its formal aspect. But it does not express the whole truth and needs to be supplemented by Idealism, which teaches us that if we would know the reality which the world of sense-perception possesses we must construct it in terms of self-consciousness. Musical art, therefore, presupposes that there is a Being in which all its ideal strivings after perfect Beauty are realized—a Being that experiences and is the perfection of all Life. The musician, who has awakened to a clear consciousness of the ideal, is carried away from the well-known and familiar to the wide ocean of universal life in which all its particular, individual forms are lost. To gain sympathy with the absolutely perfect is the goal of all genuine art; to make the aesthetic consciousness clear and transparent to its presence is the final aim of all aesthetic discipline. Music, in short, must both express and suggest the Ireal unity, within its sphere and range of ideas—a unity amid diversity. Otherwise, it is not up to the level of its highest duty and privilege. It is only in this way that we can vindicate the disinterested pleasure which is a part of all ideal musical production and save our beloved art from the degradation into which we find it falling, in all its chief forms, in the present day.

In conclusion, it may be well briefly to recapitulate the foregoing remarks. The positions taken are substantially the following:

1. Valid Aesthetic Method must be psychological, logical, and metaphysical. The theory of music must fulfill like conditions.

2. The psychological task is that of describing and explaining the data, with which the other sciences and philosophy have to deal. Hence the treatment of music.

3. The logical part is two fold: First, to insist upon the facts in all theories of these data. Second, to determine the forms upon which any defensible theory can possibly rest. As applied to music, this work results in the rejection of partial theories of its nature and the assimilation of the truth contained

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in them to more logical and comprehensive modes of explanation.

4. The Metaphysics of Art deal with the degree of validity or objective worth which is postulated in our knowledge of the truth of ideal form; and the determination of the nature of that being with which we are in constant intercourse in the process of our conscious activity. The metaphysical theory of music, therefore, must criticise the factors which enter into our cognition of notes and sound; it must also determine the limits of musical expression, as defined by the kind of object we hold up as the Ideal Life of reality.

If the future of musical theory seems to promise no such results as those outlined above; if, as Ambros seems to think, music needs propping up from poetry in order to exist as an art—this is only another proof of the need of a true method of science in this case. I shall be satisfied if, in the foregoing, I have engaged the interest and attention of lovers of art, or contributed in the least to the earnest investigation of so subtle and religious a subject, on its own merits.

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JOHN BARRINGTON, JR.

BY EMILE LOUIS ATHERTON.

CHAPTER X.

PART VI.

Mr. Earlington continues the narrative.

The lovemaking and the writing of the task book kept pace with each other, until the latter had been written through twice, and the former had brought the two young people more closely together in their feeling for each other and in their lookout on life than any similar couple I had known.

The summer was a very hot one, and as the nervous strain which the writing of the book imposed on all of us in a varying degree, had operated together with the heat unfavorably on our mutual healths, I decided to close my country house, and taking Mr. Barrington and my niece with me, go away for the rest of the season. The place which I selected for our outing was the Isles of Shoals, where I had previously spent many pleasant summers. These islands are a group of rocks which stand out of the ocean like so many giant turtles' backs. They are in the Atlantic about ten miles from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and on one of them is the celebrated Appledore House.

Just before we left home we received a visit from Mr. Barrington's cousin, Miss Julia White; and while I am willing to grant that she acted very fairly toward Mr. Barrington, her conduct toward me was unjustifiably rude. She declared among other things that I had entrapped him into the engagement with my niece, and she said that I "was a sly old rascal." Nor would she listen to any contradiction, nor to the facts which would have changed her opinion of my conduct. She scolded Mr. Barrington for his weakness, called my niece a "hussie," and finally took her departure in a blaze of irritable scoldings, leaving a packet of papers in Mr. Barrington's hand. These he found to be the legal documents which she had ex-

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ecuted, and by the terms of which he was to receive a very liberal income from her until such a time as he would come into possession of his father's estate. He was further informed by these papers that in the event of her death before he received the above mentioned property, he was to inherit all the worldly goods of which she died possessed. A note which accompanied the papers summed up her reasons for these things in the following words:

"By giving you an income fully sufficient for your necessities, and the promise of a fortune after my death, I hope that I have succeeded in destroying the effect of your father's will, in the event of your failing to obtain his estate which rightly belongs to you. He always was a fool. If you can succeed in recovering your property, you will please me. But I would rather that you never got it, than to have you continue in the occupation of scribbler for the rest of your life. You should, if you get them back, settle down on your estates and live the kind of life your grandfather lived. He was the last Barrington who was worthy of the name."

As Miss White's fortune had come from the Barrington estate originally, and as I felt sure that Mr. Barrington would soon gain his property and could then repay, if he wished, the advances made to him by his cousin, I advised him to accept this arrangement.

Mr. Barrington spent some days in New York before we left for the Shoals in purchasing various articles he needed, and amongst them fishing tackle and a curious new kind of life boat, which combined safety with speed. About the 18th of July we left home, and arrived two days later at our destination. I was a good deal disappointed to find that Mr. Blaming, his fiancee, Miss Loveton, and that young lady's entire family had arrived at the hotel some days before. However, as Mr. Blaming had as great a dislike to me as I had to him, he took care that the two parties should meet as seldom as possible. Knowing of Mr. Barrington's former engagement to Miss Loveton, I watched him carefully, and I am positive that no meeting took place between them, and I am equally positive that he had no desire to see her. To my personal knowledge he passed her without recognition on several occasions. I wish my reader to understand this in order that he may comprehend and share my perplexity at that which afterwards occurred.

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On the night of our fifth day at the Shoals I received a telegram from my publishers in Boston, which required me to be in that city early on the following morning. As Anna wished to make some purchases she decided to accompany me. I intended to return the same day. Mr. Barrington did not suggest going with us, and from his manner I judged that he had had a lovers' quarrel with my niece, of which it was wiser to take no notice. We left on the earliest boat, and though Mr. Barrington sat with us at breakfast, he did not suggest a change of his former intention to remain at the hotel. He came down to the wharf and saw us on board the little steamer and then stood for a long time in the same position in which we left him, watching my niece who sat in the bow of the boat, where she could see him. Finally he turned, and began getting his boat ready to go sailing. She expressed some anxiety about his going to Captain Robinson, who stood near her. Although the wind was cold and damp and blew unpleasantly hard, and the sky covered with heavy clouds that were everywhere in great dark masses, he said that while it would probably be blowing a gale before night he guessed that Mr. Barrington could take care of himself and would come in before it blew too hard. We spent the day in Boston, and returned to Portsmouth just in time to take the boat for the Shoals. When we reached the landing we were greatly surprised to learn that it was blowing so great a gale that Captain Robinson did not dare to venture across in the boat, which was not the staunchest craft afloat by a long degree. We accepted our disappointment as well as we could and returned to the hotel in the town which is happily one of the finest in the state. Anna was restless and unhappy, and she finally confessed to me that she had been unjust to Mr. Barrington, and that she was very unhappy because she could not tell him so at once. After a little she began to worry about his safety, and as she heard the whistling of the wind in the chimneys she shuddered as though both of them had been out in the blast. She asked me if I thought that he could have been caught out in the storm, and I assured her, laughing at her fears, that he was probably at that moment making love to Miss Loveton, who, I said, would be free to accept his renewed attentions, as Mr. Blaming had intended to go to New York that morning. Her fears on this head and on that of the boat were set at rest by a Mr. Rogers whom we met

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later in the evening, and who, like ourselves, had been detained by the storm. He said in answer to my niece's questions that he was sure he had seen Mr. Barrington go out in his boat after we left, but he was equally sure that he saw him at breakfast, and also that he had seen him at the railroad station at Portsmouth later in the day. My niece immediately thought that he had gone on to Boston in the hope of meeting us and that it could not be long before he returned to the hotel where we were. But he did not come, and the next day the storm was still too bad for the boat to go out. For five days we staid on at the hotel, each morning expecting to see the storm at an end. On the third day I drove over with Anna to Rye Beach. She did not want to accompany me, as she had constantly expected Mr. Barrington to return to the hotel. When he did not come I concluded that Mr. Rogers had been mistaken and that he had not seen him at the station. But she believed that he was angry and had gone on to New York. When she did agree with me, as now and again she would for a while, that he was at the Shoals, she renewed her worrying about his boat and her fears that he was out in the dreadful storm. I thought that the drive would brace her up and rid her mind of her fancies, and so she accompanied me.

At Rye Beach I learned that two vessels had gone ashore just above that place on the rocks, and that the life-saving crew which had been called together, had been unable to launch their boat. The crew of the vessels had therefore perished within a few hundred yards of the land. As we sat in the carriage, sheltered by a house which stood on our windward side, we watched the struggles of a schooner that was trying to weather a point of land, which, owing to the height of the tide, was covered with water. The sails which were set, and of which I am not sailor enough to tell the names, were blown to ribbons just as we caught sight of her, and the schooner was being steadily edged by the wind toward the avoided point of land. The sailors set sail after sail, and worked like very demons, but each sail was whipped into ribbons as the others had been, as soon as the wind reached it. At one moment it almost seemed to us that she would escape, but later, while she was running swiftly along, bending over shoreward before the blast, she suddenly lifted her stern so high in the air that the copper sheathing of her hull could be plainly seen, and then

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she came down with a crash, sending the water up about her in mountains of spray; for a moment the great waves rolled up and over her, washing the men from her masts and bearing them swiftly toward the shore. Then her bow rose grandly to such an altitude that she seemed to be standing on end, and flashed out in a smother of spray; when we saw her again both her ends were elevated for a moment, and then she broke in two pieces and disappeared. Anna became hysterical after this awful scene, and I blamed myself for having brought her to the place. We returned immediately to the town.

As there was no connection between the Isles of Shoals and the mainland but the boat, the Appledore House would by this time be in great need of water and provisions, so perhaps a little earlier than was altogether safe the boat started off for the islands on the sixth day from the time of the beginning of the storm, which happened to be a Sunday. I did not delay going in her because of my niece who had worked herself into a state of nervous fever, and seemed, without having any sufficient data to go upon, to apprehend that the storm had imperiled her lover. This was silly enough and especially as at first she had believed in Mr. Rogers' story, but as every man who has had to deal with women knows, their fancies are often as changeable and quite as determined as their beliefs, and so we went, as I have said, in the first boat. The ocean was covered with small wreckage and with floating boards and lumber that had formed the deck load of some vessel. It showed the ravages of the storm and the long lines of whipped foam, trailing out with frayed sides on the slow heaving waves, gave them a curious air of being tired or weary of the ceaseless effort which they had been forced to make.

"I am afraid, Uncle, that we will not find him here," said my niece, looking up at me sorrowfully.

"Nonsense! Nonsense! my dear," said I. "Anyone would suppose that the being away from John for a few days was a dreadful calamity. You will find him on the wharf waiting to welcome you, my dear. Mr. Rogers did not know him very well, and probably he mistook someone else for him. And you know it is foolish to suppose that he staid out in his boat too long on the day the storm came on, for Mr. Rogers spoke to him when he was at breakfast and after he had returned. Now, do not be foolish, my dear."

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"Still, Uncle, something has happened," said she, sorrowfully. In order to take her mind from this distressing subject I led her to the front of the boat in order that she might be able to see Mr. Barrington as soon as we were near enough to distinguish the faces of the people as the boat came nearer, and as we strained our eyes to search every face, the belief was borne in upon me that he was not there. This belief became a certainty, and not knowing just what to say to my niece to encourage her, I waited silently for events to develop themselves. I noticed that everyone on the wharf was very quiet, and while some attempted to rejoice because of our return, they did so in a half-hearted way. It took a long time to secure the boat to the wharf, but we were finally able to go on shore. We were welcomed by the people in the same quiet manner, which led me to ask Mr. Laighton what was the matter. He turned away without replying to me, and I hurried my niece, who was in a sort of stupor, up to the hotel. Mr. Loveton came forward to meet us, and there was something in his manner which suggested a belief on his part that we would naturally expect him to do this.

"This is very painful," he said, "for both of us."

"What?" I asked.

"In order to avoid the interference of others I would suggest that we sit down at the end of the piazza."

I am not sure that I should have complied with this request, but my niece followed him without hesitation and sat down opposite to him.

"Do you mean to tell me," he asked, "that you have not heard of my daughter or of Mr. Barrington since the storm began?"

"Not a word," I replied, "except that Mr. Rogers said he saw him at the Portsmouth station the day of the storm."

"Ah, ha!" he said, "that explains it. Without going into further particulars I may say at once that Mr. Barrington is a scoundrel and has eloped with my poor, weak daughter."

I expected to see my niece faint at this brutal statement, but instead she looked at him more intently, and said in a low voice:

"Please explain immediately what proof you have, Mr. Loveton."

He leaned forward in his chair so that his arms rested on

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his large, fat knees. He placed the tips of his fingers together, and raising his eyebrows into an expression of the coolest indifference, he said:

"Listen."

"Go on," said my niece.

"On the day of the storm," he began, "at ten o'clock in the morning, Mr. Barrington got out his boat, and my daughter was seen to step into it. As no words had passed between them up to this point, I presume that it was an arranged engagement. They sat and talked to each other for about ten minutes, and then Mr. Barrington released the boat and headed her for Portsmouth. Several squalls followed within a half hour, but they were on the other side of the island and could not have wrecked or disturbed Mr. Barrington's boat. The full fury of the gale was not reached for an hour, and it is probable that they arrived at Portsmouth Harbor, as you say Mr. Rogers thought he saw Mr. Barrington in the Portsmouth station."

I was about to speak angrily, when my niece rose and held out her hand to him, and with a most brilliant smile parting her lips she said with forced gaiety:

"Why then I must congratulate you, Mr. Loveton, on your son-in-law. Was it not fortunate that my engagement with Mr. Barrington was broken the day before his marriage with your daughter? That is, was it not fortunate for me?" she said, smiling again. "I must go and change my dress now," and she made him a little bow, and taking my arm, started with me down the piazza. I looked at her face, and my heart fairly bled for her, for I saw how she was suffering, and I knew how bravely she had planned to acquit herself.

Later in the day we learned from a fisherman that he had seen Mr. Barrington and Miss Loveton in the boat. That they had been swept past him in the middle of a squall. I asked him how far from the Shoals he was at the time he saw them, and he replied:

"About six mile to the nor' east of these here Shoals."

"Then," said I to Mr. Loveton, who was standing near to me, "they have probably been washed out to sea," and he looked at me with a fearful anxiety growing over his face.

"The question is," said someone, "whether John Barrington has eloped with Miss Loveton or whether the sea has eloped with both of them," and there were several people who laughed at this as a joke.

(To be Continued.)

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NOTEWORTHY PERSONALITIES

MR. WILSON G. SMITH.

Few names of American composers are better known than that of Mr. Wilson G. Smith, of Cleveland, and few musicians are more highly appreciated by the learned and the general musical public alike. The musical education of Mr. Smith was be-

MR. WILSON G. SMITH.

gun at Cincinnati, where his teacher, the late Otto Singer, urged him to make music his profession. In 1880 he went to Berlin, where he was a pupil of such masters as Kiel, Scharwenka, Moszkowsky and Oscar Raif. Returning to America he located in Cleveland, where he immediately built up a valuable business as teacher of piano, organ and composition. He was one of the charter members of the American College of Musi-

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cians, sharing with Messrs. Gleason and Bowman the honor of having matured the examination plans of that valuable but short-winded experiment.

As a composer Mr. Smith has covered a wide ground. He has written a number of very pretty songs, very many piano pieces of all sorts, a set of curious experiments in imitating the peculiarities of different composers, and lately he has been very active in producing studies for the piano. All of these are clever in workmanship and most of them show intelligence in finding out new opportunities, while some of them are very clever indeed. It is likely that this part of his work will perform the same office for Mr. Smith that the famous studies used to do for the celebrated Czerny, who, when solicited by a publisher for something new, used to give the choice of new sonatas, fantasies or new studies—the latter costing about twice as much as either of the former. Mr. Smith is an extremely well endowed musician and there is plenty of time yet for his sun to rise high in the heavens.

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I.

It looks to me as if President Herbert W. Greene had made a very creditable success of the meeting of the Music Teachers' Association, and has perhaps developed plans along which more finished results can be had later on. As before noted in these columns, the papers read were mainly along three lines: Music in the common schools; music in the college and university, and musical journalism. Professor Gow, of Vassar, prepared the work of the College discussions very carefully, and the result appears in his own advance statement of the existing history of the case, well supplemented by the very good papers read. Mr. Elson had prepared the work on musical journalism with similar care, and, which is more to the point, succeeded in bringing out a variety of replies to his advance circular from some very distinguished editors and critics —papers containing a great deal of meat. The public school department seems to have elicited a good deal of matter from Messrs. John Tagg, H. E. Holt, Miss Kate Chittenden and others; but unfortunately, at the moment of present writing, the papers are not published. There were also two long and valuable papers on the Guitar and Mandolin, and there was a magnificent woman's session, under the direction of Mrs. Sutro. This seems to have suffered from its own completeness, the size of the audience necessitating the use of the large hall where women's speaking voices are incapable of being heard. There was a great variety of musical performances, many of them belonging to the exposition idea, illustrating idiosyncracies of "method" and "system;" a few were of real value as

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The convention suffered from its own size and elaborateness. As in the great circuses, there were performances going on in three "rings" at the same time—in the great hall and in two smaller halls. In the effort not to miss good things the audience floated about from one room to another as its mood or restlessness carried it. Naturally the performances in the large hall, holding fifteen thousand people or more, suffered most

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of all. Mr. Godowsky told me that he began his own recital in a fairly good mood, but the continual buzzing of conversation, the heat and the continual coming in and going out of people finally reacted upon his playing so that he was glad to get through. Mr. Sherwood complained of the same difficulty, but, being an older and more robust player, he managed to hold his own. Singing could sometimes be heard; sometimes not.

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Among the best papers presented were two by Mr. W. J. Henderson of the New York Times. He read a paper on Musical Journalism, which will sometime be reproduced in this magazine; and a very good paper on the study of music as musical literature in colleges. In both he showed himself clear-headed and to the point. Mr. Elson also read an interesting paper, and I can well understand that, taken in connection with the magnificent and individual appearance of this distinguished master of public discourse, it made a fine effect.

* * *

The high-water mark in the line of new musical works presented seems to have been reached in the symphony by Mr. Harry Rowe Shelley, who, according to accounts, showed how ripely he has advanced since his three years' work with Dr. Dvorak. It will be remembered that this clever young man began his career of distinction while a pupil of Mr. Dudley Buck, by taking the first prize for a male part song or cantata, offered by the Apollo Musical Club of Chicago. This was in 1886. He has good ideas, perhaps a trifle too much color, and clever phantasie. This is what they say.

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In the line of performance I judge from the report that Mr. Godowsky touched the highest line. Mr. James Huneker hits the nail on the head with the following comments:

"Stupendous is the only word that occurs to one after listening to Mr. Godowsky's performance of the Brahms-Paganini variations, or to his own paraphrase of Chopin's E flat Valse, op. 18. This young virtuoso has such complete, such unaffected control of the keyboard that you are sometimes tempted to overlook his fine musical equipment, his marked talent as a composer, and his marvelous memory.

"Technically there are but two or three pianists who can be ranked with Godowsky—Joseffy, De Pachmann and Rosen-

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thal. His best playing on this occasion was the Brahms variations, although the clarity, the sunny brilliancy of the E flat polonaise were delightful. Godowsky's scherzino proved very interesting and well made."

The same paper also speaks highly of Mr. Sherwood's performance, and rightly notes that it showed him at his best.

* * *

The main thing really done at this meeting, besides making a vast deal of noise, was the adoption of a new constitution providing for a delegated membership, consisting of five from each state association, three from each state which has no state association (the latter selected by the president of the national association), one delegate from each chartered music school, one from each college and university, the delegate to be a member of its musical faculty. Professional members consist of teachers and public workers in art who sign the constitution and pay an annual due of two dollars. Associate members, those interested in music but not practical musicians. Life members, those paying twenty-five dollars at any one time. There is also a provision for honorable membership, consisting of persons distinguished for work or service to music, recommended by the council and voted by the association.

The object of the association is stated as "the promotion of musical culture in America."

* * *

It looks to me as if something might be done under this constitution. It meets and fairly disposes of all the objections commonly urged against a delegated membership, by the provision concerning chartered schools and colleges; and it is so broadly laid out that it will be possible to secure under it a body embracing and well representing the best life in the musical profession. I think it is an admirable scheme. Two or three successive meetings as well worked up in advance as this has been, and avoiding the tendency to make it too large, will probably have the effect of interesting all the prominent members of various classes of musical workers embraced in the foregoing schedules. As the election of officers resulted in retaining the active and sanguine Mr. Herbert W. Greene in his office, and the place of meeting remains New York, I shall expect things to improve with the National Association from now on. We shall see.

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II.

There are certain points about these annual meetings of state and national associations which need clearing up, the central one being the question, Why are we together?

For instance I have in mind the programme of the meeting of the Michigan State Music Teachers' Association, at Detroit, June 28th, for three days. The programme embraced three sessions a day, and the most of the time was given up to musical performances. I have calculated that in the entire programme there were about one hundred and forty pieces or movements performed, of which about fifty-five were by artists or of the artist class; while eighty-five were performed by persons of the other classes mentioned. Many of these latter showed excellent talent, and any one, or half dozen of them, almost, might be heard with pleasure. Several of them illustrated principles of teaching which, if taken in connection with a sort of clinical explanation, might have been instructive. Nevertheless, the long succession of these performances proved tiresome and distracted attention from the performances by artists, of which there happened to be also a strong representation.

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In the category of artist performances I put the playing of the Detroit Philharmonic Club, consisting of Mr. William Yunck, first violin; Mr. Hermann Brueckner, second violin; Mr. Frank Resche, viola, and Mr. Herman Heberlein, 'cello. Mr. Yunck and Mr. Heberlein are very good players indeed, and the quartette as a whole goes admirably. They were heard in the Beethoven Quartette in C minor, opus 18, and in two movements of the Schumann Quintette, with Mrs. Heberlein at the piano. The two other evenings of artist work were by Mr. Leopold Godowsky, Mr. William H. Sherwood and Mr. Geo. Ellsworth Holmes.

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The curious thing about this Detroit meeting was the utter lack of educational discussions or papers. The only exception was in the public school department, which Mrs. Emma Thomas had worked up quite successfully. The star performer in this section was Mr. William L. Tomlins, whose characteristic personality and mystical and often vague, but also some-

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what forceful, suggestions concerning music in the schoolroom and in life and society were of value. The only other papers were the address of the president, Mr. Albert W. Platte, of Saginaw, and a short biographical paper on women composers by Mrs. T. H. Christie, Detroit. The concert appertaining to this occasion, I will add, was one of the most largely attended of all. It belonged to the current swim of musical and woman club study, and is part of that culture which consists in the new woman acquiring confidence in her incessantly widening powers to do, to suffer, and to enjoy.

* * *

The president's address began by recognizing the defective character of the meetings and their want of proper force upon the musical culture of the state. He suggested that this might be bettered by an organized effort at "music extension," courses of lectures, recitals and the like, sent out under the auspices of the state society and supported locally by active "local sections" of members of the state society. I believe that he expected the outcome of a movement of this kind to result in a delegated membership of the state society.

* * *

The idea has value; but to carry it out, or rather, to get the machinery and the spirit into organization for successfully carrying it out, would afford field for a grade of executive ability and organizing capacity which appears to be much lacking in the musical profession—if, indeed, it be not foreign to its temperament. The more musical you create a personality, the less he is able to organize and control an aggregate of opposing personalities. The innate friction appals such a man. It drives him to the retirement of his own fireside. On the other hand, the artistic endowment gives a man a controlling authority of his own. Take Mr. Godowsky, whom I mention as perhaps the most gifted and masterly musical mind known to me, and in his playing and above all in his charming and intensely poetic interpretations, he exerts an influence which few men in the world exert. The field of this influence will widen as long as his powers mature; but he is limited to this one mode of operating. As an artist he is a prophet; as a man to organize a great educational movement, he would be impossible. Or, rather, it would be impossible for him be-

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cause the call to play is his own particular call. The like is true of every artist.

Yet a movement organized and controlled for a music extension by persons wanting in artistic sense (both as to subject matter to present and manner of adequate interpretation) would be foredoomed to failure. This, however, is matter for Professor Platte to work out. When the committee is appointed, he must necessarily be its chairman. Then we will await his report.

* * *

The great difficulty with the average music teacher in a small town, when he thinks of one of these far-away state or national meetings is to convince himself that he would be benefited twenty or a hundred dollars worth by attending; and that his neighbor attending, while he himself stayed away, would thereby gain an advantage over him. Hence, after all the central question which as yet we are far from having mastered is the question Cui bono? Of what good is it? Am I taller, fatter, thinner, shorter, do I play better, play longer, sing more frequently, or gain more pupils by going? If not, why am I to go? Why should I forward to the secretary my two dollars for annual dues, when I cannot for the life of me see that I am to get any good at all by doing so? This is the practical question.

* * *

There are four possible reasons why one might care to be a member of a society of this kind, namely: To learn something; to be inspired; to have a good time; or (I now come to the universal and general motive of all), to run for office.

Taking the case of the Michigan society from these four aspects, let us see where they bring us. I begin where I left off, by saying that I believe only two persons were elected to office; or, if more, only two new ones. Evidently this chance is remote. As to having a good time, it was very hot; this was not the fault of the officers of the society, but they were sufferers with the rest of us. As to inspiration, consider how the air was confused by the endless performances of music by performers who as yet are not artists. Teachers coming from neighborhoods where the standards of playing and singing are low, found many of these performances of distingiushed excellence. They had no guide, and there are only a few music

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teachers as yet who know the great art of listening to music and taking it in "without vain questioning," as St. Paul has it.

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I am not saying that these lesser performances were without value. Just as one climbs a mountain a little higher than Mount Washington for the mere sake of having an outlook at another mountain more than twice as high, whose majesty and glory cannot possibly be realized from the level ground at its foot, so I think it is worth while for a student to attain these lesser grades of virtuosity for the sake of understanding better what it is that artists do. But in a case of this kind the average hearers are like those who travel along the valleys of Switzerland and can not see the Matterhorn, Monte Rosa, the Jungfrau, and the like by reason of the lesser hills which shut out their sight. At the same time these collected performances by talented young teachers, advanced pupils and young artists have a great value as object lessons in the current standards of teaching work. There ought to be some way of having this sort of thing going on all the time, during such a meeting, after the manner of "continuous vaudeville," permitting one to call at the moment when the particular "turn" of his interest was due to be done. Meanwhile, let it be distinctly understood that these things, while of interest, do not form part of the high ranges; for them let us reserve the honor which is their due and which, in fact, forms the proper atmosphere.

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Surely it would be worth something if at these meetings young teachers from inland towns could bring practical questions to the attention of the leading lights of the profession in the state. I am well aware that in this channel there are rocks which have wrecked many a craft heretofore. When the vocal teachers begin they do not go very far before one gets stuck on a rib, another on a collar bone and another on a diaphragm or a glottis, and the meeting separates. It is the same thing with piano teachers. One has heard of Deppe, another of Mason, and another of Virgil, and the old story of "one of Paul, one of Apollos, and another of Peter," is re-enacted. But then what of that? We need ideas, and we need contact with leading minds. We have got to have it if an educational meeting is to do good.

They have a rule in the Michigan association that no solo

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artist shall be heard two years in succession; and for aught I know that no officer shall have an idea two years in succession; or that no man shall present ideas two years in succession. This is a sort of Procrustean, trades-union rule, based upon the postulate that the thousands of music teachers in Michigan, or any other state, are all liable to have ideas; and to have them in successive years. Liable? Yes, liable! But not very.

* * *

Thus the floor is now declared open to the creative mind able to point out a way in which the state associations can be made interesting and valuable to every person attending; so much so that every average teacher will hasten to enroll himself and diligently come. And then to let us know how we are to have ideas in plenty and yet suppress the bore and crank; and have all sorts of playing and still be able to discern the glory of great art; how to prepare programmes without having them cut and dried; and how not to shut out what the preachers call "wind-falls," meaning thereby the lucky ideas which turn up after the programmes are printed. It is a neat little job; who speaks first?

III.

In making out a programme for appearance before one of these state or national societies an artist is in an awkward position. One pianist thinks that no recital is interesting to an audience unless composed of many short pieces, largely of a pleasing character. Another thinks that unless the artist has at least a few numbers illustrating his highest powers he will not put them forth, and the impression he leaves will be wholly inadequate. Something of this kind turns up whenever an artist offers a programme in which pieces occur commonly supposed to be beyond average comprehension. For example, in this Godowsky programme we had the Grieg Ballade, a work seldom played in public. Why is it not oftener played? Is it not about the most complete expression of Grieg's imagination and piano-playing art? Surely it is this very distinctly. The reasons why it is not more often played are mainly its difficulty, the range and variety of piano-playing required in it, and the form, which is that of variations. Now the variation form does not happen to be a current musical form with the

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present generation of hearers, despite the fact that some of the greatest illustrations of it have been composed quite lately. The variation as a continuous piece is subject to the marked advantage for the hearer that the form completes itself in short pieces, with the incidental advantage of variety derived from a fundamental theme. It has also the great disadvantage of monotony of key. To avoid this some composers vary the key now and then as well as the mode from major to minor. It has an additional disadvantage for the player that it does not afford him any assistance in the way of what we might call momentum. When an artist starts out to play a long fugue, or any well-organized and thoroughly worked out movement, especially a sonata, he derives a great deal of advantage from the momentum of the playing. While the subject matter is duly contrasted, the relation of keys and the stability of the rhythmic movement afford a track along which the experienced player proceeds with the confidence of a locomotive upon its usual run. In a set of variations the train comes to a full stop once in sixteen measures, or thereabouts, and this full stop is most of the time upon the very same tonic. Moreover, there is a monotony of landmarks from which even the most lively imagination cannot escape, and the art of the composer is illustrated in his securing variety and unexpected contrasts, while never exceeding the limits proper to the form in which he is working. Grieg, in this Ballade, has managed to accomplish wonders in this regard, nevertheless the form of it necessitates pauses after each stanza, and no hearer is able to enjoy it and understand it as a whole until after many hearings. Nevertheless, such is the fancy of the composer that remarkable beauties meet us at almost every step of the way, and if the hearer disabuses himself of the effort to realize it as a single piece, until after repeated hearings have made him familiar with the work in its wholeness as well as its detail, he will get a great deal of pleasure out of it. This is what happens when Mr. Godowsky plays it. Every new variation is like an additional stanza recounting some new adventure of the hero—a melancholy person closely related to the old family of D minor. So, in selecting a long composition of this class in place of a closely developed piece like a long fugue or a sonata, the artist merely elects to illustrate the moods of his playing in place of his skill in interpreting a movement requiring certain other qualities.

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The Brahms variations afford another extreme example. These had probably a technical motive, at least to some extent. They are among a small number of the most unexpected and difficult pieces for the player. Yet they are also poetical, as was shown on this occasion. It is plain that Brahms had in mind music and mood; and the technical demands of these variations are merely the result of calling upon the pianoforte for new effects of sonority and new phases of poetical expression, these in turn calling for novel combinations of finger and hand. That these esoterically conceived variations will for a long time remain to the average musician something so difficult as to be almost a pity that it is not impossible, is entirely likely. But the time will come when it will be seen that in them Brahms has illustrated some of his most original qualities and the higher phases of his art. But when they are played it necessarily will happen that they are listened to by hearers unaccustomed to them; or prejudiced against them in advance by hearing them attempted by players unequal to their demands or ignorant of the beauty underlying these extraordinary forms. Thus, in offering them, the artist runs the risk of boring his hearers, if not of absolutely offending them. What then is he to do?

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Popularity, or the love of it, in my opinion, is the weakest motive possible in art. Like the undue love of money, it is the root of all evil—or, at least, of the major part of it. And in the long run it is a great deal more important for musical hearers to learn to understand and appreciate high art than to hear over and over again the small art which as yet seems more within their reach.

The thing for an artist to do in making up his programme is, first of all, to please himself. Just consider the situation. Here is a highly sensitive personality with whom art is more than a religion, it is his very life, representing his inmost aspiratons, loves, desires, raptures and his most confidential depressions and griefs. This sacred material he undertakes to bring before the multitude, who not alone will fail to understand it as heart-discourse, but will even fail to realize much of its coherence and worth upon its merely musical side. His sensitive nature will be repelled by their opposing person-

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alities and in many cases his springs of emotion absolutely closed and impervious to expression, because he feels that he is playing to unsympathetic hearers.

It is only when the matter which he brings with him occupies his very heart and interests him intellectually that he is able to rise above disturbing influences of this sort, and as he plays he warms up, and if things go well he presently plays as if alone—with a true musical outpouring of sweetly changing moods and fancies. This is one advantage of having a long piece at the start. It retains the attention of the hearers as well as of the artist, whereas with a variety of short pieces there is no innate logic behind the succession, and what is gained in one little mood is lost in the next. Thus an entire recital might pass without the audience having had one real experience of the best powers of the artist. I am persuaded that much of what is popularly supposed to be a lack of interest in piano music has its source in this effort of many good players to confine themselves to familiar compositions, and, if possible, to those which are popular.

Hence I hold it for an axiom that the first thing for an artist to do is to consider his own personality and mind, and to make up a programme which will be likely to interest him in its great features and please him in its successions and contrasts at the moment of performance.

With so much in his favor there is a chance of his being able to rise into the clairvoyant state of spirit and give himself up to the charm of masterpieces. Particularly is this the case in proportion, as the artist is capable of being moved and played upon by the innermost fancies of great composers. By just so much as he is open to inspiration from inner sources of this kind is he liable to destructive opposition from without.

Thus, when an artist offers me several pieces of rare value but of great difficulty, and therefore belonging to the poetry of music whose status with regard to the great heart of humanity is not finally determined, I take it thankfully; the more so if I find in the playing that he has indeed succeeded in inspiring himself, whereby in turn we, as hearers, have had the exquisite and all too rare experience of being played upon by zephyrs from out the innermost bowers of the musical Eden.

As regards the variation form, there will come a time when the audiences will learn to observe the musical cleverness dis-

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played in them, while at the same time not losing sight of the poetical variety of fancies opened and brought to expression in them. This is the spirit in which we have to listen to one of these great masters; for in the nature of the case what they know and feel in music is immeasurably more and higher than what we know and feel; it is theirs to open to us the stores, and ours to enjoy with reverence and delight.

W. S. B. M.

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THINGS HERE AND THERE

MENDELSSOHN'S VISIT TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

In an article written by Joseph Bennett in the London Musical Times he speaks of Queen Victoria as a musician and quotes from Lady Bloomfield's diary telling "how a fine but very difficult duet of Beethoven was played by herself and Matilda Paget on one piano and the Queen and the Prince Consort on another. And also of a concert at Buckingham palace in which her majesty sang five times, once in duet with the Prince Consort, once in a trio with Rubini and Lablache and three times as soprano in choruses."

Another very interesting part of this article is a letter written by Mendelssohn to his mother July 9th, 1842, telling of his visit to Buckingham palace ten days before, specially translated by Mrs. Benecker, Mendelssohn's elder daughter: "Prince Albert had invited me to try his organ on Saturday at 1:30, before he left town. I found him alone, and as we were talking the Queen came in, also alone, in a simple morning dress. She said she had to leave for Claremont in an hour, and then she exclaimed, 'but what a litter you are in!' as the wind had scattered some loose leaves of music about the room and upon the pedals of the organ, which, by the way, is a pretty ornament to the room. While saying this, she knelt down and began to pick up the leaves; Prince Albert also helped and I, too, was not idle. Then the Prince began to explain to me the stops, and the Queen said that she would finish tidying up alone. I now begged the Prince to play to me, so that I might boast in Germany of having heard him. He then played a chorale by heart with the pedals, quite correctly, and so nicely and clearly that it might have served as an example to many a professional organist. The Queen, who had finished her work, sat by his side and listened with evident pleasure to his playing. After he had finished, it was my turn, and I began with my chorus from 'St. Paul,' 'How lovely are the messengers.' Before I had gone through the first portion they both began to sing the chorus, and Prince Albert managed the stops very cleverly all the time—first adding a flute, then at the forte more stops, at the D-major part the 'full organ;' then he made an excellent diminuendo—and so on to the end, all by heart, that I really was quite delighted and greatly pleased. The hereditary Prince of Gotha having come in, some conversation began, during which the Queen told me that she liked singing my songs, and asked me if I had written any new ones. 'You should sing one to him,' said Prince Albert. She required a little persuading at first, and then said she would try the 'Spring Song' in B-flat, 'if it can be found, for all my music has been packed up for Claremont.' . . . I now asked her not to let me suffer by this incident, (the packing

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up) but to sing something else, and after consulting with her husband, the Prince said: 'She will sing you something by Gluck.' Meanwhile the Princess of Gotha had joined us, and all five of us went through many rooms and corridors till we arrived at the Queen's sitting-room, where a huge rocking-horse was standing by the piano. Two bird-cages were also in the room, pictures on the walls, beautifully bound books on the table, and music on the piano. The Duchess of Kent came in, and while they were talking together I looked through the music and found my first 'Book of Songs.' Of course I begged the Queen to choose one of my songs instead of Gluck, and she very readily did so in a most amiable way; and what did she choose but 'Italy.' She sang it most beautifully in tune, strictly in time, and phrased it charmingly. But where it goes down to D natural, followed by D sharp, she sang both notes D sharp; and as I gave her the D natural in the first two verses, she also sang D natural in the last, when it ought to have been D sharp!

"But with this exception it was really delightful, and I have not heard the last long G sung by any amateur with such ease and in such perfect tune. When it was finished I had to confess that the song was composed by Fanny! (I must say it was rather hard to have to say it, but 'pride comes before a fall.') I then asked the Queen to sing a song which was really my own composition. She said that if I would give her plenty of help she would willingly do so. She sang 'Lass dich nur nichts nicht dauern' ('The Pilgrim's Song') really quite faultlessly, and with beautiful feeling and expression. I thought it would not do to appear too complimentary at such a time, and therefore I merely thanked her over and over again; but when she said: 'Oh, if I had not been so frightened I could have done better, I generally have very long breath,' I praised her very heartily and with the best conscience in the world; for that praise near the end, having the long-sustained C, she sang so well, joining the C to the three following notes, all in one breath, as one rarely hears it done, that it highly amused me that she herself should have spoken about it."

GODOWSKY AT DETROIT.

At the meeting of the Michigan State Music Teachers Association Mr. Godowsky played the same program as in New York, with the addition of an Eclogue, "At the Fountain," and the Tarantelle from "Venice and Naples" by Liszt.

It will be recognized by every pianist that some of the numbers were of extreme difficulty, and these and all the rest, as also is invariably expected of Mr. Godowsky, were played with a technique not only adequate but surpassing that of almost every other artist. In fact he has set a new pace at this point, as will be recognized more and more if his career is not prematurely cut short. The list also contains several pieces which are peculiarly ungrateful for an artist before a public measurably unprepared, particularly when the artist

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happens to be a resident of the state or a contiguous one, and therefore wanting that magic halo which, although largely composed of printer's ink, shines with a radiance which Eden might envy.

The evening was intensely warm and the artist tired and depressed. Nevertheless the playing stands out in my memory as of most distinguished quality. I have never heard a long recital from any one in which the playing was given up to the sensitive come and go of musical intensity as such, all questions of personality and technique being entirely lost sight of. The piano was a very beautiful one, and the Grieg Ballade, the Paganini Brahms variations, the Schumann Carnival and the Chopin selections were each in turn played in a most expressive, fascinating and (if the term might be used without implying lack of mental balance) rhapsodical manner, as if the artist had given himself up to the music without any kind of reserve. The external qualities which distinguished the playing were the beautiful and exquisite singing tone, the delicacy of the musical fluctuations, and the perfect rhythm in which all needed freedom did not in the least interfere with the continuity of musical thought, the preservation of which is one of the main qualities which makes orchestral playing so much less tiresome than that of pianists. The Brahms-Paganini variations he took at frightful speed, and they sounded phantasie-like, and not in the slightest like studies. In fact I doubt whether any hearer or close observer could possibly have determined from anything in the manner of the artist or in the playing which passages were of great difficulty and which ones possible to ordinary pianists. The entire performance was like exquisite singing—musical from first to last, always musical, always poetical; and the interpretations as a whole the mature expression of a musical mind of the first order. This is what I think about it.

* * *

The effect upon the audience was something surprising. It passed like a dream. No impression of labor or coldness lingered in it. Every piece was of itself an interesting composition; and every one received a loving interpretation. You felt the certainty of the result, not in any apparent assurance of the artist but in the quality of the tone itself and in the infallibility with which the most imposing difficulties were surmounted as if they did not exist. It was the musical impression which reached the hearer. I have never heard a recital by any artist whatever in which it seemed to me that the composer had so complete a chance.

IDEAL PROFESSIONAL CODES.

The one little bird who declined to come into the general choir but went away and flocked all by himself, was undoubtedly one of the foremost singers. And there have been others, particularly in the American choir. I was consulting a sarcastic friend of mine upon this very point, when he asked me if I had tried to under-

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stand it by referring to the High Art Professional Code. Upon my expressing ignorance of any such code, he kindly wrote it out for me, violating in the act one of the obligations he assumed in taking his high degree of musical masonry. As he wrote it, it ran:

ARTICLE 1. **I am the only man who understands** or cares for art; also the only man who is capable of working for it disinterestedly.

ARTICLE 2. All other players and singers are self-seeking, and most of them play and sing very badly.

ARTICLE 3. Money paid to any other teacher or player is mostly wasted or worse.

ARTICLE 4. Through reflection and by happy instinct I have come into a large capital of thought and understanding. As this is my business capital, it would be the height of indiscretion for me to communicate any of it, except a little of the esoteric part at so much an hour, and to one pupil at a time.

ARTICLE 5. When I die the chances are that the world will go to the dogs musically. It will be very unfortunate, but what can I do?

ARTICLE 6. Societies and affiliations are mostly detrimental to the interests of Art and to Me. They tend to draw things down to a common level, thus hindering Progress and a Proper Recognition of My Position.

ARTICLE 7. It is said and must be forever impossible to bring the rank and file of the so-called musical profession up to any proper idea of Art as I understand it.

ARTICLE 8. At the same time, whatever can properly be done for them, I am willing to undertake if properly encouraged AND PAID.

ARTICLE 9. What I want to know about this alleged National Association is where it will benefit Me. Because if it does not benefit Me it cannot possibly do anything for Art. (See Article 1.)

* * *

This succinct and definite professional code is said to have been dictated by the Learned Pig, who being of an investigating disposition had a way of getting down to the very root of matters. The Pig lived by it faithfully until destruction overtook him and his hams and shoulders went to the smoke-house while his innermost affections went to the sausage-stuffers.

Thus even in death he ministered to his fellowmen.

* * *

Such a code simplifies life immensely. It is a part of the unwritten business of the higher degrees of art-masonry, but it is now claimed that a still higher degree promises a different code.

* * *

It is impossible for a mere literary man, like the writer, to tell what the new code will be like, but it may perhaps have something

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in it like the great principle which the late Henry Ward Beecher used to sum up in his famous lecture upon "The Christian Commonwealth," when he said that we were like those who climb mountains. One man taller and stronger and more cool-headed than the others, reached up and drew himself to a higher level. He then reached down and assisted the next man to come upon his own level; this one, in turn, helped up the next one, and so on, while the first man was busy in attaining a still higher level. "And where," said he, "are the thanks due, and what must every man do when he is up? Shall he spend his time in thanking the man above him? No! He must turn and immediately help the next man up. Remember this: You owe down. Just as soon as you are one step up you owe it to help the next man."

JEROME HOPKINS ON WOMEN COMPOSERS.

That aggressive relative of Miss Amy Fay, Mr. Jerome Hopkins, has lately devoted some attention to women composers, and the New York Sun gives some of his rather biting comments upon the Women's Program of the M. T. N. A. in New York city. He begins with a paraphrase of some lines of Dr. Holmes:

"I know it is a sin for me to sit and grin
At their fears;
But their music is so thin that it's scarcely worth a pin,
Oh, the dears!"

Passing over some of the works of the different composers he classifies the songs of Virginia Gabriel as being very faulty when strictly judged, Madame Schumann, who early got over her creative ambitions, while Madame Carreno has written some charming dance music, but it is reflective and not original.

He then gets down to the main question "why women cannot compose music," and not satisfied with the tentative answer proposed last year that it was "because she could not sing bass and could not properly understand harmony," he proceeds as follows:

"Now, the most notorious congenital vacuity in woman is her logical vacuity. Few women can give a reason for anything in the higher regions of intellectual research unless they are pedagogued and coached by a man.

"My darling Dolly, why do you persist in so and so?" asks the wearied swain (married or otherwise).

"Oh, because."

"Because what!" he persists.

"Oh, because," she persists.

Now here is the whole story in a peanut shell.

The dear charmers are not logical. "They were not built in that way," consequently in music they are unable to write logical sequences, which are the foundation stones of durable, valuable music. And the student will find that no durable, valuable music can exist without this logical element; furthermore, that all music that has

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proved to be the most valuable and durable has been built upon the logical elements of thematic development, melodic beauty and harmonic symmetry, correlative sequence, and originality of conception, some of which qualities are to be found in combination even in folk song. It may be laid down as a pretty general rule that a putatively first-class creator of music who cannot parse a musical sentence is a first-class man or woman only putatively.

The very first example of woman's work presented by this afternoon's program (a suite by Fräulein Aus de Ohe, and beautifully performed by Miss Banks), was an illustration of the masculine coaching through years of absorption, because neat, artistic, and charming as it certainly was, it was nevertheless soaked through and through with the atmosphere of the days when gavottes and bourrées and sarabands and courantes were all the fashion.

I regret that time, space, and locality prevent an analysis of the rest of the feminine program, which, in spite of the feeble attempts of Mr. Towers' little brochure, with its amusing list of names, of "Women in Music," big and little (fancy Mme. Clara Schumann cheek by jowl with Bishop Littlejohn's daughter!), has failed to prove anything more than we all knew before, namely, that we all worship the indispensable and angelic sex in its right metier, but that that is neither in climbing trees, throwing the discus, nor in wrestling with trombones, drums, and fagotti.

MUSIC IN OBERLIN.

A writer in the Springfield, Mass., Republican, probably Mr. Francis E. Regal, has written a very appreciative article upon the state of music in Oberlin College, giving very well deserved credit to Dr. Fenelon B. Rice who has been director of this conservatory for twenty-five years. He also speaks very highly of Prof. Edward Dickinson, whom he describes as "formerly a member of the staff of the Republican, who has many friends in this city and in Northhampton. He is a man of unusual learning and an ample writer on musical topics, and his serious and weighty views on art make themselves felt among his pupils."

The musical atmosphere at Oberlin he finds to be remarkably healthy, and such are the terms and the demand that each graduate shall complete the course in at least two instruments, the voice counting as one, that it has a tendency to limit the number of graduates to a much smaller proportion than would be expected from the total number of students, which at the present time is about four hundred; out of this number only eight took degrees. He thinks that the music upon stringed instruments is not in a satisfactory condition there. The voice also suffers somewhat from a tendency of the good singers to go east or to Europe for lessons, for all of which, moreover, there may be reasons.

One of the most pleasant circumstances mentioned in the article is the fact that on a recent Sunday the choir of the Second church, numbering one hundred and twenty-five voices, sang the great

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chorus from Brahms' requiem, "Behold, all flesh is as grass," in a manner which makes most church music seem tame. He says "it was a performance worthy of any musical festival, and the effect was deeply spiritual."

In spite of the difficulty in getting good instruction on orchestral instruments the conservatory orchestra generally numbers thirty-five and does creditable work. It has been remarked by very good judges that music is much better handled in Oberlin College and at Ann Arbor than in either of the eastern universities.

A BEAUTIFUL SONG RECITAL.

Through some oversight mention was omitted of a remarkable song recital given quite a while ago by Mrs. Katherine Fisk, contralto, Mr. George Ellsworth Holmes, and Mr. George Hamlin, tenor. The concert opened with that famous old ensemble number "The Mariners," by Randager, and closed with a duet, "The Fishermen," by Gabussi. The selection of songs given by the several artists was the following:

By Mrs. Fisk:

Schwerer Abschied .....Leoncavallo
La Cloche .....Saint-Saens
Death and the Maiden.....Schubert
Mattinata .....Tosti
The Watchman and the Child.....Cowen
Maytime .....Tosti
The Silver Ring .....Chaminade
The Lass with the Delicate Air (Old English)...
.....Dr. Arne

By Mr. Hamlin:

Four Gypsy Songs, "Liebeslieder".....Dvorak
Song of Faith .....Chaminade
Wiegenlied .....Brahms
Sonntag .....Brahms
Why So Pale Are the Roses.....Tschaikowsky

By Mr. Holmes:

Salomo .....Henschel
An die Leyer .....Schubert
Meine Liebe ist Grün.....Brahms
Sehnsucht .....Oscar Meyer
When in Disgrace .....A. C. Mackenzie
King Duncan's Daughters.....Francis Allitsen
Over the Desert .....Lawrence Kellie

Mrs. Fisk and Mr. Hamlin also sang a scene from "Samson and Delilah."

This recital was quite as remarkable from the quality of the singing by the artists as for the unusually choice selection of pieces. Mr. Holmes, as is well known, sings with splendid spirit; Mrs. Fisk has a very beautiful, rich voice, and Mr. George Hamlin is the well-known and delightful lyric tenor.

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Among the most successful of the American music schools is the Broad Street Conservatory of Music in Philadelphia, of which Mr. Gilbert Combs is director. At the commencement lately the concertos produced were Sterndale Bennett's op. 19, and Hiller's op. 69. The accompaniments were by the orchestra. Godard's Introduction and Allegro for piano and orchestra, op. 46, was also played.

OTHER NEW NOTATIONS.

Speaking of new notations, I have received a letter from a hard-working music teacher in Texas, in which she comments upon the proposed new musical notation of Senor Errede, and then goes on as follows:

"We believe that an abolition of the present much-complicated staff will eventually take place, and it is very truthfully said not until it is made clear that a simpler and more practical system has been invented. Mine is not an improvement on the above, but is as I arranged it several years ago and is almost like it. Does it look possible that one could be better? I thought that of my first staff. I must confess that I am so delighted with mine that I am restless to put it to use, but I cannot do so without help and advice. I desire more to help improve the science in order to diminish the labor of both teachers and pupils, but at the same time would like to have reward also for my labor however pleasant, but it is time well spent. I want to speak a word for my staff. My little boy of eight years took lessons seven months; he is bright enough. He touches most of the keys readily, corresponding to lines and spaces of soprano staff, and about two of bass staff, that is readily in song. I placed my staff with some music before him. He accomplished more than that in less than half an hour. He brightened in countenance and learned to touch every key readily in both staves in less than thirty minutes. So did others the same thing, who had never played or taken a single lesson on an instrument, so simple is it."

I print the foregoing on account of the spirit of the writer; at the same time I repeat what I said last month, that in the first place so far as I understand music there is no particular need of a new notation and there is no practical difficulty in the notation we have, on the contrary it is extremely simple considering what it does. I have yet to see any other notation suggested that will do as much and do it so easily. Moreover, if a new notation were to be invented which was really a great improvement on the one we already have, it would take at least one hundred years for it to come into anything like general use, and even then it is almost inconceivable. My advice to those engaged in inventing new notations is practically that of Punch to those contemplating matrimony—"Don't."

PRELIMINARY CONCERT OF THE MAINE FESTIVAL.

Many of our readers will remember an article in MUSIC some months ago, telling of the great festival chorus recently organized under that able director, Mr. William R. Chapman of New York City.

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These choruses which were organized in every city in the state have been giving what they call preliminary concerts in their different cities for the purpose of working up more enthusiasm for the festival and incidentally getting a little practice in concert work before they all come together for the great festival next October.

That there is much good work being done outside of the great cities may be readily seen from the program attached, which was given in Lewiston in the last part of June.

Introductory Remarks .....Mr. W. R. Chapman
Gloria, 12th Mass—Mozart .....Chorus and Orchestra
Song—"My Love, Farewell" (From "The Trumpeter at Sackingen")—Nessler.....George W. Horne
Evening—Lassen .....Chorus
Song—"This Would I Do"—W. R. Chapman.....Mrs. G. M. Barney
'Cello Obligato by G. B. Whitman.
Battle Hymn—W. R. Chapman.....Chorus
Baritone Solo, Mr. Drake.
Song—"Magnetic Waltz"—Arditi.....Miss Lois G. Thompson
Hallelujah Chorus (from "The Messiah")—Handel.....
.....Chorus and Orchestra
Praise Ye the Father—Gounod.....Chorus
Song—"Bright Star of Love"—V. Robaudi...Mrs. Martha M. Lufkin
'Cello Obligato by Miss Florence Hill.
Inflammatus (from "Stabat Mater")—Rossini.....Chorus
Soprano Solo, Miss Dingley.
Song—"Tell Me, Beauteous Maiden"—Gounod...Miss Lillian Bearce
Thanks Be to God—Mendelssohn.....Chorus
Song .....Miss Florence Stinchfield
Soldiers' Chorus from Faust—Gounod.....Chorus and Orchestra

MINOR MENTION.

That must have been a very delightful concert which Mr. Clarence Eddy gave in the Trocadero in Paris, on the 12th of June, 1897. There was a large audience present and great enthusiasm. Mr. Eddy played a new concert overture by Alfred Hollins, the blind organist of London, a variety of smaller pieces, a double theme varied by Samuel Rosseau, a Lamentation, op. 45 by M. Guilmant and a Toccata in E flat by Capocci. He also played the Handel Largo and the large G minor fugue by Bach. Mr. Eddy was assisted by M. Auguez, the celebrated baritone of the Opera, Mr. Clarence Whitehill and Miss Rose Ettinger, the latter of whom made her usual astonishing success. M. Paul Viardot also appeared as violinist. This concert was arranged and managed by M. Guilmant, and, in fact, served as the conclusion to his concerts of the present season. The press notices were very complimentary indeed.

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I have received a concert program from the Rio Grande College, Ohio, in which, after an overture by the Rio Grande band "Gems of Stephen Foster, Tobani" and a prayer, three concertos were

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played—Mendelssohn's in G minor, Rubinstein's in E minor and Hummel's in B minor. The music department of this college is under the direction of Prof. George S. Bohanan.

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Among the interesting chamber concerts given in Chicago which escaped mention at the time was a very charming musical given by Mr. Emil Liebling at Kimball Hall, at which, in connection with Mr. Harrison M. Wild and Mr. Arne Oldberg, he played the Bach triple concerto in D minor. Mr. Wild and Mr. Liebling played the Schumann-Reinecke Impromptu from "Manfred" for two pianos, and Mr. Liebling and Mr. Beresina played the Prelude and Scherzo from the Goldmark suite.

* * *

That was a very pleasant recital given by the pupils of Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell Young in Kimball Hall at the close of the season, in which were performed among others, Mr. Harry Rose Shelley's song, "The Minstrel Boy," a new duet by Mrs. Young, entitled "May," for soprano and baritone, and some very well selected songs from Brahms and Rubinstein, as well as several operatic arias.

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Speaking of concertos, the Sherwood Club gave a concerto evening at the close of their season, in which the authors represented were Sterndale Bennett with his fourth concerto, Ferdinand Hiller in his F sharp minor, Templeton Strong "An der Nixen-quelle" for two pianos, Rubinstein's D minor concerto, Liszt's Hungarian Fantasie, and Saint-Saens' concerto in G minor, the latter played by Mr. Sherwood himself.

* * *

I have received a very interesting book of programs of the examination recitals of the Pittsburgh Conservatory of Music, of which Mr. Beveridge Webster is the director. There were thirteen concerts in all, given between eleven o'clock June 25th and three o'clock July 2d. The earlier concerts of the series were evidently designed to represent the less advanced students, the compositions being the usual repertory of sound instruction below the fourth grade. June 28th, however, at three o'clock, there was a program of the works of Beethoven, in which, among other things, the sonata op. 53, sonata op. 81, variations and fugue op. 35 and a concerto op. 75 were played. A Schubert program was given the day following, a program of works from Mendelssohn, one from the works of Schumann and one from Chopin were given in the last days of the festival—for such it must have been. The showing is a very brilliant one indeed and indicates a large membership for the conservatory.

* * *

Speaking of the high standard of music in remote western points, I have received a program of a graduation recital given at Springfield, Mo., in the Conservatory of Drury College, the program containing the Beethoven sonata in D minor op. 31, a Chopin number

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consisting of the Black-Key Study, the first Study in op. 25, the nocturne in C major op. 37, No. 2, the Waltz in A flat op. 34, No. 1, Scherzo in B flat minor op. 31, then a variety of smaller pieces, including Grieg's "March of the Dwarfs" and the Wieniawski Waltz in D flat, the whole ending with the Weber Concertstück. This is a very remarkable program indeed, if well played. The juxtaposition of the Black Key study in G flat to be followed by the study in A flat, No. 1 op. 25, was unhappy. The agreeable succession of tonalities ought always to be observed in programs. It is also a mistake to put two pieces of finger running work in succession in a program. They should be separated by a piece of a quieter character. In the present instance it is worthy of special notice that the young lady playing this program, Miss Washatella Turner, had been under the instruction of her teacher during the previous five years.

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Speaking of long commencement exercises, that was a fine program of the Fifty-Fourth Commencement of the State Normal and Training School at Potsdam, N. Y., June 22d, where the music department is under the direction of Miss Julia E. Crane. The length of this commencement was not so much in what they had as in what they escaped, since the program contains the names of upwards of sixty graduates who were excused from the delivery of their theses. The graduates this year in the music teachers' course numbered fourteen, in the singing course one, and in the piano course five. As an illustration of the standard attained in the latter department, the only piano solo upon the program was MacDowell's "Witches' Dance."

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Mr. David Bispham gave a Brahms concert in London some time ago which he began with "Four Serious Songs" and sang also a series of romances from Tieck's "Magelone." He was assisted by Miss Marie Engle and by Miss Rosa Olitzka. "Musical Opinion" says of Mr. Bispham himself that "his powerful, resonant yet exquisitely mellow and flexible basso and finished method gave likewise splendid expression to his share, and Miss Engle is complimented for her bright soprano and artistic vocalization.

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The Kneisel String Quartette of Boston has been playing in London, where they speak of them as "International String Quartette," a title remarkably well deserved, since the playing of this quartette is at the present moment probably the most finished in the world.

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The Chicago Musical College made its usual brilliant display for graduating exercises this year, the concertos appearing on the program being the first movement in Beethoven's opus 37, second and third movements of MacDowell's opus 15, the first movement of Lipinski's Concerto Militaire for violin, and the first movement of the Schumann piano concerto. The players of these pieces were

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selected by competition out of classes numbering forty or more, the great majority of whom had devoted nearly all their practice time for several months to preparing for the competition.

* * *

We have before made mention of the very good work in chamber music that is being done at the Conservatory of the Northwestern University under the direction of Prof. P. C. Lutkin. The University string quartette, of which Mr. H. M. Knapp is first violin, played at the opening of the dedication exercises of the new music hall Grieg's Quartette for Strings G minor, and Beethoven's opus 97. They have given a large number of very excellent programs the past year.

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Mr. Winton J. Baltzell was lately awarded a premium of fifty dollars for the musical setting of a poem by Edmund C. Stedman.

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At the commencement exercises of the Des Moines Musical College, under the direction of Dr. M. L. Bartlett, the following concertos were played: Weber in C major, Mozart in D, Reinecke's Concertstuck, Mendelssohn's Capriccio Brillante, Beethoven's B flat major, Hummel's A minor, Mendelssohn's G minor and Hiller's F sharp minor.

It is a very open question whether the amount of time necessary to prepare pieces of this kind for public performance is economically bestowed in school work, since the nature of the case a concerto is an extremely impracticable piece of music for any other use, and nothing is less artistic than the performance of a concerto for piano and orchestra with the orchestral part by second piano. In many of the schools, moreover, the selection of players is finally made by competition, the result being that the pupils give up almost their entire practice time for several months preparing for the competition, oftentimes as many as forty or more on the same piece. Then these are sifted out before the competition approaches, and then the sub-committee of the faculty sifts out all except three or four of the best remaining, and finally the adjudicator in charge selects one for the contest. What the unfortunate ones gain is not so easy to discern, but there is another more serious side to it, which is that the long continued practice on a single piece, and especially the unthinking practice as it so often is, has a tendency to induce the player to fall into errors which are sometimes never entirely gotten rid of. Meanwhile they might have been putting much time upon the study of a well selected diversity of pieces calculated to improve the playing in many different directions and at the same time afford a repertory of interesting pieces for concert and private use.

These remarks are no more applicable to the Des Moines conservatory than many others, some of them very prominent schools.

* * *

After a long term of acquiescence in the Tonic sol-fa system in England a committee composed of representatives of the Academy

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of Music waited upon Sir John Gorst, M. P., at the Educational Department, for the purpose of presenting a series of resolutions passed by the Incorporated Society of Musicians, taking the ground that inasmuch as children have to learn the staff notation eventually it could be introduced much sooner than now, and they also raised the question of whether the Tonic Sol-fa notation is of any advantage at all.

In the "Musical Opinion" of recent date the arguments of the various gentlemen were given, but they covered no new ground. The Tonic Sol-fa has made very great headway for a number of years in the elementary schools of England on account of the ease of the notation and the immense saving of time for the ordinary teachers which its use affected. This has led to the teaching being done in many cases probably by persons whose knoweldge of music was insufficient and incomplete.

* * *

As an example of the taste which is becoming much more displayed in the selection of songs for public performance, a recital of Mr. Sidney P. Biden may be mentioned, which was given some time ago at Kimball Hall, in which the following songs occurred:

Schubert's "Restless Love," "The Post;" Grieg, "Thy Warning Is Good," "The Old Song;" Schumann, "Spring Night;" Lassen, "Whither," "My Love's an Arbutus" (old Irish); Clarence Dickinson, "The Ways of Love;" Old English, "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes;" Massenet, "Vision Fair;" Adolph Weidig, "Ah, Might I, Dear;" Chadwick, "He Loves Me," "Sweet Wind That Blows;" Denza, "A May Morning."

The instrumental numbers were furnished by Mr. Emil Liebling and Mr. Adolphe Brune.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

(By Mrs. Emma Thomas.)

Question: My older pupils lack enthusiasm. Will you suggest anything whereby I may arouse more interest?

Answer: I would try and select a song particularly suited to the boys and have them feel that you depend on each one personally to help you; then, if possible, have an artist sing for them their school songs. Select a song that will appeal particularly to the girls. I find after that I have very little trouble.

Question: Will you suggest a few helps for improving children's voices?

Answer: To obtain the best results in tone production is to begin at the top of the voice and work down. Second, keep the throat open and relaxed. Again, sing plenty of songs with high tones. If we begin with, say, "middle C" most children will produce what is commonly called "chest tone." If a scale is now attempted they will carry this "chest" or "thick" quality up beyond its legitimate limit, causing contraction of the throat, and a forcing and straining of the voice which makes an open throat improbable if not impossible.

Therefore, begin with a pitch on which the child cannot use either the low or the middle register, say somewhere about third space C, and when a scale is to be sung sing it descending. In difficult cases it will often be found necessary to begin higher. An advantage of beginning high is that the tone is produced without "throat-effort" (throat-strain) and it is possible, and easily so, to train the child to sing "with his voice and not with his throat." Of course power is not to be aimed at at first, that will come later, and the child who uses his high quality exclusively will be able to sing long at a time without fatigue.

Position of body is a very important factor in good tone work. We must have good erect position, either standing or sitting.

Do not combine calisthenics and singing; the voices of the children will surely suffer. Where our teachers wish to have marching with music and have no musical instrument, I suggest that a little choir be formed and standing in the front of the room they can sing a little marching song while the others march.

Be sure that the temperature of your rooms is kept at an even heat. If the air is impure raise the windows or do something to freshen the air of the room. Do not have the singing lesson immediately after recess; never tolerate loud, coarse, harsh singing, and while the large majority of my teachers have pleasant speaking

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voices, a circumstance which has so much to do with pure sweet singing by the children, I have labored hard with those of my teachers who have not this charm to have them cultivate a pleasant speaking voice. We all know how quickly pupils will imitate the harsh, peculiar voice of a teacher, either in speech or song. The children are quick to imitate, and how happy we ought to be that the humdrum, half-spoken, half-sung recitation of a lesson in arithmetic is almost wholly something of the past.

Again, as Mr. Tomlins suggests, in teaching children the correct use of the voice the most varied exercise of the imagination on the part of the teacher is very necessary. The teacher will succeed best who can most correctly picture the child's thought and estimate the impressions which given effects produce upon its mind.

It is always best to have the reading lesson precede the singing lesson, and if the thought and story of the new song can be brought out in the reading lesson it will prove a great help to the singing. It would also be a great advantage to the children if from time to time they could hear their own school songs interpreted by real artists. Through the generosity and great kindness on the part of some wealthy citizens, or of the artists themselves, this is being accomplished in some cities. May it be in all!

Be very careful in the selection of our songs; choose songs of bright, lively character, varying with lullabys and songs that will appeal to their imagination. Above all our children should sing music worthy of the name.

Question: Will you suggest a few songs suitable for the fall of the year, for primary grades. Many of my songs are written so low for the children's voices that I fear to use them.

Answer: Song, "Autumn." Primary songs, Minard, Oliver Ditson & Co. "The North Wind." Song stories, Pattie Hill-Clayton, Summy & Co. "Blowing, Blowing Everywhere." Pattie Hill-Clayton, Summy & Co.

Children's songs ought not to have been written low. Let them be transposed into higher keys. The sweetest children's voices are those who use the highest part of the voice.

CARL FAELTEN ON TEACHING CHILDREN SINGING.

Most children possess an inborn love for music, and all of them, whether especially gifted musically or not, should receive some training of their musical faculties and in common musical knowledge. The results of such training will become to them a source of satisfaction and inspiration, and a moral factor in life, fully equal to any other educational achievement.

Pestalozzi and other reformers have taught us that in imparting knowledge of any kind the following order should be maintained: The object first, the name for the object second, the written sign for the object last. Applying this simple and indisputable principle to music teaching, consideration should be given, first, to the develop-

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ment of conscious tone perception and tone production; second to the common musical knowledge, and last, to the teaching of musical notation.

Instruction in conscious tone perception, called "ear training," should not only occupy the first place in primary instruction, but should remain one of the most prominent features of all phases of musical education.

Instruction in tone production, or musical execution, should establish good habits in the use of the voice and develop the faculty of correct singing, alone and in chorus. The teaching of primary musical knowledge, especially the naming of musical sounds, their combinations and characteristics, should go hand in hand with the primary development of tonal perception. It enables the child to classify the invisible material and to develop the faculty of musical reasoning.

The teaching of reading and writing musical notation should be deferred until children have become sufficiently familiar with musical facts and have acquired some power of musical observation. Like early talking, early singing should not be learned from written signs but by imitation. Teaching by note and singing at sight will then develop on a firm and natural basis and offer comparatively few obstacles.

However, even then the cultivation of the ear for correctness and beauty in music should remain the main issue. Children should learn to sing from memory as many good folk-songs as their minds will hold, and thus gather a treasure for a lifetime and a basis for higher musical culture. In this way the public school could do a great deal for the spreading of musical culture and appreciation within its natural boundaries.

Although I have had only limited opportunities for personal observation of the present methods, these opportunities have been of such a nature as to allow considerable insight into the subject. My impression is that a splendid spirit for doing serious and efficient work is manifested by those who are entrusted with the teaching of music in the schools, and that the results in sight singing show excellent training in that line. At the same time, it seems to me that too much prominence is given to the development of skill in reading music and not enough to the development of musical faculty, especially of correct intonation. This criticism has been freely made by many other members of the conference; and one of the causes of defect in this respect I consider the usage of having children sing almost exclusively without accompaniment (a capella), which is admitted to be one of the most difficult tasks even for professional singers.

As improvements on the present methods, I would suggest: First, the adoption of a more comprehensive course in elementary ear training and of exclusive singing by imitation in the first, or perhaps, the first two years of the primary school; and in connection with such instruction the employment of a well-tuned, keyed instru-

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ment in international pitch, say, a cabinet organ of small compass. The pendulum and the metronome should be freely used for gaining rhythmical firmness. Second, a reduction in the time and effort spent on sight singing and singing in more than two parts, which latter rather belongs to the domain of professional music instruction. Third, in devoting more time to the study of the folk-songs of all nations and memorizing their words and tunes. Fourth, in paying sufficient attention to individual singing, instead of too much to class singing.

The introduction of such improvements should, in my opinion, not meet with great obstacles if they should be found advisable; and I hope the subject will be given serious consideration and also receive the attention of the musical profession. The earnest efforts of the teachers of music in the public schools deserve far greater sympathy and attention from the professional musicians than they are at present receiving.—Boston Herald.

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"I write you to learn if you teach music by mail. I would like to learn your idea in regard to phrasing, the accenting of slurs, etc. My idea is that quite a little could be accomplished by correspondence. I would be delighted to take a course of piano lessons under you, but I am a widow and have a little girl three years of age to look after, so at present it would be impossible. For this reason I am more than anxious to improve myself in the study of music and become as thorough as possible under the circumstances, for teaching music is my occupation. I received a diploma when I was thirteen years of age, showing I had completed music in the fifth grade, and since that time I have devoted most of my time to teaching, but this is only a drop in the bucket.

I have been told lately by musicians to accent the first note of every slur, and play the last note staccato and soft, which is entirely a new idea to me. I was always taught to connect and bind all tones and passages unless marked staccato, so I feel somewhat confused in the matter and really do not know which way to instruct my pupils. For an example, in your Graded Course, Book IV., page 20, first measure in the right hand, should the first note be accented and the last in the measure be played staccato? And on page 21, second score left hand, where the two eighth notes are connected with a slur, should the first note be accented and the second played short and soft, and so on? Then on page 14, first measure in the right hand, where the first six notes are connected with a slur, should F be accented and E flat played staccato and soft? And as these notes are triplets should the first of each triplet be accented slightly, or should a whole phrase be connected and only shorten the last note to separate it from the following phrase?

Could I not take up a course in the art of phrasing and form? It occurs to me that I could take up a piece or some study and have you direct me by correspondence as to the phrasing, where to accent, and the analysis. What would your terms be? Yours truly, C. J. P."

I am sorry to say that the one thing which cannot be done is to teach phrasing by mail; the only thing appertaining to phrasing which could be done by mail is to give a list of a few of the things which belong to the "shall nots." The whole treatment of a musical phrase, the manner of joining the tones, the proper feeling of the movement, and the variation of intensity up and down, as the sentiment requires—all these have to be determined by the musical feeling, which in them has to be educated from the elementary forms proper to simple music, up to the more complicated forms of advanced music. It is entirely impossible to describe intelligibly the proper treatment of a musical phrase; it can only be done by imi-

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tation and by musical feeling on the part of the student. The entire work of music teaching in this department consists in awakening the pupil to a proper feeling and then in developing the technic for bringing out the feeling.

There are no rules possible in regard to accenting the first note of a phrase and playing the last note staccato and soft. Sometimes you do and sometimes you do not. The normal idea of course is for all notes not otherwise marked to be played legato, but in the old editions of Bach, and in the music before Bach's time, the phrasing was entirely unmarked and the proper divisions had to be made by the intelligence of the player. It is the same that happened a few centuries earlier in printing, when books were printed in capital letters entirely and without any spaces between words or periods, or other punctuation marks in the sentence. It therefore depended entirely upon the intelligence of the reader what sense he made of it.

In the case you mention on page 20 of Grade IV. the first note in the soprano is accented, not because it is the first note of the phrase but because it stands on the accented part of the measure. The last note in a run of this kind is not played staccato, the idea of this study being continuous thirty-second note motion. As a rule all slurs drawn over the notes in a measure of running work are conventional purely, and signify merely that the passages are played smoothly, but do not signify that the phrases are to be separated from each other. They are rhythmic groups that are indicated by the slur and not phrases in the true sense. A slur running from the unaccented part of a measure to an accented part is usually intentional and indicates that the two notes so joined are to be brought out as an idea.

This also happens occasionally when the slur runs from one accented point to another, as for instance in the third period at the beginning of the fourth line of the twentieth page in this same study, where in the right hand the E flat is slurred to the F. The E flat is accented because it is the beginning of the measure and the F is played staccato because it is so marked and because it is before a rest. Any note of one pulse or less, before a rest, is generally played either staccato or with an elastic touch, the necessary length being obtained by pedal. Almost always this has a better effect than to hold down the key. The intermingling of conventional slurs which signify nothing and of slurs which do actually indicate phrasing, is very perplexing and undesirable, but we are all so accustomed to the engraver's trick of drawing a line over a passage that he thinks will look better so ornamented, that we do not notice it until somebody asks whether the last note shall be played staccato. I found in Dr. Mason's edition of the Two-Part Inventions of Bach, that in the fourth invention he had used these conventional slurs in a number of places. Dr. Mason says that a slur does not imply a staccato on the last note under it. It never implies it. If the staccato is played there it is for some other reason than because the staccato terminates there. In the second case you mention, on page 21 of the same study,

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in the second score, the second note is not played very staccato; the slurs indicate that there is a slight phrasing there, each pair being a little separated from the next pair.

In the third case you mention, on page 14, of the same book, in the study of Shytte, the phrasing is observed; the F at the beginning of each phrase is taken with an accent and I should say with a hand motion. This necessarily separates it from the previous note, E flat. The E flat, however, is not played with a positive finger staccato. The staccato that happens to it is, as you might say, incidental, in the effort to begin the repetition of the motive with a certain emphasis. The entire phrase of two measures you will notice consists of this motive of six tones repeated three times and beginning the fourth time, but ending with a quarter note. Then, in the second phrase we have a shorter figure consisting of this motive once complete and once in a shorter form, and the phrase is made by repeating this again a degree higher. Wherever a composition is made up of short ideas repeated over and over, each repetition of the idea is slightly separated from the one before it, and the art of phrasing consists first in finding out whether you are dealing with a series of short ideas or with one long idea. That is to say, whether your long idea is made up of a series of completely organized short ideas, a single pattern repeated several times over. In this case of course the unity of the pattern has to be observed. There are cases where the repetition of the same pattern does not necessarily require that each repetition should be detached; such passages resemble the arabesques which decorators put around the wall by moving their pattern along and doing another installment of it. A very good example of this is found in the first two-part invention of Bach, beginning with the second note of the third measure to the first note of the fifth measure, where the right hand passage consists of a pattern of eighth notes repeated four times over.

To return to this case of the Shytte study, it would be a great mistake to play the last note of those phrases of six notes softly. The intention of this study is to have a continuous eighth note running motion in instalments, in which the brilliancy depends upon all the notes having a certain equality and, as I said before, the division into motives is somewhat incidental and accomplished by raising the hand for the beginning of each motive in order to make it emphatic, but the last note of the phrase is by no means to be played softly. You will find it instructive to study musical form, and for that purpose I think the most convenient book you can use would be my "Primer of Musical Forms" published by Arthur P. Schmidt & Co., of Boston. This is on the analytical plan, and by comparing the examples cited there with the complete music, you would derive considerable benefit from it. There are a certain number of general principles of phrasing which might be formulated; for example, in a cantabile melody the continuity of melody tone is one of the most important and necessary points to be observed. The separation of the phrases in music of this kind is very slight.

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It is like singing, where the pauses between phrases are only sufficient for taking breath; or like violin playing, where the breaks between the phrases are the slight ones occasioned by reversing the motion of the bow. There are also a great many piano pieces in which the right hand has running finger work, continuous or nearly so; the Weber Perpetual Motion is a case of this sort. Another case is Mason's Danse Rustique, although in the latter the phrases are marked by sixteenth rests at the end. In all these things, whether slow and sustained or rapid, the continuity is much more important than the detachment or separating of ideas. There is another class of pieces of what we might call the Scherzo variety, made up of small ideas, small patterns, repeated many times. All this music is full of caprice and each little idea has to be clearly defined, and the art of the player is to do this without spoiling the effect of the period and paragraph, as a whole. It is the same problem the reader has to deal with when he has a long sentence with a number of commas in it which mark off subordinate clauses. What he has to do is to so treat the emphasis and modulation that the nominative case at the beginning of the sentence and the verb or predicate later on come together in their proper connection, in spite of the modifying matter which may temporarily have separated them. A certain amount of benefit can be derived from musical analysis from the standpoint of musical form, but the form constitutes only a small part of the art of phrasing, the real crux in phrasing being the management of the intensity, which you have to feel upon the melodic and harmonic side; so it is mainly a question of learning to feel the music and of being able to decide by intuition at what point the composer intended the intensity to be the greatest. M.

METHOD IN PIANO STUDY.

I have been repeatedly requested to give some account of my method by those who think the special points I have taken up in these columns from time to time leave the matter in somewhat fragmentary form. For the benefit of such the following:

In so far as I have a method (and I suppose anybody who teaches for any considerable length of time has one) its central principle is the desire to make the player musical. According to my idea the teacher has to do three things for the pupil:—to improve the quality of study, to develop keyboard facility, and to make them musical, also forward their musical development. I improve the quality of the study by requiring accuracy in the reading and especially in requiring memorizing, because it is impossible to memorize a thing intelligently without paying exact attention to it. This feature is also advantageous in the general mental training, since the concentration of attention is one of the prime requisites in all acquisition of knowledge. To see and conceive exactly is the first thing, and to retain the second, to assimilate the third, all being degrees of the quality of study.

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Now in music we begin of course with very simple forms, and progress as rapidly as the talent of the pupil permits. As soon as we reach a point where the conceptions have a certain amount of musical vigor as such, they begin to re-act upon each other as they are retained in the memory, and the musical experience accumulates very rapidly; each new piece acts as a sort of ferment and stimulates the mind to greater quickness and sensitiveness of musical impressions, so the playing becomes more and more musical through this quasi-chemical reaction of the different ingredients among themselves after they have been taken into the mind. A great deal of this work will do itself, but a part of it has to be done by the teacher. That is to say, when a piece has been memorized and has reached a point where the mind can follow it through easily, then the teacher has to take it up and revise the interpretation; intensify the reading of the different nuances, making it softer here and louder there, and developing climaxes if there are any.

In process of time this kind of improvement after a piece is memorized becomes habitual with the pupil, who is able to do it unassisted by the teacher. I have been in the habit for many years of using Mason's System of Technics in all the early grades. It is an open question with me, as with many other teachers, as to how much time can profitably be devoted to scales. While I am quite clear that for the sake of knowing the different keys and habituating the hand to the keyboard, a certain amount of scale practice is necessary, I am more and more inclined to regard it as of less importance than was formerly supposed. Mason's system of arpeggios, developed from the diminished chord by different applications of rhythm and modifications of the chord, give rise to a great variety of forms which are at least quasi-musical and always rhythmical. The result is that a large number of repetitions are secured, combined with a very lively attention, since the necessity of keeping track of the accent prevents the mind wandering as it does in unaccented practice.

This part of the training, which has its most active place from the first to the fifth grades of instruction, is partly mental and partly muscular, and is more effectual than any similar expenditure of time that I am acquainted with. The Mason two-finger exercises have the advantage of giving the typical methods of eliciting tones from the piano, both the extremely strong tones required in moments of greatest intensity and the lightest possible tone forms where rapidity and lightness are the main qualities. Once furnished with these extremes of the keyboard color scheme, the pupil is able presently to gain his interpretations in a manner which is rarely reached without a foundation of practice provided by these particular exercises.

With reference to the use of etudes, with which the literature of the pianoforte is now so reduntantly enriched, I am very much in doubt. In the two different Graded Systems which I have compiled I have endeavored to sift the standard studies and to retain only

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those which have a certain amount of musical application. I am not at all sure, however, that any of them are absolutely necessary, and I am inclined to think that even better results would be obtained by the use of properly selected and correlated pieces of actual musical value, combined with technical exercises rhythmically treated. The practical difficulty of carrying on the study in this way is that it requires eternal vigilance on the part of the teacher, and a very happy faculty of discriminating the passing conditions of the pupil; for which reason the great majority of teachers will do better work if some kind of a well selected system of studies is combined with the piece and exercise practice. When the pupil has reached the fifth grade and, in fact, a little before this, about the fourth, the instruction has to become more distinctly musical, and from the sixth grade on there are practically four things to be done to secure good piano playing: For clearness and distinctness in thematic work, Bach and other writers of that school; in general, however, Bach and Schumann are the two best writers for improving the playing in thematic development. They are better both because they diversify themes in a greater variety of manners and also because they develop their themes upon musical principles to musical climaxes. For abandon and spontaneity in playing, Schumann and Liszt; Schumann in the direction of expression and musical sensibility combined with great quickness and force, and at times in a very dreamy and mystical manner; Liszt for brilliancy and dash. There is a certain elegance of piano playing that comes from Chopin. These four typical elements of piano playing, intelligence, spontaneity, elegance and dash, are necessary in almost every first-class piece, and it would be possible to fully develop the pupil and make a fine player, and use nothing but the works of these four writers from the fifth grade on. Beethoven I do not use as a developer, but as an artistic satisfaction from time to time, as we become able to deal with higher and higher illustrations of his genius.

To sum up, according to my way of thinking, the first thing for the piano player to have in any grade is musical feeling; and the second thing a musical and expressive touch for the expression of musical feeling; and third, a varied selection of musical moods and tone pictures adapted to the changing conditions of the mind, so that one always has something suitable to play. In my system (if I may be allowed to use the expression) I have accomplished the most striking results through the unconscious modification of the pupil's musical state by the action and re-action of well selected and well contrasted musical material. This, however, is an art which the teacher has to acquire by much experience and by careful observation of the effect following the use of different things.

With reference to the use of the famous sets of studies in the advanced grades of piano playing, such as Cramer, Clementi, Chopin, Henselt and others, I do not regard Cramer as absolutely essential. Chopin is indispensable and is the corner stone of elegance in playing. His studies, however, are insufficient for the left hand and in

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post-graduate work; the re-writings of these done by Mr. Godowsky are destined to have a very important place for developing the left hand. Bach is indispensable from the fourth grade to the end. The Clementi studies seem to be useful with limits. They represent a school of playing which we cannot as yet afford to do without and yet upon which we cannot afford to expend a great deal of time. Henselt is a very uneven writer. A limited amount of study in his works conduces to breadth and melodiousness of playing. In the higher grades of brilliancy and sparkle, the studies of Liszt are destined to have a very important place, although as yet they have only found application in the training of artists. The elementary ground below these writers, aside from that covered by Stephen Heller, who is a poet of the piano, will probably be covered over and over again by new writers from time to time, each of whom will practically supersede those who went before him in some particular province.

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BUREAU OF ETHNOLOGY, to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, 1892-3, by J. W. Powell, Director. In two parts, part I., 637 pages; part II., pages 638 to 1111.

These two very imposing volumes represent the work of the Bureau of Ethnology during the years 1892-3. The ground covered is extremely important from an ethnological point of view. After the general report of the director of the department, describing the general character of the work done, a series of memoirs follow concerning the more prominent tribes; that by Walter James Hoffman on the Menomini Indians extends for about two hundred and ninety pages and includes a general description of the tribes, their location, their form of government, their language, their cult societies, with the ceremonies appertaining to them, their mythology, some folk tales, mortuary customs, games, dances, etc., and a general view of their entire state of civilization. The next memoir is by George Parker Winship upon the Coronado Expedition in 1540-1542. This extends over nearly three hundred pages and completes the first volume.

The second volume opens with a very elaborate discussion of the ghost dance religion by James Mooney, occupying the entire second part, something more than five hundred pages. It begins with the Indian traditions and a general description of the ghost dance and the religious ideas it represents, after which the peculiar ritual of several of the different tribes is traced. Of the Arapahoe tribe, for example, no less than seventy-three songs are given, and with a part of them the music appertaining; of the Cheyenne, nineteen songs; of the Comanches, four songs; of the Paiutes, nine songs; of the Sioux, twenty-six, etc. This collection of folk lore is the most important, it is thought, yet published concerning our American Indians. Of the musical indications to be drawn from the songs something will be said in particular at another time.

The volumes are illustrated by maps, among which are some reproductions of very old ones, which also are extremely queer. As usual with the publications of the government printing office the work is handsomely done, and the report as a whole appeals to the scholar.

A PRACTICAL COURSE IN HARMONY AND MUSICAL COMPOSITION, written with an especial view to supply the apparent needs of American teachers and students of music, by W. T. Giffe. Price $1.00. Published by The Home Music Company, Logansport, Ind.

This little treatise on harmony follows the plan original with the author. The Solfa names are used quite freely, and the early work with chords is conducted along very similar lines indeed.

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Very early in the instruction he takes up musical form and proceeds to the intention of melody. All the usual topics of harmony are covered in this book.

SYLLABUS OF LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF MUSIC. Given in the Oberlin Conservatory of Music, by Edward Dickinson. Outline for the fall term, with references for private study.

Those who are interested in the study of musical history as conducted in the larger schools and colleges will find Mr. Dickinson's syllabus of the fall term very interesting indeed. It consists of twenty lectures with references to the standard histories, data, etc. Mr. Dickinson has just now at the end of this course reached a point where musical history begins to be more interesting.

A FEW SONGS BY BRAHMS.

The first volume of selected Songs of Brahms contains six which are among the best known works of this master. The first one,

"Oh sink, oh sink thy grief, my child,
To the bottom of the deep, deep sea,"

is founded upon a poem by Robert Reinick. In the edition which I notice (Schirmer) there are three texts, German, English and French. This song is a very serious and impassioned character, the melody somewhat slow and deliberate. The accompaniment, as so often happens in the songs of Brahms, is purposely developed out of a different rhythmic figure from that of the song itself. In this instance the melody runs in pulses and half pulses, whereas the accompaniment runs in triplets; that is to say, the chords in the right hand run in triplets, while the bass preserves the rhythm of the song itself.

The entire rhythmic sense is sustained, or nearly sustained, by half pulse motion, running at the same time with a continually sustained triplet motion, three to a pulse.

The musical handling of this song presents several peculiarities, the most notable of which is the entrance of the bass upon a dissonance, which at the same time is an advance imitation (to speak Hibernically) of the leading motive of the melody.

The effect of this combination with the rhythmic figure already noticed gives the song a much more impassioned character than it would otherwise have.

It would be difficult to say why Brahms has so long remained unpopular with singers, considering how well he uses the voice. In the second line, "A stone, alas, in the sea will sink, my grief returns to me," the lower part of the accompaniment is at the same pitch and identical with the melody itself, but the voice breaks

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through at the emphatic climax of the phrase, "grief." This is taken upon high G flat, and is supported with full harmony by both hands, giving the effect of a much stronger harmonic climax, and also affording the singer the needed assistance in maintaining the high pitch.

The second song in the series is a very beautiful one, "To a Violet." This is on a poem by Holty, beginning:

"Hide, oh flow'ret, within thy blue recesses
Hide these pale dews of sorrow."

The entire effect of the song and the accompaniment is extremely tender and delicate, one of the important features in the artistic effect being the arpeggios of the accompaniment, which is throughout in sixteenth note motion, whereas the melody in six-eight time runs in dotted quarters and eighths.

Another very famous piece, which comes in this volume, is "Like a Blossoming Lilac My Love Is Fair," here written in the fearfully uninviting key of D sharp minor. It is poetic and lyric in the extreme, and a more charming selection cannot be found.

The next song is "The Old Love," on a poem by Candidus. This is a moderate movement.

"The dusky swallow flyeth towards her northern home,
The songsters build and flutter beneath the leafy dome;
The morn is warm and cloudy, the sky bedimmed with rains,
My heart awakes from slumber to old forgotten pains."

Then comes "To a Nightingale," and, last of all, "In Summer Fields."

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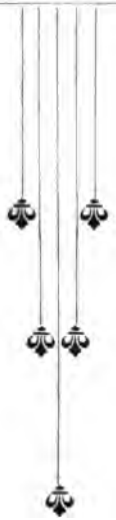

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

CHICAGO ILLS.

SEPTEMBER

1897

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MUSIC

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

MUSIC IN FINLAND.

BY ANNA COX STEPHENS.

"Thy blossom, now concealed from sight,
Will burst its bud ere long,
And lo! from out our love, in might,
Will break thy splendor, joy, and light,
And then, in clear, full notes, and strong,
Will sound glad Finland's song."
—Runeberg ("Vart land").

The above lines from the famous national song of Finland by the great poet, Johan Ludvig Runeberg, written sometime in the forties and set to music by Fredrik Pacius, has been a hope and a prophecy for modern Suomi, for with Finland circumstance has indeed been the "hammer which striketh sparks from the flint." From out cruel conflict and harrowing contention, there has arisen over this land of a thousand lakes the sun of brilliant promise, rosy in its dawn of progress, refulgent on its onward way, its rays forecasting a great and glorious future. "Man," Emerson says "is explicable by nothing less than all his history." So, a people with even an inexplicable past of undeniable culture and proven refinement, seemingly obliterated in the unmarked years of migration and inevitable struggle with strange environment, such a people must, when the moment of event arrives, arise in their pristine vigor to meet the occasion. Those who have familiarized themselves with the history of this interesting country know that it has served bravely in the later times, as "the bloody shield of Sweden." The nature of the Finn is loyalty to justice; the fact of fate is not to be disputed, but bowed to as the high decision of wiser destiny; and when the might of Russia's strength conquered the land from Sweden, the verdict of arms

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was the incontestable decree which they accepted with faith in the new rule.

As a Grand Duchy of the Russian Empire under the noble

RUNEBERG.

seal of Alexander II., it soon took on the dignity of a dowager in its own affairs of state, and, behold the Finland of the nineteenth century, great in all it retained best of its fellow-land of Sweden, and welcomed to its new estate and budding

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ART AND SCIENCE.

Foot of Runeberg's Monument.

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era by the outstretched hand of the new rule. It is not, however, to the political or economic significance of this change that this writing tends, but to the development of the creative, spiritual and imaginative outpouring of the mind of a people who are setting their stamp upon art in all its protean ways of science and literature. Emerson tells us that "Imagination is a very high sort of seeing," and it is what the artists of this

PLAYING KANTELE.

land of Suomi have seen in the eternal soul of things and drawn forth in their spiritual might into words and colors, into sounds that illumine the silence, into the voices of this various music, to awaken the far off ear of other lands, that I devote this article. When these people, so ancient that their origin is disputed or unknown—whom, the philologist Lenormant contends were a people nearly identified with the old

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Accadeans—when these Finns, with unconscious exactness of the scientific fact, proven by the receding waters as in the case of Nile, called their land the "last born daughter of the sea," they gave a poetic utterance which is their inheritance from the "Wisdom Singer" of their great epic, the magician "Wamamoinen." Song of rune and music of the Kantele made part of their daily lives. These people overshadowed by a past filled with only sad remembrances of a time still farther removed, a time whose brightness had been bedimned by shade upon shade falling darker upon them, until forever faded from their mental vision.

> **"Kantele of care is carvèd**
> **Formed of saddening sorrows only."**
> **—(Kanteletar).**

Ekman, the celebrated Finnish artist, once court painter to the King of Sweden, exhibited in the Art Union gallery at Helsingfors (1868) his picture Greta Haapasalo playing on a Kantele, and this same artist painted the people's poet Pentti Lyytinen reading his Runes in a Finnish cottage.

* * * * * * *

In 1790 the first organized musical society was brought together successfully at Abo, then the capital of Finland. Its members arranged for public and private concerts by professionals, also the first quartette for male voices was organized in 1819, after the manner of the Academical Chorus at Upsala (Sweden). This form of singing was well conducted by K. V. Salge (1779-1833).

The name of Frederik Pacius, the successor of Salge, now became known as Finland's first composer of music, hitherto only executive. Pacius gave a national musical literature. Born at Hamburg in 1809, he died at Helsingfors in 1891. He had identified himself with Finnish life and ways, but withal a strain of German ran through all his creative work. Pacius held for some time the post of court musician at Stockholm. When at the age of twenty-five he entered the University of Helsingfors as Master of Music, a pupil of Spohr and Hauptmann. As a composer he was an exponent of the classic-romantic style of Spohr, and in his best works and also in his thoroughly artistic violin playing he showed himself worthy of his master; his personality and talent made him a great influence in the musical life of the capital. Despite the limited

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conditions of the orchestral and chorus resources of Helsingfors at that time, he combined them in 1845 into a symphony society, and organized a singing society in 1848. With

TWO POETS.

Lyytinen and Mkkonen Singing the Old Runes.

these he performed many masterpieces one after another, such as Spohr's "Die letzten Dinge" and "Das Vater Unser," Grauns' "Tod' Jesu," Handel's "Messiah," Mendelssohns' "Paul," Cherubinis' "Requiem" and Felicien Davids' "Le

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désert," Spohr's "Mass" for an eight-part a-capella chorus, Beethoven's symphonies, etc.

Pacius opened a new musical era for Finland in his creative work, his greatest being considered "Kung Carl's Jagt" (King Charles' Hunt), an opera in the historic-romantic style set to words by the celebrated Z. Topeluis. This was presented at

FREDERIK PACIUS.

Helsingfors in 1852 by amateurs and was received with the wildest enthusiasm. A few years later this same opera was performed at the royal theater at Stockholm, as the gala opera on the occasion of the coronation of Charles XV., and it has ever since been in the repertoire of that theater. It was again rendered at Helsingfors in 1875 and 1880, after some alterations; some parts of the opera are still very popular, among

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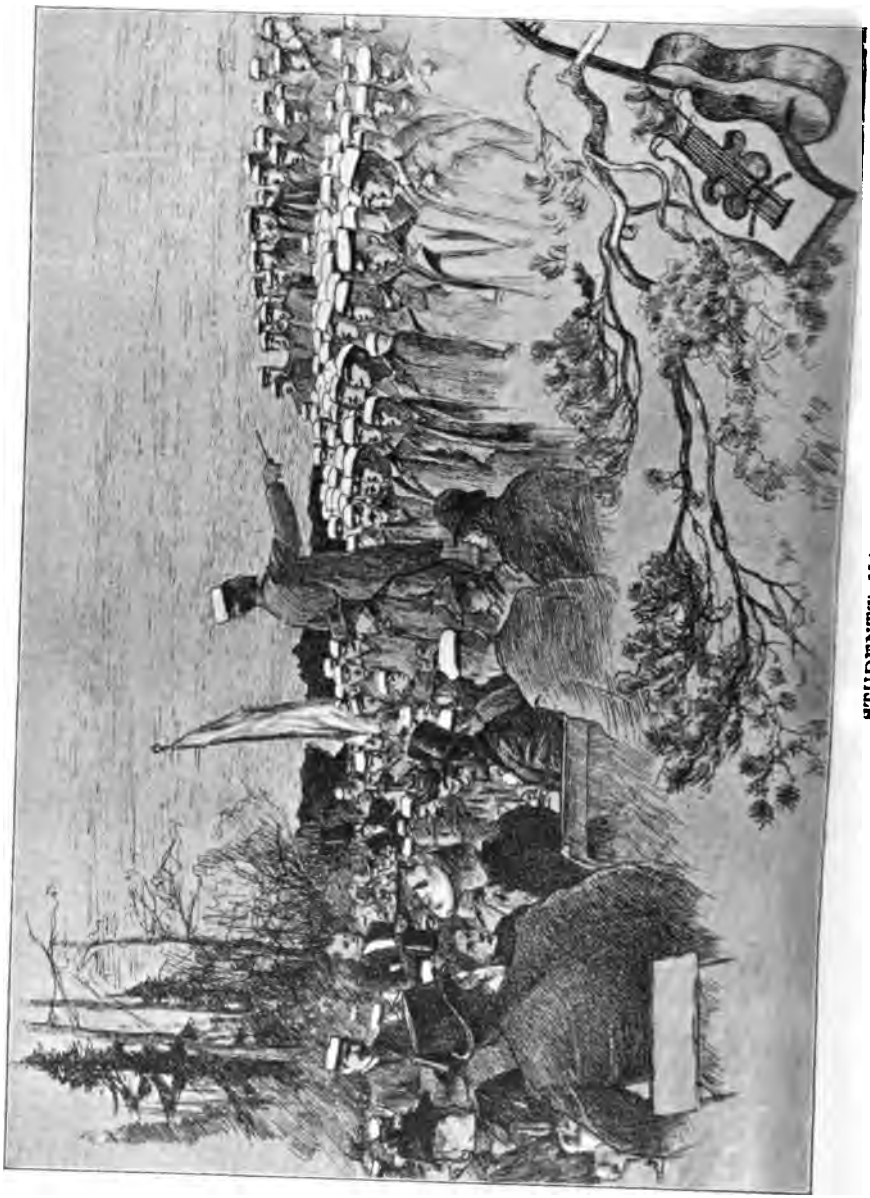

STUDENTS' MAY FESTIVAL.

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others the beautiful romance, "Och Hafvets unga Tärna" (The Young Daughter of the Ocean), and the splendid finale, written in the pompous style of the day. The "Princessan of Cypern" (The Princess of Cyprus), given at Helsingfors in 1860 and 1876 is best known by the Cavatina, "O barn of Hellas" (O Child of Hellas), and his "Kvarnsangen" (The Mill Song), founded on a rune-melody. Among the finest of Pacius' compositions are "Fantasia for Violin" (1842), "Violin Concerto" (1845), the Cantata, Weihe der Töne (1839), "Zigenarmarsch" (Gypsy March, 1841), "Festival March" (1842), "Allegro Maëstoso" (1850), "Miriams' Siegiesang" (never yet performed), and the "Porthan Cantata" (1859), dedicated to Henrick Gabriel Porthan, the scholar and father of Finnish history, in whose honor is erected the fine portrait-statue at Abo.

The importance in a patriotic sense of the work of Pacius is founded on his songs. The very beautiful "Suomis' song Soldatgassen" (The Soldier Boy), "Fridsböner" (The Prayers for Peace), and of super-import, the famous "Värt land" (Our Country), a hymn composed in 1848, to the words of Runeberg's great poem from which it takes its title. It was sung for the first time at the memorable May festival of the students, on May 13th of that year, amidst wild and long-continued applause. In the closing years of his life Pacius had the gratification of seeing his opera of "Loreley" put on the stage, in 1887, the words written by Em. Geibel. As has been said of Pacius, "the art which he founded and practiced was not national in the proper sense of the word. What his inspiration calls forth, will probably bear the stamp of the national type of mind, but his own contributions to the Finnish artistic life are gifts from the abundance of a greater, richer people.

This German influence is noticeable in many spheres of Finnish civilization, and particularly in music was strengthened by the composer who succeeded the good Pacius. This was Konrad Greve (1820-1851); of German birth, he studied under Ferd. David and at twenty-one was engaged as director and musical conductor of the musical society at Abo. In his short life he did much effective work, both in his capacity as director and conductor—also in his creative work—the principal compositions being the music of "Sommarnatten" (The Summer Night) 1847, and the saga play, "Systrarne pa Kinnekulle"

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(The Sisters of Kinnekulle) 1850, to the text by N. H. Pinello; also to F. Berndtson's historic-romantic play, "Ur Lifvets Strid" (From the Battle of Life) 1851. This last was also memorable as it was at its presentation that the Björneborgarne's march, the most popular song in all Scandanavia and Finland, was first publicly performed after 1809, and much of its success is attributable to Greve's beautiful setting.

COLLAN.

Quite a number of amateurs about this time won successful recognition for their compositions. Frederik August Ehrstrom, organist at Helsingfors (1801-1850), and Axel Gabriel Ingelius (1822-1868) devoting themselves mostly to song composition, Ehrstrom's "Vid en Källa (At a Well), and Ingelius' beautiful "Varsang" (Spring Song) still retain their popularity.

Karl Collan (1828-1871), librarian of the University of Helsingfors, student and translator of the Kalevala, made his appearance as an amateur. He possessed great talent, studied the theory of music, led to do so from his scientific research in the field of national song. His compositions, principally quartette songs for male voices and solo songs with piano accompaniment, show traces of this study. Collan, we are told, "was the first composer of Finland who tried to comply in his art with the beautiful exhortation of the national poem."

> **"Listen to the fir-trees sighing, at whose root**
> **Thy home is founded."**

His songs appealed to the native temperament of the people. The exquisite "Otaliga vagor vandra" (Thousands of Wavelets Wander), set to Runeberg's beautiful words, is a charm to all music lovers of the north; "Du är min ro" (Thou art my Rest), "Sylvia's Julvisa" (Sylvia's Christmas Song), are among the best of Collan's creations. Of his quartettes for male voices, the "Vasa March," with words by Topelius, and "Savolaisten landu" (The Savolaksian's song, words by Ahlquist), are filled with young patriotism, and very original.

Filip von Schantz (1835-1868) began his artistic career with wonderful promise, passing with great credit his examina-

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tion in 1853; after a conflict with the authorities of the university he was obliged to leave, and so devoted his future to music. He studied at Leipsic and gave a concert at Helsingfors in 1858 with a program of his own works, foremost in merit being the "Kullervo" Ouverture and the Student March, "Vi äro Andens Fria Folk" (We are Free Sons of Thought). From 1860-1863 Von Schantz was conductor of the newly organized orchestra for the theater; after the burning of the theater he went to Sweden, but in 1864 returned to Helsingfors in broken health, after many artistic triumphs and pecuniary troubles. After the first mentioned of his compositions, the first place must be given to the music, set to R. R. Rosendahl's four act play, "Ainamo" (1861), and to "Ynglingens Drommar" (The Youth's Dreams), a cantata with solos, recitative, choruses and orchestral interludes to the poem of that name by Topelius. This was not performed until after his death, and shows the best of composer's talent; his work was greatly limited by his lack of a better knowledge of theory, and "a groping uncertainty, which, side by side with delicacy of counterpoint and inspired harmony," was to be found in his work. His "Student March" has the fiery charm, the inspiring optimism—the newly awakened courage of the sixties, as in much of Collan's work. Von Schantz's songs take important place in Finnish lyrical music.

Karl Gustaf Wasenius was promotor and leader for many years of the musical life at Abo, also the composer of the operatic plays, "Boupptеckningen" (The Inventory), "Guldkorset" (The Golden Cross), and "Tre Friare" (The Three Lovers). Tavaststjerna, once one of the most admired amateur singers of the country, has also left a number of compositions of varying worth. An opera entitled "Semfira," from the text of one of the poems of the Russian poet, Pouschkini, performed at Helsingfors in 1870; and some sacred songs, "I Jerusaleme döttrar" (Ye Daughters of Jerusalem, etc.) Musical taste in Finland has accustomed itself to the highest standards, and dilettantism is excluded from any permanent success in the artistic career.

Richard Faltin (v. 1835) succeeded Pacius as music master at the university, and is the first among the musicians of Finland at the present day. Faltin came in early youth to Finland from Germany, where he had received a musical education, and since his arrival he has devoted himself to the land

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he chose for his career. In 1856-69 he founded a singing society at Viborg, also an orchestral society, and by the numerous concerts elevated the musical life of that place. At Helsingfors he founded the Song Union, existing from 1871 to

CHURCH SERVICE AT NYLAND.

1884. Faltin's own compositions are a cantata, performed at a fête for Topelius (1888) for chorus a-capella; "Laureation Cantata" (1890), for chorus, solos and orchestra—in artistic value one of the most important works created in Finland. Among his other compositions are a number of songs with

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piano accompaniment and some adaptations, Helarian anthems for chorus singing, national ballads, Bellman melodies, etc. Also he has published tune-books for the Finnish church, a collection of voluntaries and preludes—a model book of its kind (1888-1892).

In the leadership of musical life of the capital, indeed of the whole country, Martin Wegelius (b. 1846) stands side by side with Faltin. During Wegelius' studies at Vienna and Leipsic he was imbued with the ideas and modes of Richard Wagner. As director of the music school of Helsingfors, he promoted the introduction of the new ideas. His own compositions are the overture to "Daniel Hjorth" concert—rondo for orchestra and piano; two cantatas, "The Sixth of May," composed to the memory of Runeberg (1878); and "Julnatten" (Christmas Night); several a-capella choruses; "Necken" (a dramatic chorus to words by G. Wennerberg), and two ballads, "Ungmön i lunden" (The Maid in the Grove), and "Mignon" for a solo voice with orchestral accompaniment. Wegelius has also published two important works on the science of music, "Allmän Musik lära" (A Manuel of the Theory of Music) 1889, and "Den vester ländska Musikens Historia" (The Musical History of the West, 1893.)

Robert Kajanus (b. 1856), the conductor of the Helsingfors orchestra, has devoted his compositions mostly to instrumental music, particularly orchestral. Kajanus is a pupil of the conservatorium at Leipsic and of J. Svendsen. He made his debut with a symphonic poem, "Kulleroo," which was brought out under his own leadership at Leipsic and Dresden. "Sorg marsch med anledning af E. Lonnrot död" (Funeral March on the Occasion of E. Lonnrot's Death, 1884), "Aino," a symphonic poem; a romance for violin and orchestra, etc. Kajanus composed also quartettes for male voices; songs for a solo singer and some pianoforte music.

Under the influence of recent Germanic music, especially that of Liszt, Karl Flodin (b. 1858), both as composer and critic, has sought to lead the musical feeling of the general public in a modern direction. His most noted works are: "I Skären" (Among the Islands), chorus for male voices; "Cortège" for a military band; "I sommarnatt" (On a Summer Night), for a mixed chorus; and "Helena," a scene from Goethe's "Faust" for soprano and orchestra.

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SHIPWRECKED.
By B. Stigell.

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Kajanus' successful attempts, by an adhesion to the tendencies of the national music, and if necessary by the use of its motif, to reproduce the spirit of the Finnish national poetry,

BOY WITH HORN.
By Gallen.

have been carried forward by Jean Sibelius (b. 1865). Inspired like Von Schantz and Kajanus, by the sublime pathos of the Kulleroo Myth, the imagination and remarkable originality of Sibelius which sometimes even verges on audacity,

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he has in his grandly planned Kulleroo symphony, given to the beautiful poem a characteristic and peculiarly national interpretation. Sibelius studied composition at the music school of Helsingfors, under Wegelius, and developed his talent at Berlin and Vienna. He has composed, besides the Kulleroo symphony, a piano quintette, and a string quartette; a "Ballet Scene" and "A Saga" for the orchestra, and his latest work, 1893, is an imposing orchestral suite, on an historical motif.

Among the younger composers of exceptional talent may be named Armas Jarnfelt (b. 1869), Oscar Merikanto (b. 1868), and Ilmari Krohn (b. 1867), all of great promise.

From the body of the Academical Chorus, the so-called "Twelve," a threefold quartette, collected money by their concerts through the provinces to build the Student House at Helsingfors. The society of "Merry Musicians" devoted themselves to chorus work under the able leadership of the founder Gösta Sohlstrom, and have attained a mastery of precision and effectiveness of nuance which, in the opinion of native and foreign critics, can hardly be surpassed. And no utterance of Finnish musical life beyond the borders has received such flattering approval as that of the "Merry Musicians" in their concert tours to St. Petersburg (1878), Moscow (1882), Stockholm (1886), Copenhagen (1888), Copenhagn, Hamburg, Paris and Berlin (1889).

For the purely musical information in this article, I am indebted to the account of R. F. Von Millerhand, which is taken very nearly literally from the great work, "Suomi 19; llä vuosisadalla," edited by the Senator L. Mechlin. In a later paper I hope to continue the subject with an account of opera in Finland, and somewhat also of dramatic art, with views of theaters, scenes, etc.

There is much that is most interesting in many of the customs of the people of this land of the fir tree, which must await another time and space. Admiral von Stedink, mistaking the caution and reserve of the Finns, said, "The Finn wants a petard in his back to make him move," but the Finn himself has proven otherwise, rarely in any pursuit does he make a misstep. Upon his nature lies somewhat of that shadowy past the faint memory of some fairer clime and by-gone happiness, as in the painting of Ekman's "Rune Singer."

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"Let us clasp our hands together
That we thus may best remember—

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

Thus the well-inclined may hear them
Of this rising generation.
These are words in childhood taught as
Songs preserved from distant ages."

—(Proem Kalevala).

And yet these lines were sung among the people many, many hundred years ago. In these days it is said that among them the awkward peasant boy is not recognized when he has gone to school for a year or two; and the cowboy who was unable to count one bar on his brick-bark horn, to-day blows on a cornet in E flat in Tschaikowsky's "Overture of 1812." In science and art we find of the Finn that,

"He could touch the springs of magic;
He could turn the keys of nature."

*References and illustrations from Suomi 19: llä vuosisadalla Helsingfors, by kind permission of the publishers.

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BRAHMS AND THE CLASSICAL TRADITION.

BY W. H. HADOW.

The death of a great artist should affect us with something more than the sense of personal loss. It is doubtless natural that we should feel ourselves the poorer, that we should indulge in vain and unavailing regret, that we should mourn the glory departed and the generous hand now closed to us forever. But if our first thought be of our bereavement we are soon called from inaction by the march and progress of events; we see our leader still present in the work that he has done, and hear his voice in the orders that he has issued for our guidance. "Princes are mortal, the State is everlasting;" and we shall pay most honor to the dead if, when we think of him, we are roused to remember our citizenship.

It is true that the work of Brahms is still too near us for any certain or dogmatic estimate of its value. The perspective of criticism needs distance to focus its object; familiarity with a new method can only be attained after long and patient study. Indeed, it is a commonplace that contemporary judgment has usually been astray; Haydn was called extravagant and Mozart obscure, Beethoven censured for lack of form and Schubert for lack of melody; and though many of these verdicts were due to sheer blindness and incapacity, there are yet some which can be partially excused by the circumstances of their delivery. Men who are in the heat of contest can take no dispassionate views of either comrades or opponents; amid the clash of arms there is little hope that reason should get a hearing. Indeed, as human nature stands, toleration is commonly a mark of deficient interest, and we are often inclined to administer Solon's law and disfranchise the doubter who stands aloof from his party. But, at the same time, the principle which Brahms maintained during the last half century is of such significance to the general development of the art that in whatever terms we appraise it we can hardly misunderstand its import. He was the last great representative of the classical tradition in German music, and it is by

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reference to that tradition that his work can most profitably be discussed.

Art may roughly be said to fulfil two main functions: the first that of communicating some emotional idea, the second that of exhibiting a mastery over some medium or material. By the one it appeals to our sympathy, by the other to our admiration; the former influences us chiefly by choice of theme, the latter chiefly by manner of treatment. The painter no more copies nature than the dramatist copies life: each finds in certain facts the opportunity for self-expression, and sets before us not a transcript of reality, but the impress which reality makes upon the conceptive temperament. And in music, where the empirical element hardly exists, we may note even more clearly the immediate response of personal feeling. It may be too subtle for analysis, it may elude our clumsy devices of terminology and classification, but it remains among the truest and most vivid experiences of human nature. Melody that is conceived and born of a living soul can stir our hearts as deeply as the passion of Juliet or the courage of Hotspur; it has its own aspects of humor and pathos, of serenity and agitation, and what it lacks in concrete presentment it more than compensates in the directness and concentration of its touch. But to regard this as constituting the character of the art is as grave an error as it would be to criticise a picture or a poem by sole reference to the subject with which it deals. Of far more importance is the question of treatment, the relation to some standard of absolute beauty, the development of a style, the gradual victory over a stubborn or difficult medium. Here we can advance to something further than a mere personal statement of likes and dislikes, here we can follow an intelligible method and apply an intelligible test. And not only is judgment easier on this side, it is also far more valuable. One would hardly ask a painter whether Diderot or Gautier were the better critic; and if in a representative art the difference be crucial, it is surely so in that which claims to be the type and standard of formal perfection.

This, then, explains the meaning of the term classical, as distinctively employed in musical history. A classical composer is one who pays the highest regard to his medium, who aims before all things at perfection of phrase and struc-

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ture, whose ideal is simple beauty, and whose passion the love of style. By some unlucky chance the name seems to have been transferred from architecture at a time when English taste was at an ebb tide, and it is for this reason often supposed to carry some connotation of formalism and artificiality. But classical writing does not mean "correct" writing in the sense which Macaulay satirized. It includes many grades of rank and many types of character; the richness of Bach, the lucidity of Mozart, the magnificent strength and dignity of Beethoven; and a pedantic insistence on authoritative rule is not a mark of its true nature, but a symptom of one of its deadliest diseases. Nothing, therefore, is implied by the title as to the particular aspect of style in which the artist happens to be interested. If the interest is paramount, the work is so far on the side of the classics.

In contradistinction to this may be set the method of which an essential characteristic is the desire to communicate at all hazards a more or less definite emotional state. No one who had any feeling for propriety of language could call Wagner a classical composer. In his drama the music is never an end in itself, but is merely a co-operating element in the general stage effect. Its office is to heighten the speech of the actor, to intensify or explain the dramatic situation, to bring the audience into accord with the requirements of the scene. And neither by temperament nor by training was Wagner fitted to combine this ideal with that of pure artistic composition. His melody is not of the first order, his harmonic devices are comparatively few, even his polyphony is often forced and unnatural. At the theater such things are of little importance; they count for no more than the stage conventions, from which no dramatist is altogether free, or the unconvincing properties which no manager troubles to discard. The center of Wagner's art is the dramatic illusion, and the music, accessory to this, fulfils its whole office by the emotional illustration of the text. With Berlioz, again, we are listening not so much to a musician as to a poet who speaks in musical sound. His compositions are ostensibly designed to suggest images, pictures, scenes of actual occurrence; they are voluptuous, or stern, or grotesque, according to the theme with which they deal, but they seldom give us the delight which arises from the mere contemplation of a fine thing

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finely accomplished. Contrast, for a moment, the "Symphonie Fantastique" with any symphony of Beethoven. The difference is not only one of degree in achievement; it implies, in addition, a wide diversity of aim.

From this conclusion two results would seem to follow. First, that in classical music the range of emotion must be somewhat circumscribed, since not all things can be told in beautiful form. Extremes of passion, extremes of terror, which form the climax of the one school, lie outside the limits of the other; in it everything is chastened, modified, clothed with a certain dignity and reticence that would rather forego the appeal than make it in unseemly terms. Secondly, the music which is based on emotional conception is never so distinguished as that which arises from the highest appreciation of style and treatment. Schumann, with all his genius, never let us forget that he "learned his counterpoint from Jean Paul." His art is always best when he can give free rein to his fancy; it weakens before the very obstacles for surmounting which distinction of style is most needed. The pianoforte concerto, for instance, is full of suggestion, but its workmanship looks coarse and clumsy beside Mozart's; the three string quartets have abundance of poetic charm, but now and again they sink into difficulties over which a less preoccupied musician would have triumphed. In short, compared with the great Viennese masters, Schumann seems almost like a highly cultivated amateur; he has been privileged to enrich the art, but theirs is the closer intimacy.

And it was into their family that Brahms was born. By natural temper of mind he was a pure musician, a chosen lover to whom art revealed her innermost secrets. In music, as in literature, there is a peculiar tact and instinct of style, which, though it be difficult to define, is for all that a true and genuine gift. Not only are its possessors incapable of writing what is vulgar or commonplace, not only do they shrink unconsciously from cheapness or sensationalism or imposture, but in their own work the power is manifested by the witness of certain visible qualities, by a special texture, a special color, a special sense of design, which it is wholly impossible for the outsider to assume or imitate. A waltz of Schubert is as unmistakable as a lyric of Heine; it may consist of a single quatrain, a fugitive thought expressed in a few simple phrases,

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but there is something in the attitude, or the feeling, or the form of stanza, which proclaims its divinity. And in like manner the lightest melody of Brahms, equally with his most elaborate exhibition of science, is elect of the inner sanctuary and is touched with fire from off the altar. Not, of course, that it all reaches the same level of beauty; there are distinctions in him as there are in Bach and Beethoven, but his poorest tune, his most learned piece of counterpoint, is inspired with that special kind of vitality which we find in the great classics, and which we do not find in the music, considered from the musical standpoint alone, of Wagner and the romantic composers.

Again he belongs to his order not only by right of birth but by right of education. There is nothing in musical history more remarkable than the difference between the training of the old masters and that of the generation which succeeded them. Haydn worked sixteen hours a day with Fux' Gradus and the sonatas of Emmanuel Bach; Mozart, the quickest of pupils, was taken by a careful and exacting teacher through the most rigorous course of study that the age permitted; Beethoven spent his boyhood in almost overstrained labor, and at an age when many men would look upon their education as complete, set himself again to write themes for Haydn and counterpoint exercises for Albrechtsberger. But Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner, can hardly be described as educated musicians at all. No doubt the first of them was technically at the Paris Conservatoire, but of his connection with it the less said the better. Liszt, as a young man, had little inclination to exchange the triumphs of the virtuoso for the drudgery of the student. Wagner was given up as incorrigible by two masters, and by the third sent out as a finished composer after six months. And even the musicians of this period who stand nearer to the classical line—such as Schumann and Chopin—are affected in some degree by the want of balance and completeness in their musical training. In their student days they were brought up on Bach's "Well-tempered Clavier;" but they knew little of his choral work, certainly not the Passion music or the B minor Mass; they heard some Mozart and Haydn, but little of Beethoven, and of Schubert virtually nothing; they were taught how to write a fugue, but not how to write a sonata or a symphony. No doubt Schumann discovered for himself a great deal more than he ever learned from

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Kuntzsch; there is the famous story of his training his hand for chamber music by "shutting himself up with all Beethoven's quartets;" but this is a very different thing from studying the great model at the proper time and under the proper influences. And Chopin, a few years before his death, had never heard of the F minor—the "most Beethovenish of them all," as Mendelssohn called it—and had to send round to a music shop in order to procure a copy. Imagine a poet of the present day who should take his friend's advice and order "Lear" or "Hamlet" from the circulating library.

It is therefore significant that at the age of thirteen Brahms was placed under Eduard Marxsen, the most enlightened and cultivated music teacher of the time, and that he spent with him seven years of unrelaxed discipline. When he emerged, for his trial flight with Reményi, his equipment was extraordinarily solid and complete; not only everything which could be learned from precepts and familiarized by practice, but all that could be added by a careful and exhaustive study of every classic that was then known to exist. Recent discoveries had increased the store of Bach; Beethoven was resuming his empire after two decades of abeyance; even Schubert was not wholly unknown, thanks to the Neue Zeitschrift and its editor, and it was on this foundation of broad eclecticism that the superstructure of the new architect was firmly and steadily established. And since pure music is the most continuous of all the arts, since in course of development every generation must needs take its point of departure from the position which its predecessor has attained, there is little need to point out that the more comprehensive the survey of that position the more sure and confident will be the advance. That the work of Brahms will take higher rank than the work of Schumann or Chopin is hardly to be contested, and of this fact one reason may be found in the contrast of formative conditions.

Again, it was well for Brahms that his life should have been in a pre-eminent degree quiet and eventless. "Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille," says Goethe, and the words are almost prophetic of this shy, silent, secluded artist. The only offices that he ever held were the post of Kapellmeister at Lippe Detmold, and, later on, a couple of conductorships at Vienna; he was but once in his life out of hearing of his native language, and that for a short holiday visit; he refused

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every appointment that would take him away from his adopted home; he was unmarried, he had no near relations, he left no will. For the last five-and-thirty years the occurrences of his life were the meetings of the Tonkünstler-verein, the summer trip to Ischl or Carlsbad, the invitation, rarely accepted, to conduct a symphony at Leipsic or an overture at Berlin. To publicity, to notoriety, to fame itself he had the most cordial and unaffected aversion; his work once finished he took no further interest in its fortunes, and received its failure or success with equal modesty and equal indifference. To this, no doubt, is due some of the contemplative quality by which his music is so frequently characterized. Songs like "Feldeinsamkeit," movements like the adagio of the Pianoforte Quintet, works like the "Schicksalslied," or the German Requiem, are all the outcome of a mind that is grave, steadfast, earnest in temper, occupied with the deeper mysteries and the more serious issues of life. It is noticeable that Brahms never wrote a line for the theater, and that when he is at his most passionate—"Verrath," for instance, or "Meine Liebe ist Grün"—he shows much closer analogy with one of Browning's dramatic lyrics than with the more direct and vivid emotions of the stage. But most of all may we thank the conditions of Brahms' life for supplying him with the atmosphere which his genius essentially needed. A style so opulent, so original, so perfect in form and balance, could only have been elaborated in seclusion.

And it is as a master of form that he will live. To no one since Beethoven, and to one other alone beside Beethoven, has there been granted such unerring certainty of phrase, or such wide and comprehensive grasp of structure. True, Mozart has shown once for all that music can be made wholly transparent; his writing has every quality of precision and delicacy, of charm and sweetness; but Mozart at his greatest never attains the broad virile strength which Brahms has inherited from Bach and Beethoven. And it is false criticism to estimate a style merely by the continuity of its triumphs. Much depends on the nature of the enemy against which it was contending, and in this respect a high failure may often overleap the bounds of a low success. And, further, when the music is full and complex we have no right to expect the lucidity which reveals its truth at a single glance; it is enough if we can ulti-

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mately attain to the meaning, and recognize that it was but our weakness which obscured it before. A stream is not necessarily turbid because we cannot count the pebbles at the bottom; it may baffle our imperfect eyes by the depth of its waters and the volume of its current. It is thus with a great deal of Brahms' music. At first hearing we are often bewildered by the very complexity of the phrase; our ears are overcharged with excess of sound; we are conscious that the web is of magnificent texture, but we cannot unravel it, or even, as yet, interpret its design. A little further experience, a little closer familiarity, and the difficulties begin to disappear. Gradually the eye acquires power and confidence; the chaos becomes order; the confusion melts into beauty and arrangement; and there emerges a scene of gods and heroes so clear, so vivid that we look back and marvel at our blindness. There is probably no student of Brahms who has not at some time felt this sense of awakening. The obscurity of which amateurs complain arises not from deficiency of light, but from deficiency of attention.

It may possibly be asked whether the need of such attention is not in itself a sign of artistic weakness; whether it does not belong to self-conscious and Alexandrine days in which music has ceased to be spontaneous and has become reflective and calculating. Plato has told us that the highest beauty is simple in character; and there is more of the true poet in "dewdrops of Celestial melody" than in elaborate monologues and ingenious allegories. There is something painful, industrious, mechanical about an art which involves so much expenditure of labor; better the careless rapture that recks nothing of rule and measure, that sings without thought, without premeditation, unconscious even that it is overheard, oblivious of all except its own need of utterance. But in the first place the complexity of Brahms is not a matter of superfluous lines and unnecessary details; it is the grasp of an artist who can compose a hundred figures as readily as a score; and in the second place the strong intellectual element in his work is to be regarded as constituting not the source of his poetic impulse but its requisite guidance and control. The Alexandrine method of composition, the Kapellmeistermusik of Wagner's epigram, is always essentially imitative, drawing inspiration from its library and assimilating style from its models. Brahms, though

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like every great composer he is affected by past tradition, is yet one of the most original of thinkers; he administers a kingdom that he has inherited by right of race, and is not the less a monarch because others have preceeded him in the dynasty. That there is sometimes a touch of deliberation in his music we are not concerned to deny; it is a characteristic of the age, and he has adapted it to its noblest use. But to infer from this that the work is dull or academic or artificial is merely to show that perverse ingenuity in paradox which is sometimes mistaken for the critical faculty. We do not call the human body a machine on the ground that it is a highly developed organism directed by a thinking mind.

It is important that some stress should be laid on this aspect of Brahms' writing, at a time when German music seems to be entering on a period of riot and intemperance. It has conquered its empire; it has enjoyed the rewards of victory; its last great legislator is dead; already there begin to appear the signs of corruption which often follow too long a period of prosperity. Excessive sensationalism, excessive stimulation, thought that is often morbid, phrase that is often deliberately harsh and cacophonous; all these are the marks of an art that has passed its prime, and that strives by desperate artifice to stir the jaded senses into a semblance of their lost vigor. Like certain classes of literature, it has left the natural passions and gone off in quest of the monstrous and the horrible; its talents —and there are many men of great talent in its ranks—are misused to evoke some transitory thrill; it has lost all reticence, all purity, all dignity of tone, and has degraded its religion into a corybantic orgy. There is little wonder if beside this the music of Brahms appears cold and self-contained. The "old blind schoolmaster's tedious poem on the fall of man" seemed a very dull affair to readers who had Sedley and Rochester; the wits of the Parc aux Cerfs preferred their evil and poisonous romances to any more austere embodiment of French genius; but, apart from the ethical question, which we are too ready to disregard, there can never be the smallest doubt as to which is the winning cause. If German music returns from its period of anarchy it may once more resume its high position in the artistic world. If not, the sceptre will pass into other hands.

This is not the place to describe in detail the features that

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distinguish Brahms' manner of composition. In his early days he started with an almost obstinate force and vigor, lavishing a strength which he had no care to economize, and making perhaps too little concession to the limitations of his auditors. But the year that marked the turning-point in his life marked also the turning-point in his style, and the first two piano quartets which he brought in manuscript to Vienna already indicate that feeling for mellowness and geniality which steadily grew and developed up to the end of his career. We need only instance the D minor Violin Sonata, the second string quintet, and, better still, the great chamber work for clarinet and strings, all of which were written during the later years, and all of which possess that golden opulence of beauty which his highest work so conspicuously displays. Yet it is easy to overstate the changes that followed from the course of age and experience. The B flat Sextet is an early work, the pianoforte quintet is not much later, the "Schicksalslied" was written in 1871, and the second Symphony in 1877. And in all these we shall find the same richness of polyphony, the same love of deep and massive harmonization, the same contrasts of pale transparence and glowing color, the same broad diatonic melody, the same unerring mastery of chromatic effect. Some of his qualities he shares notoriously with Bach: the moving bass, the independence of part-writing, the balance held between contrapuntal and harmonic ideals; but he adds to these a sense of structure and a power of narration which could only have come after a century of later experience. In his form he is largely influenced by Beethoven, more so, indeed, than any composer of our time, yet he has not failed to gather from the best of the romantic movement, and to augment the whole with treasure from his own store. The common devices of the composer—syncopation, transference of themes, combination of rhythmic figures, organization of key-system—acquire with him a new value and significance; we can trace their ancestry to the simple methods and practices of a past age, but they are more subtle, more delicate, more civilized than their forerunners. And when to this it is added that for pure charm of tune Brahms has been equalled by no composer since the death of Schubert; that beside his melodies even Chopin seems trivial, and even Schumann ineffective; there need be no further question about his claim to immortality. Had he

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written nothing but his songs he would be one of the greatest names in musical art, and his songs are but a small portion of his whole achievement.

It is probable that another decade or two will pass before his full influence is felt on the course and progress of composition. At present we only half understand his message, and must attain to a fuller comprehension before we can interpret it in our own practice. And, beside this, there is every indication that a period of Slavonic supremacy is at hand, and we cannot as yet forecast either the limits of its tenure or the character of its administration. Yet changes of dynasty, though they count for more than changes of potentate, have rarely exercised any permanent influence on the direction of events. The principles of historical development lie deeper than the record of kings and conquerors, revolution itself is more often a symptom than a cause, and the true efficient force originates in the fundamental needs of human nature. This is conspicuously so in the history of music. There freedom means order, broadening from precedent to precedent, and willing to take what is best in the heritage of past attainment and to hand on the tradition, amended and revised, for the guidance of the generations to come. And it is in thus maintaining the continuity of the art that Brahms has done it the most signal service. Leaders of mere anarchy and revolt have usually found their reward in swift oblivion; through all ages it is the lawgiver that is had in remembrance.—The Contemporary Review.

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A GERMAN MELODY.

BY GEORGE L. CHANDLER.

That year, I studied at Leipsic. As in memory I visit again those halls where labor and pleasure were so pleasantly blended, one scene arrests my fleeting thought.

At the gallery of art, how often do we give but a careless glance to some work and pass it by; then, restrained by an undefined attraction, pause, turn, and look again.

It was the tenth of February and on that particular evening, while taking my customary walk, I found myself approaching the Gewandhaus. As I stopped to contemplate this historic structure, I heard the strains of Weber's Oberon softly wafted from within the building.

"Come inside and listen," said a youth who had noticed my attention. I gladly accepted this invitation, and following the hospitable stranger through a gloomy side passage, was soon in the concert hall. This was a large room, handsomely decorated. On a stage at the farther end, a company of musicians were seated.

The conductor raised his baton to command attention—"That is Mendelssohn," said the youth at my side. "Then this is the Gewandhaus orchestra," I replied questioningly. The boy nodded an affirmative, for the orchestra was now playing and he seemed anxious to catch every note.

Selection after selection was rendered with that perfection of ensemble attainable only by years of practice, and all too soon the rehearsal ended.

After thanking my courteous acquaintance I started to retrace my way through the obscure passage by which we had entered. Almost at the first step, it was my misfortune to run squarely against an old man who was carrying a violoncello; and, taken completely by surprise, over he went, falling directly across the instrument which sent forth an ominous crack that was but a prelude to a volume of German utterance such as these ears had never heard.

By the light of a lantern hanging before the building it was found that the instrument was not seriously damaged;

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which fact aided in restoring the old man's equilibrium of temper.

The anxiety regarding the instrument being removed, I took opportunity to observe its owner.

His bent figure, pale strong face, abundance of white hair, all were strangely familiar; yet I could not remember who he was or just where I had seen him.

He also took this occasion to observe me, and with advantage, for a quick look of recognition came into his face, and laughing heartily he said:

"I didn't know it was you tumbling me about;" and thereupon nothing would suffice but I must go home with him.

Adjoining the concert hall on the right was a building occupied by shops on the ground floor, while above were living apartments. To this building the old man led the way and entering a narrow hall we ascended a rickety staircase which creaked an expostulation against the double burden put upon it. Down a dusky passage to the third door and we were at his home, which proved to be a rather large room showing traces of past elegance and having opposite the door a large bay-window.

On the high ceiling a faded fresco was dimly visible through its veil of dirt. A sullen fire was burning on the hearth. Occasionally it would crackle peevishly as though fretting at the ticking of a wooden clock on the opposite wall. A cumbersome music-stand threw its grotesque shadow across the floor and in the little alcove made by the projecting window several plants were growing; a vine too, was creeping along the casement.

These only, seemed to possess life and energy; in the room all else was old and decaying. Several old books and pieces of chinaware stood on a shelf; the curtains hanging from rings above the window were old; an old tailor's goose stood in a corner; old pictures on the walls looked down on the feeble old man; who, after lighting another candle, drew an old chair before the fire and motioned me to do likewise.

Who was he? Where had I seen him? These questions had been bothering me not a little since our unceremonious introduction and now each moment seemed to put me farther from an answer.

The old man stirred the fire into a blaze. Resuming his

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chair he asked: "What do you think of it?" with a queer gesture meaning all the room. On my expressing approval he entered into a long recital of the superior qualities of his home, reserving the chief attraction until the last, when, with a great show of pride, he said: "And this is the best place in the world because"—going to the window and throwing it wide open—"I can hear the music and see Mendelssohn direct."

This was indeed true. Only a narrow alley separated his room from the Gewandhaus and the window where we were standing was built out over this alley. Directly opposite, a window of the concert hall stood wide open; thus affording a comparatively near and unobstructed view of the stage. As we looked there came the sound of violins.

"David is doing some extra rehearsing with the seconds," said the old man.

We returned to the cheerful fire and for an hour the conversation ran on. I interested him with stories of my own America while he related war adventures, together with not a few anecdotes of famous musicians. For these last he had a great liking and I believe he remembered every one he had ever heard.

I was still belaboring my brains to think where I had seen him and now led the conversation back to himself in the hope that some chance reference he might make would give me a clue.

To the left of the fireplace and a little above it was a small square door. From a key in the lock a curiously wrought chain depended, and on it were hung several rusty keys whose alien locks were perhaps somewhere faithfully guarding treasure or keeping secrets—in trust for the judgment day.

My host lifted the keys in his hand but did not remove them from their place. "An old man's fancy," said he, taking out a small key. "I remember this one so long ago; I call it my childhood and put it nearest this one in the lock, my mother. The others all hang upon her. This one is love; it unlocks a casket and only a rose is there. The great rose-tree in Hildersheim was planted by Charlemagne. She wore a rose; there are no more roses in Hildersheim"—the rest was lost in a whisper.

"Here is another, a battle-key, bent and scarred, and be-

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side it captivity's sign, the fetter-key. Fetters there are which bind in secret when one seems most at liberty. The Fatherland is this key. Here are others. One more I will add; music. Many long years I have labored to compose a symphony. To-morrow at the concert it will be played. You must hear it."

"And the chain," said I, "do you call that 'life?'" "Yes, yes, that is right," cried the old man, pleased that his figuratives were understood; "that is life and Mother is the key to all of it; yet no one ever heard much of her. She was like those roses; the flowers wither, their fragance remains."

The evening had passed quickly and when I spoke of departure the old man protested earnestly, almost childishly. On my solemnly promising to attend the concert his spirits revived, but as I bade him "Good-night" I was startled to see how old and feeble and weary he looked.

My perplexity regarding his identity had increased to desperation. He had spoken of himself and seemed to take pleasure in so doing; but in all the conversation his name had not once been mentioned. An unpleasant pricking of conscience annoyed me, for I felt that somehow I had taken advantage of him.

Next evening I kept my promise, but arrived so late that the orchestra was playing the opening overture as I entered the hall.

Mendelssohn was superb, the orchestra grand, the music sublime; until, suddenly, a hand seemed to strike the chords to silence and the reverie of unconscious consciousness was rudely changed to sinister reality; the old man was not in his place. On the night of his musical triumph, what could keep him absent?

Then an image of his pale face and emaciated form passed swiftly before me and with fear at heart I hurried from the hall. From the alley no light could be seen in his window. All was dark, gloomy, and the projecting window seemed to hold a menace over the heads of those who might pass under.

Up the crazy stairs I groped my way and knocked softly at his door—no response; then I went in.

There was no light in the room save an occasional gleam from the fireplace. A great arm-chair had been drawn into the recess of the window, which was wide open, and from the

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concert hall the light streamed in upon the old man who was attentively listening to the second number, a violin solo rendered by Ferd. David.

He turned as though expecting me and said: "The overture was fine, but Beethoven is my favorite. Next is the symphony—mine—in E major. Here is the MSS. and we'll follow them. M—— was looking for me but I am not there."

He took up a much worn manuscript score and as he unrolled it I noticed words and sentences written along the margin and often in the body of the music. These seemed to be expressions of his inmost thoughts, his hopes, ambitions, joys, griefs, and all that makes the life of an earnest man.

"This is my musical biography you see," he said, turning the pages caressingly, "and it is Mendelssohn who directs. Ah—he is the great musician; they say he was born on Friday; surely that was not an unlucky day. Two countries lend their characteristics to this composition, for my father was a Polish nobleman and my mother the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Leipsic."

He turned several pages, apparently to call my attention to some particular part of the work; when, happening to glance toward the stage and seeing the orchestra about to commence, his manner at once changed to the most careful attention and as the first soft notes floated upward he said in a low voice as though speaking to himself: "So, dolce, the allegretto movement; like my childhood, simple and without a care." Then to me: "Here are tone pictures of myself; of nervous temperament, self-willed, impetuous, fond of music and books, sometimes elated, sometimes despondent."

He seemed to expect something and for some moments sat immovable, listening intently. Suddenly he grasped my arm. "There, in the 'cellos, do you hear that melody? suggested, supplementing, modifying the main theme; always subdued, sometimes lost, only to appear again, influencing and filling the whole, with the sweeter harmony of its own thought. It is my mother; the influence of her life on mine. No historian may chronicle her great deeds, no poet sing of her matchless beauty; but tonight music shall tell the world of an humble heart that had no thought but good. Now they are passing over the years of boyhood and mark you how the restless longings of youth become more and more un-

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controlled; sudden crescendos and diminuendos—a complicated fugue—then a long diminuendo; down—down—down—lower—pianissimo assai; temptation, shame and desperation almost triumphant—only a restless minor and diminished intervals."

He clutched my sleeve and listened in an agony of expectation until, into the throbbing tremolo of the violins there crept the soothing phrases of the hidden theme, sweet yet strong.

Gradually it became the leading motif. Then the old boyish character theme came slowly back, and meeting, the two themes were for a moment blended. The hidden theme subsided almost into oblivion while the other continued on in a majestic crescendo, reaching a climax at the end of the second movement.

Turning to me the old man continued: "At the battle of Warsaw the stain was wiped out. Unhappy Poland; I fought to set her free. My father fell by Kosciusko's side but death to me came not. Listen—here comes Love."

It was a waltz movement; so dainty, so seductive, and withal so bewitching, that it seemed to entice away the impulse from the character theme and lead it a phantom chase after shadows. But not for long. Stronger grew the strain of passion; despair and longing, hope and ecstacy, by turns were masters of the music; then a note of discord marred the harmonies.

The tender melodies suddenly fell to silence and gave place to a mournful cadence, like the sighing of trees when the rain and wind and darkness tell secrets to each other.

"Auf Wiedersehen," murmured the old man.

Those words of parting would soon be words of greeting.

Now the hidden theme of Mother was heard again in sympathetic and soothing measure. The old man seemed to lean on this, until, ere long, a martial rhythm pervaded the music.

Then his eye lighted and as the tramp, tramp, tramp, of armies sounded beneath the stirring strains of a battle-hymn, he broken forth into singing.

Gradually the music was rising in a majestic crescendo. Occasionally the old man would speak a word; "Korner—hurrah," then "Next time."

The mighty armies now seemed to pause and over all there

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came a strange expectant hush; the storm-calm, the tranquillity that preludes the earthquake, the serene irony of disaster.

As though speaking to himself the old man said: "Boys, we fight tomorrow."

After a momentary silence he continued: "Dear Mother, we are before the walls of Leipsic. Blucher is here and to-morrow Napoleon will see how a German can fight for God and Fatherland. I can hear them singing songs of patriotism and devotion. Tomorrow they will shout and fight and die."

(A letter from the field of battle.)

The crisis was at hand.

The old man assumed an erect soldierly attitude and gazing intently on some scene visible only to himself, he waited and listened while the orchestra launched into a most realistic musical description of the great Battle of the Nations.

First was heard the bugle call to arms, the galloping of couriers, the rumbling of artillery, the tread of myriad thousands; then the sound of distant firing told that the fight was on.

Sinister and sure, without hurry and without retard, the tide of battle came nearer; each point of vantage bravely contested. A moment all seemed to pause and waver. "Charge!" shouted the old man, and the bugles answering sounded the onslaught. Forward moved the host; the steady tramp, tramp soon increasing to the double. Then, like mighty Titans the armies met and grappled. Chaos and confusion.

At length, one side seemed to yield; the enemy pressed hard and close. Again the bugles sounded the charge and the contest raged more fiercely.

Through this tumult the melody of the hidden theme was heard, like a still, small voice.

The French forces make a last brave stand; slowly, surely, they are driven backward; now—now—one more charge and they are flying in hopeless rout.

The old man had stood up but soon sank back into a chair and murmured faintly: "I can hear the shouts of victory and" —but the sentence was never finished.

Over him there came a faintness and for a time he sat unconscious of the precious moments fast passing beyond recall.

The music completed the description of the defeat of Na-

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poleon and seemed to endeavor to tell of those kindly Christian acts which brightened the last moments of many a dying French soldier on that sad battle-field.

Then the violins took up a melancholy strain. Sorrow and loneliness were in its thought. Gradually it rose to a despairing wail. The old man now regained the lost consciousness and as one returned after an absence he said: "A triumphant climax falling suddenly to a subdued piano; that reminds one of Beethoven. And now the sad days are come. It is the fourth movement, Adagio Sostenuto. How quickly a life passes; yet how slowly time seemed to go."

Over his face a deady pallor came; his frame trembled; clasping the treasured score he made a last effort to catch the closing measures of his beloved symphony.

After a few moments' silence he looked up into my face and said in an almost inaudible voice: "I played 'cello in the orchestra but the violin is my good friend. In the little cupboard where the keys are you will find it; will you bring it?"

The cupboard contained nothing but the instrument, which was wrapped in a costly Indian shawl, and as he carefully unwound this covering I saw that his "good friend" was a superb old Cremona.

He looked at it in admiring silence; then clasped it caressingly in his arms as though it were a child.

Softly, like a whispered benediction, the hidden theme of Mother passed, blended sweetly with the dying harmonies, and lost itself in sympathy.

A look of peace came into the old man's face. He drew the violin and manuscript closer in his arms. The light streamed through the window and made a halo about the kind old face.

The hidden theme once more came softly stealing through the solemn hush—a moment of silence—the passing of a soul;—

Then followed a burst of applause—He had added the last key to the chain—

A grand symphony had been played—

A noble life had gone out.

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FERVAAL, A MUSICAL ACTION IN THREE ACTS AND A PROLOGUE, BY VINCENT D'INDY.

BY M. KUFFERATH.

The work which the Monnaie theater presented with great eclat the 12th of March in Brussels, says the La Revista Musicale Italiana, seems destined to mark a date in the history of art or at least in that of French dramatic music. It demands attention not alone by the personality of its author, who for a long time has been considered the chief of the young French school, but still more by the tendency which it reveals and by its proper value.

The favorite pupil and disciple of Ceasar Franck, a fervent admirer of Richard Wagner, whose works he knows better than any one else, M. Vincent d'Indy is least of all a debutant. His work is already considerable and extends into the general domains of vocal and instrumental music. We have from him numberless pieces of chamber music, a quartet for piano and strings, a trio for clarinet, 'cello and piano, a septett for piano and various instruments, pieces for piano alone, melodies, religious pieces and symphonies for piano and orchestra, a fantasia for first oboe and orchestra upon a mountain theme, symphonic poems, among which are particularly to be remarked the beautiful story of "Sauge Fleurie" (after Robert de Bonnieres); variations entitled "Istar," and above all the trilogy upon "Wallenstein" (after Schiller), a truly descriptive symphony which is a master-work by the vigor of the instrumental coloring and by the freedom and certainty of the form; and without speaking of a little opera called "Attendez-moi Sous l'Orme," played to-day at the Opera Comique in Paris, his more developed work "The Song of the Bell" for solos, chorus and orchestra, a sort of cantata-oratorio of which the libretto has been taken by the musician himself from the celebrated poem of Schiller; this work gained in 1884 for Vincent d'Indy the prize of ten thousand francs founded by the town of Paris. This work of his youth, although directly inspired by Wagner and particularly by the

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Mastersingers, nevertheless remains very interesting by its poetic style and by its surprising original richness.

All this together forms an ensemble of respectable works of very different character. I know they are equally remarkable by the aristocratic distinction of the inspiration, the richness of the harmony, the brilliancy of the contrapuntal combinations and the justness of expressive accent.

Only the music of M. d'Indy is not at all easy; he has been reproached, not without reason, with being too complex, too involved, too elaborate, and then he lacks simplicity and ease. In the eyes of the demi-musicians he is even deprived of melody. It is a music more spiritual than emotional. But what matters these impressions! Every original writer who disdains to travel the beaten paths necessarily exposes himself to be misunderstood; and M. Vincent d'Indy has not had a different lot than most of the previous masters.

There is, nevertheless, a foundation of truth in the criticism. M. d'Indy turns voluntarily into a path common to all the generation of disciples of Caesar Franck; he is haunted by the preoccupation of avoiding all natural results; he is very fond of alterations, anticipations, retards, harmonized appogiaturas; no modulation stops him and he is never at a loss for chromatic proceedings in order to bring together two hostile tonalities. Fortunately this search for rare and refined expressions is not absolutely arbitrary with him as it is with so many other of the young French musicians. A taste very sure, an exceptional fineness of ear presides over the choice of his sonorous combinations, and while he often surprises it is very seldom that he shocks; he always interests and often captivates by I know not what penetrative and incisive charm. His harmonies, his rhythms, his themes have something taking about them; they impress themselves upon the memory; they have a personal originality which gains you little by little. So much so that often a work which at the first hearing appears obscure, overworked, almost tortured, takes an entirely different physiognomy on a second hearing and finally ends by entirely fascinating you at the third.

It is this which explains the profound admiration which all those have for Vincent d'Indy, for whom his work is no more a book than a play and who are penetrated with his style. The number of these is still somewhat limited; it is always an

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elite, but the comprehension extends itself farther and farther, and I believe that I do not make a mistake in affirming that the day is not far off when M. d'Indy will be considered as one of the most eminent masters of contemporary art, and that not alone in France where he has already at present taken the first rank, but also in Italy and Germany, where his name is at least at present insufficiently known.

Hence the appearance of his first great dramatic work, "Fervaal," has been a long time awaited with attention and interest throughout artistic circles fully understanding the existing musical situation. The general curiosity also expressed itself in the vicissitudes which befell the study of the unknown work. As formerly at Vienna in the case of Tristan of Richard Wagner, "Fervaal," accepted and promised for two years at the Theater de la Monnaie, was several times taken up and abandoned, put again upon the list, abandoned anew and adjourned over and over again from month to month, so that up to a few days before the announcements of the first performance one doubted still whether the work would be produced.

The first representation took place finally the 12th of March before an audience extremely brilliant, where were combined the elite of the amateurs of Belgium and France, the musical press of neighboring cities being generally represented, the whole constituting a public of letters and musicians of quality far from ordinary. The impression made by the work was extremely warm.

For my own part, and also with regard to the ultimate relations of "Fervaal" to the theater—works of art acclimate themselves always with difficulty and only after a long preparation for the mass of the public—I do not hesitate to say that this one is the most noble creation, the highest which has been been produced since the great tragedies of Wagner.

"Fervaal" is a drama at the same time legendary and mystical. The poem was written by M. d'Indy himself in a sort of poetic prose which has the rare merit of appealing to musical expression; rhyme is wanting but the rhythm of the verse remains perceptible and its cadence is accented here and there by assonances and by intentional repetition of words or members of phrases which elevate this prose to the charm of a dithyrambic or lyric style.

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The subject is very simple and very clear, the action little complicated. It takes place entirely in the south and central part of France at the legendary epoch of the invasion of the Saracens; that is to say at the moment when the last vestiges of the ancient Druidical religion and of Celtic society tended to disappear under the double influence of Christian faith and of foreign domination.

These two elements the author brings out in the person of Fervaal, the Celtic hero, and of Guilhen, a daughter of the emir who has conquered for the Saracens the south of France. The last representative of the race of the gods and of the Celtic chiefs, Fervaal, is very seriously wounded in a combat with the Saracens and he is rescued by Guilhen. Skilled in the art of brewing potions and in like manner as Isolde nursed Tristan, she carried the wounded man into her palace and there restored him to life and health. The point of departure of action properly so-called is expressed in a short prologue which leads naturally to divining the passion with which these two beings will presently be seized.

At the beginning of the first act we find Fervaal alone, dreaming in the gardens of Guilhen; the old Druid priest Arfagard comes to find him there. He reveals to him his origin and the mission to which he is called, that is to restore the ancient Druid cult and at the same time to redevelop the ancient Celtic country. But the enchantress Guilhen will not permit him to accomplish this work. Like a new Armide she has no difficulty in seducing this commanding young spirit. Nevertheless, Fervaal tears himself away and flies with Arfagard towards Cravann, the ancient priestly city. Then Guilhen, in despite at his non-compliance, awakens the hostility of the Saracen hordes against Cravann, and she herself leads the assault.

The second act transports us to the heights of Cravann. Fervaal full of melancholy, consults the oracles of his race which give him an equivocal message. Later the Moors make their assault. Fervaal gives himself vigorously to the defense and seeks death, but in vain. When the battle is over Guilhen seeks to find her lover Fervaal and presently, overcome with fatigue and cold, pale, she dies sweetly in the arms of Fervaal. Then in the intensity of his grief Fervaal begins to comprehend. By the way of suffering he has come to a

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knowledge of universal love, to clairvoyance. Seized with a prophetic delirium the hero announces the fall of the ancient gods and the triumph of the god of love. Then raising in his arms his dead betrothed he commences a slow ascent to the peak of the mountain whose sides glow in the light of the brilliant aurora, in the midst of which he disappears with his precious burden.

This poem, which has very high moments and which contains beautiful parts, is far from being without fault. I do not insist upon the analogies which it presents with Wagner's conceptions. One might almost call it a series of variations from Wagner themes. Fervaal has numerous traits of resemblance with Parsifal, with Tannhauser and Siegfried. Guilhen reminds us at times of Kundry and of Elizabeth in Tannhauser; Arfagard recalls at the same time the faithful Kurneval of "Tristan" and of the good Gurnemanz in "Parsifal." The fundamental idea of the drama is Wagnerian — redemption through love. It is, moreover, singularly seductive.

There are other traits which while striking at the first hearing have no real connection with the action itself. Such are the suggestion of the fall of Druidism with the rise of Christianity and the contrast of the two civilizations—the Saracen and the Christian. Neither Fervaal nor Guilhen are obedient to an interior necessity. They have not the same sort of fatality which dominates the heroes of Wagner and also the heroes of Shakespeare and Aeschylus, which remains at the foundation in spite of all variations of the aesthetic of the drama the great unique foundation of tragic sentiment. Despite these uncertainties and omissions, the poem remains a conception of very elevated sentiment, which from the beginning to the end sustains interest with a vigor so incisive as to defy emphasis. In the mystic conclusion, although abrupt and unexpected, one recognizes the stroke of a powerful pen in the higher regions of art. This conclusion imposes itself by its own beauty, by the profound sense, by the human grandeur of the idea, by the magic of the music in which the author has enveloped it.

Yes, to say the truth, since Berlioz in France, Wagner in Germany, there has nothing appeared comparable to this final scene, both in force and in the height of the expression. The entire work is an incessant struggle towards a supreme height. The young French generation of which Wagner was

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the prophet and Caesar Franck the intellectual father, with "Fervaal" takes possession of the scene in a fashion singularly commanding, and this, which pleases me more than anything else, is that despite the analogies of principles and resemblances of processes, which cannot be denied, one divines already in "Fervaal" a future work, issued it is true from the Wagner drama, but completely disengaged from all alliance and bondage to it, and which will finally amount to an original and absolutely personal new art, continuing and renewing that of the master of Bayreuth.

What emphasizes this view more noticeably is that in the prologue and in the first act we find many melodic formulae and harmonies directly derived from Wagner; as the work advances the style becomes more independent and in the last two acts many passages are found which show a new style and an inspiration absolutely different and fresh.

In general the melodic line is in its essence very French. The harmonic architecture is conceived after a system of total modification which, while having its source in the exaggerated chromaticism of Tristan is worked out in a thoroughly original way. In the instrumentation also M. d'Indy while showing himself ignorant of no one of the valuable innovations of Wagner, and employing them on occasion, remains on the whole more faithful to the traditions of Berlioz and to the entire French school, which has always shown itself so capable of utilizing the individual character of the instruments. His orchestra is very different from that of Wagner; the admirable variety of colors, the fine and delicate sonority which distinguishes it results from new grouping and contrasts, for examples of which we will search in vain in the works of Wagner. From these different points of view the orchestral score of "Fervaal" is a work absolutely masterly and commanding our respect and admiration.

Nevertheless, the student must be careful not to judge the work from the arrangement for piano and voices, although this has been made by the composer himself (Durand, Paris). Conceived for orchestra and the voice it is essentially symphonic and orchestral and one cannot enough regret that in the reduction the principal themes are not accompanied by the introduction of the instruments which give them out in the opera. It is clear a song confided to the flute, the clarinet,

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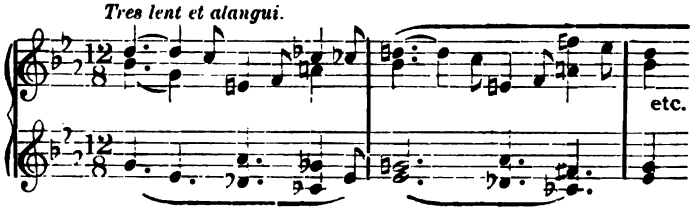
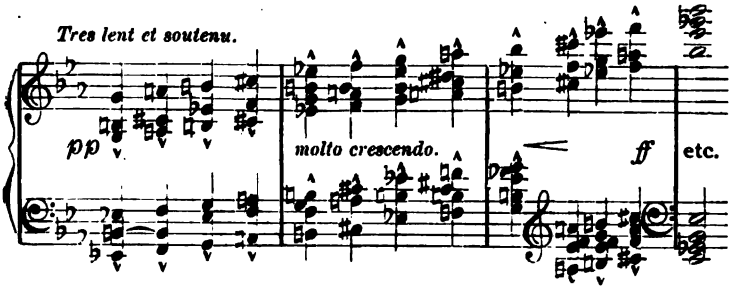
the violin, derives a quantity, even an effective sonority from the particular instrument which ought to modify its transmission upon the piano. Not to mention many examples I here quote certain measures from the mystic chorus which is sung outside the scenes in the second act:



Drily played upon the piano these chromatic successions will appear extremely hard. We can scarcely imagine the delicious effect which they produce upon the stage as they float out from the distance, scarcely perceptible, mixing their uncertain and fleeting contours in the clouds which envelop the heights of Cravann at the moment of the evocation of Kaito.

Still more strange the succession of chords ascending by entire tones, which serves to introduce the nocturnal scene of the evocation and which dominates all this episode.



This rises sonorously emphasized by harps against the holding of the wood wind and strings and is extremely incisive and gives, in an expressive fashion, an impression of the fantastic.

But these are only details. All that we need to mention is the richness and expressive force of the principal themes of the score because it is scarcely necessary to add that as a fervent disciple of Wagner, M. d'Indy adopts strictly the system of leading motives and that he preserves in all the developments these themes presented symphonically under aspects most varied and most ingeniously modified.

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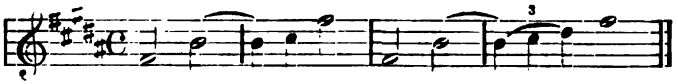
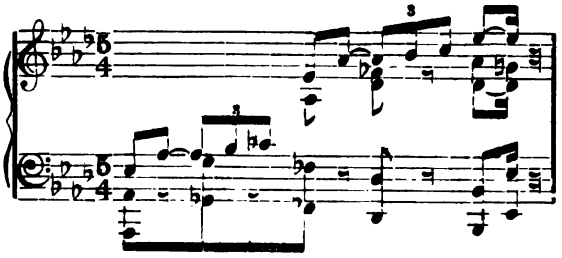
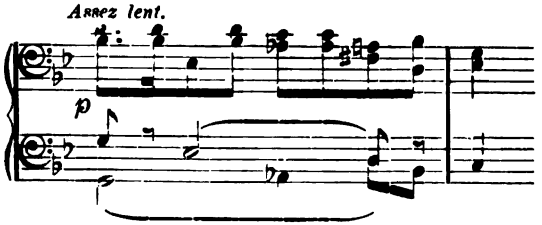
Observe, for instance, the theme of Fervaal, or, more properly one of the themes of the hero:



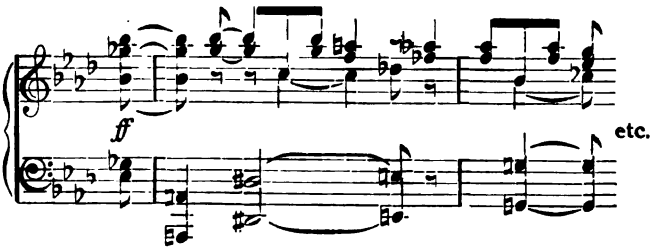
It plays naturally a very important role in all the work and it would be impossible to mention all its transformations. One of the happiest is found at the end of the prologue where it re-appears in a measure of five beats developed in a sort of slow march while the men of Guilhen carry upon a litter of bows Fervaal wounded and agonized. Thus presented this heroic theme produces a powerful impression of melancholy.



I will mention also the theme which serves to characterize particularly Druidism, and which underlies consequently all the role of Arfagard, the best designed, in all respects, of the entire drama:



In the scene of the investiture of Fervaal it re-appears in a chivalrous and joyous character:



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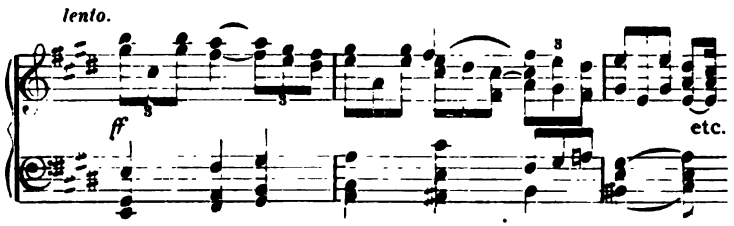
Afterwards we find it somewhat broken up and marvelously appropriate to the trouble which the confession of the fault of Fervaal provokes in the heart of Arfagard:



These musical citations are evidently insufficient to give an idea of the whole, but they indicate at least in what system it has been conceived and what are the tendencies of the author.

With an admirable skill, above all, the music has its very foundation in the drama along with which it follows and comments upon the changes with a flexibility of accent which is never at fault and which from the beginning to the end maintains us in an atmosphere profoundly poetic. The whole prologue is entirely perfect and I know scarcely any work which opens in a fashion more happy and more attractive. The types of Arfagard, of Fervaal and of the voluptuous Guilhen, are designed in certain characteristic traits neatly established.

The second act is in its entirety more theatrical than dramatic and there is shown once more the tendency of the young French master to give himself up to picturesque impressions. In the beginning it develops upon the theme of the popular melody "cevenole" in five measures in myxolidien mode of a very beautiful and melancholy character to which is connected the noctural scene upon the heights of the Cravann, where the scenic and musical effects are incontestably very powerful.

The third act is the summit of the work and also the fragment of that part of the score where completely liberated from all exterior influence the style of M. d'Indy appears the most independent and the most personal. This which above all is worthy of attention is the considerable role which the author manages to play by means of music alone and the powerful effects which he obtains by this means; the action, the word and the gesture are reduced to their most simple expression. The impression produced by this grandiose conception has

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been extraordinarily profound. When one remembers that this is a debut at the theater, the debut of a poet and of a musician, together, their highest hopes raise themselves. The artist who has designed and realized this work is a master. He is a man whom the new generation will await.

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STUDENT DAYS IN THE IMPERIAL LAND.

BY OCTAVIA HENSEL.

The folksong of Bohemia is most difficult to read, and to correctly interpret at sight. It can be acquired by intense study, but to one not native born it is almost impossible to give the rhythm, movement and correct tempo of a system which differs so widely from that of other nations. This is what decided me to make a pilgrimage throughout the land of the Czecks, and daily hear the native folksong.

Modern rhetoricians have developed Invention, Arrangement and Style, while modern musical writers adhere to this system in composition, but they call it Tone, Form, Rhythm. There is more rhetoric in music than in half the literature of the present day; one seems to do without it in writing, but the conservatorist would never be a success without his tone invention arranged in correct form, and the rhythm of his style kept within the rules of harmony and orchestration. Bohemian and Hungarian composers do not neglect the rhetoric of their music, but it is a rhetoric needing their personal or natural oratory to develop correctly.

My pilgrimage through this land was not lost time. I soon understood the rhythm of their musical measures and gained an apprehension of form, which aided me to overcome many difficulties in the interpretation of their music.

After the Bohemian, Polish music appealed to me, so I journeyed through Gallicia to Lemberg.

Lemberg, or Leopold, the capital of Polish Gallicia, is a town greatly distinguished for its musical societies and musicians. It was at one time the residence of the celebrated contralto, Marietta Alboni, and other musicians of note have made their homes there.

The Epstein sisters were among the best known artists during my residence there. Their concerts throughout Bukowina and Moldaira have obtained marked success. Rudolphine Epstein, the violoncellist, was at that time not only a charming impersonation of youthful loveliness, but the exquisite grace

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with which she managed her violoncello was only equaled by the broad, firm tones she drew from that delicious instrument. Eugenia's violin playing had all the charm of the well-known Camilla Urso's, while she had the additional advantage of great beauty and a girlish modesty, irresistibly fascinating on the concert stage.

It is said that Rudolphine's violoncello was the gift of Baron Rothschild, who, charmed with her playing, sent her this jewelled violoncello as token of his admiration. Report added that although she had used this instrument for three years she had never met or seen the princely donor.

It was in Lemberg we first heard those bands of wandering minstrels, who, with harps and violins, travel about the country. Such sad, wailing tones, yet melodious withal, seemed more fitted for funeral occasions than to amuse street loungers, or to serenade a nobleman's household.

From Lemberg to Bukarest there extends a line of musical towns and musical circles which delight in the most advanced studies of the art. Wagner is read and highly esteemed, but the influence of the French and Italian schools of music have rather influenced amateur and artistic taste for the lesser lights in the new school of harmony. Brahms, Schumann, Bargiel and Goldmark seem to be their favorite composers. Saint-Saens, too, finds brilliant interpretation among the fair Moldavian and Polish pianists, and Chopin's works arranged vocally are charmingly sung to Polish words which musically match the modulations of Mazourka measures. In Czernowitz, Jassy and Bukarest there are, in every class of society, numerous musical coteries who meet once a week to read over instrumental Trios, Quartettes and even Symphonies. From seven until ten o'clock the evening is devoted to Schumann, Brahms and Beethoven; vocally, Chopin's and Schelletti's lovely Polish and Moldavian ballads are favorites.

After the music is over, supper is served, followed by tea and cigarettes. If you are a musician you smoke and argue over the sätz or zurischen sätz of some new tone-poet, or sing snatches of Polish or Moldavian airs to prove the superiority of such music over the more classical German school of vocal art. If you are one of the guests you eat, drink, take a cigarette and listen until musical transcendentalism warns you that a comfortable carriage is waiting to bear you to a comfortable

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home. It was a fascinating life, but the Folksong of Hungary had to be studied before returning to my classes in Vienna; so I wandered eastward to Budapest from the Pruth to the Danube.

In Hungary, as elsewhere in the Austrian Empire, music is assiduously cultivated in the larger towns and cities, and almost every village possesses its string band and some brass instruments which serve to form the church choir orchestra for High Mass. Budapest, which was the chosen home of Liszt, stands at the head of musical culture. Its numerous music schools and conservatories, its admirable teachers and cultured musical circles have made it one of the finest private musical cities of Europe. The conservatory over which Liszt presided, and the Sipos conservatory, admirably adapted to develop technique, is said to be one of the best to acquire brilliancy in the interpretation of Hungarian music.

Sipos, the distinguished composer, is the director and devotes every energy to the advancement of his pupils. The Philharmonic Society, whose first director was Dessoff, and after him Hans Richter, has under the direction of Sandor Erkel made considerable progress, but it never recovered from the blow it received by the abdication of Hans Richter and his removal to Vienna. It would hardly be possible for any society to recover after the loss of a leader so brilliant, untiring and magnetic.

Remenyi, Sipos, Tizra, Szekely and Mihaly are among the best composers of salon music, while Michaelowitz, Ravas and other pupils of Liszt are names to be remembered in the musical world of Hungarian art.

Vocal music is especially cultivated in the aristocratic circle, almost all young ladies of the haute noblesse sing. There are no exceedingly fine artists among them, such as are occasionally heard in Vienna salons, but all sing sweetly and naturally, and know far more of their art than they show. They are severe critics but warm patronesses of true talent.

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MRS. KATHERINE FISK.

Among the charming personalities which adorn the lyric stage, few are more attractive than that of Mrs. Katherine Fisk, the famous contralto of Chicago. After having been for several years the pupil of Mrs. Sarah Hershey Eddy, Mrs. Fisk went abroad for additional experience, and was fortunate enough to secure almost immediately the recognition of the best English artists.

Her first visit to England was in 1892. During this stay she appeared in oratorios and orchestral concerts at the Crystal Palace, St. James' hall, for the late Sir Charles Hallé, and also George Henschel. The World's Fair brought her back to America, and after filling engagements here for a year and a half, she returned to Great Britain, taking with her four young ladies. These young ladies made a most pronounced success in quartette work, appearing under the name of The Columbians, and were quite the fad for London drawing rooms.

Mrs. Fisk remained abroad for two and one-half years, appearing as leading soloist in the Gloucester and Norwich festivals, and also in Cologne, Crystal Palace, and many other prominent festivals.

One of her experiences which she prizes most was being selected by Dvorak to interpret his Five Biblischer Lieder before the London Philharmonic Society. She prepared these in four days, and when Dvorak heard them at the rehearsal he said in his most emphatic way, "They are perfection; I can not suggest a single change." She was also honored by Alexander McKenzie, who selected her to sing the contralto part in his Rose of Sharon, before members of the royal family, under his own conducting, and she sang with the Royal Chorus Society the last time that Sir Joseph Barnby conducted.

Among her personal experiences, she recounts in her own inimitable way of an evening spent at the home of Sir Arthur Sullivan, given in honor of the Prince of Wales, and tells of a lovely silver card case presented to her by his Royal High-

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ness. She prizes very much a beautiful antique silver joint dish, beautifully engraved, presented to her by Lady Randolph Churchill, for the exquisite singing of an aria from Sir Arthur

Very Cordially Yours
Katharine Fisk.

Sullivan's Light of the World, at the funeral of Lady Randolph Churchill's mother.

One of her most artistic creations is the part of Dalila, which she created in Great Britain in oratorio form. Mrs. Fisk has a

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voice of very great richness and beauty. Having made serious study in the entire lyric repertoire, her singing and all oratorial work are such as to command the admiration of connoisseurs generally.

Mrs. Fisk had a very warm welcome on her return to America last spring, and filled a great many engagements all through the east and west. She returns to Europe in the early fall for a concert tour of three months, and then returns to America, making her headquarters in New York.

The English papers have contained a great many very complimentary notices of her work, but as the same things had all been said in America before she went to England, it seems unnecessary to enlarge upon them here.

MR. EUGENE GRUENBERG.

We take great pleasure this month in presenting a portrait of that most excellent musician, conductor, violinist and composer, Mr. Eugene Gruenberg, late violinist of the Boston orchestra, and at present head of the violin department of the New England Conservatory. Mr. Gruenberg was born at Lemberg, in Galicia, October 30, 1854, his father being a lawyer who, while the boy was very young, removed to Vienna, which henceforth remained their home until his education had been far advanced. In Vienna he graduated at the conservatory, among his classmates being Arthur Nikisch, Emil Paur, Edmund Schuecker, Felix Mottl and Gustav Mahler. Almost immediately Mr. Gruenberg had the good luck to be voted into the Vienna court orchestra, and played in the concerts of the Geschellschaft der Musikfreunde, under many famous conductors, the names of Liszt, Brahms, Rubinstein, Saint-Saens and Hans Richter being among the most distinguished.

His violin teacher was Carl Heissler, who was a pupil of Joseph Bohm, one of the greatest masters of the violin who ever lived. Among the other pupils of Bohm were Joachim, Otto Singer, Hauser and Hellmesberger. Besides his violin study, he made distinguished attainments upon the piano, in the most advanced branches of theory and aesthetics, and pre-

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pared himself for orchestral directing—a function in which he later gained marked distinction.

From Vienna he went to Paris, in 1879, where he devoted nearly a year to the study of composition. He was then called to the Leipsic theater and Gewandhaus orchestra, which position he held for ten years, and upon leaving was made the recipient of some extremely handsome testimonials from Reinecke and other masters whose acquaintance he had made

MR. EUGENE GRUENBERG.

and whose works he had assisted in interpreting. Seidl was one of the conductors at Leipsic during Mr. Gruenberg's membership of the orchestra there.

In 1889 he came to America to the Boston orchestra, with which he has been connected most of the time since; leaving on a previous occasion for a year in consequence of imperative demand for his work as teacher, and later returning. He has just now again resigned his membership in the orchestra,

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his time being fully occupied at the conservatory. As usual his departure from the orchestra has been signalized by handsome expressions of esteem upon the part of the conductor and of Mr. Higginson himself. Mr. Paur, at the first rehearsal of the season, took occasion to remark upon the regrettable absence of Mr. Gruenberg during the season just beginning, and later wrote to Professor Gruenberg a highly complimentary letter expressing the same sentiment.

Among the pleasant incidents of his Boston career is to be mentioned his services as conductor of the summer concerts of popular music in Music hall—Adamowsky sharing the duties of the baton with him. He also had a large following of pupils in theory and interpretation, all of whom experienced great benefit and stimulation from their contact with a musician so thorough, so artistic and so intelligent.

His list of compositions comprises a book of songs, a book of duets, a violin sonata, a suite for orchestra in antique style (played with great success by Nikisch and Henry Schradieck), a grand symphony, a ballet, and many other works. The ballet and symphony were given their first hearing under the direction of the composer during his connection with the Stadt theater at Leipsic.

As an example of the estimation accorded Mr. Gruenberg's work as teacher, the following, by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, may be quoted: After speaking of a violin recital given by Mr. Clifford Sprunt, she mentions in particular his "broad and musicianly rendering of the Brahms concerto for violin, and the very beautiful cadenza composed by his teacher, Mr. Gruenberg." She also praises the thorough training the young artist had received from his teacher.

The personality of Mr. Gruenberg is eminently an agreeable one. While somewhat of a society man, he is nevertheless an artist who believes in art as a religion and as the highest product of advanced mind. That he is a musician of well-considered views appeared quite plainly in his short but suggestive summary of the value of Brahms and his art, which appeared in MUSIC for May, 1897.

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ALFREDO BARILI.

Owing to his extreme modesty and dislike of publicity, Alfredo Barili is comparatively little known to the musical world at large; but his gifts as a composer, pianist and teacher entitle him to a place in the first rank of the musicians of to-day; not only in America, but Europe. Among his pupils he is beloved and honored, and of late years he has devoted his time almost entirely to teaching.

Coming from a family long famous for their musical talent, it is no wonder that Alfredo Barili was endowed with remarkable genius. He was born in Florence, Italy, in 1854, on August second. When less than a year old, Ettore Barili and his wife brought their little son to America, where Ettore created the part of Rigoletto, appearing in New York City, where his brother, Antonio Barili, conducted the first opera in New York in an old theater down near the Battery. Ettore Barili and his brother Antonio were very successful vocal teachers, and a book of the latter's songs written for his pupils, is the cherished possession of a Chicago lady to-day, who, as a girl, enjoyed the privilege of studying with this Italian master of the "old school."

Little Alfredo began his studies with his father at an early age, and when only six years old he became his father's interpreter. Catarina Barili-Patti, his grandmother, lived at Mount Vernon, N. Y., and for some time Ettore Barili, with his wife and Alfredo made their home with her. Here also was Adelina Patti, then about twelve years old. She was exceedingly fond of her little nephew and used to rock and sing him to sleep. Her interest in and love for him continues to this day. Ettore Barili was the great diva's first master; she greatly disliked to practice, and many times she was punished, for the teacher was strict, and nothing short of perfection satisfied him.

Under his father's rigid training Alfredo made his debut at the age of ten at Irving Hall, New York. The papers of that date speak in glowing terms of the talented youth. When only thirteen years old, the family moved to Montgomery, Alabama, where Ettore Barili had charge of the music in Monsieur Lefebvre's school; a fashionable establishment for young la-

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dies of the South. Alfredo continued to study and play, always with marked success.

After three years Ettore Barili moved to Philadelphia, where Alfredo became the pupil of Carl Wolfsohn, then, as now, a prominent musician. His artistic spirit showed itself very strongly, and at sixteen he appeared in concert, playing a Mendelssohn "concerto" and Weber's "Polacca Brilliante,"

MR. ALFREDO BARILI.

arranged by Henselt. Before going abroad, in 1873, he made his debut as an artist at Chickering Hall and achieved a remarkable success. The papers were lavish in their praise, and Frank Leslie's magazine had an article and picture of the new star in the musical world.

Carlotta Patti took a great interest in young Barili and went with him to Europe. He entered the Conservatory at Cologne,

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then under the directorship of Ferdinand Hiller. He studied the piano with Gernsheim, Kwast and Hiller. Engelbert Humperdinck was one of his classmates. He was a favorite pupil and made rapid progress in composition and playing. All the honors he received only served to inspire him to greater and higher efforts. While in Cologne, the Empress Augusta of Germany suddenly announced one of her annual visits to the conservatory. The time was very short in which to prepare a program; so without warning Alfredo was chosen to play the only piano solo. The empress was delighted with his performance and gave him words of great approval.

At the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the conservatory, Alfredo Barili was again honored by being on the program, playing Chopin's "Scherzo" in B minor.

While in Cologne, Mr. Barili met his fate in a charming Philadelphia girl, who was also studying music under the chaperonage of an aunt who lived in Germany. She was a pupil of T. Seiss, and their congenial natures and being from the same place in America, brought them much together. They were both young, she only seventeen, and soon Cupid had done his work. They were engaged. But the course of true love became sadly tangled when Carlotta Patti became aware of the facts. She had sent her nephew to Cologne to study music, not to fall in love. She begged Alfredo to give up his fiancée, thinking he was too young; besides, he had not finished his studies, and what did he want with a wife. Finally she offered him twenty thousand francs to break his engagement; but Carlotta had found her equal, and he held his ground, indignantly refusing such a proposition. He left Paris, where he had gone to study with Theodore Ritter, and was singing with Carlotta, and came to America, where two years afterwards Emily Vezin came over and married him.

In 1880 Mr. Barili found the northern climate too severe for his always delicate constitution, and he accepted the musical directorship of a school for young ladies in Atlanta, Ga., which position he held for six years, leaving it to found Barili's School of Music, which is the only school of its kind in the South. Mr. Barili is peculiarly adapted to the art of teaching both piano and vocal. He is so thorough and conscientious that he always inspires and brings out the very best there is in a pupil. They all adore him, and no one who

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has ever studied with the "little master," as he is affectionately called by those who know him best, has anything but praise for him. In the South he has done more than anyone else to promote the best interests of music. To him was due the success of the Musical Festival held in Atlanta. He trained the chorus and lead the orchestra which played his own beautiful "Minuet." When Theodore Thomas visited Atlanta in 1883, Mr. Barili had the pleasure of directing the orchestra. Of his many compositions, perhaps the "Cradle Song" is the most popular, although his "Minuet Moderne" was played by Miss Neally Stevens at the World's Fair. A charming song called "Your Tender Love Is Best," is dedicated to Mr. William Frederickson of Chicago, and a "Valse" (The Butterfly), dedicated to William Sherwood, will soon be out; also two songs.

During the Atlanta Exposition both Sousa's and Gilmore's Bands played a "March" which Mr. Barili dedicated to the citizens of that city. Many efforts have been made to persuade Mr. Barili to leave the South, but he feels as if he was accomplishing a great work, and he has not half the ambition his friends have for him, some of whom feel that he should have a larger field to work in. He feels that the success of his beloved art depends upon right instruction from the beginning and fitting pupils for teachers is Mr. Barili's specialty.

When Adelina Patti made her last visit to this country she went to Atlanta and invited Mr. Barili, his wife and their three children, to spend several days with her. The occasion is prettily described by an extract taken from a letter of the oldest little girl to the writer of this sketch:

"I want to tell you all about Aunt Adelina's visit. She was just lovely. She sang beautifully. Papa said he never heard her sing so well. Of course she had the most beautiful rooms in the hotel, and we dined in the private dining-room. She gave Papa a ring with a ruby and two large diamonds, and she gave Mamma a diamond pin. To Alfredo she gave a watch chain (she had sent him a watch when Papa went to Europe the last time); she gave Viola a dear little pearl pin, and she gave me a pin with diamonds and sapphires in the form of a lyre. She held us in her lap and called us 'little pets.' Aunt Adelina called Papa 'dear boy.'"

This shows a side of the great singer's life of which the

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public very seldom hears. In 1890 Mr. Barili spent three months at "Craig-y-nos Castle," and the following summer he visited his aunt again, being present at the opening of her beautiful theater. She is very fond of his playing. In personality Mr. Barili is most pleasing; his gentle manner and winning smile gives confidence to the most nervous pupil. He is slight in physique and far from strong. His wife is his able second in all that he undertakes. She is a musician of no little talent, but always prefers to shine in the reflected glory of her talented husband.

Their children, Louise, Viola and little Alfredo, jr., all give promise of great genius, and the future alone can reveal what they will give to the world. No doubt Adelina Patti may be justly proud of her little grand-nieces and nephew who are all under the careful instruction of their famous father.

Ellye Howell Glover.

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THE GENIUS OF FRANZ SCHUBERT.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

"Characterization," by permission of the Derthick Musical Literary Clubs.

"No!
Schubert, too, wrote for silence; half his work
Lay like a frozen Rhine till summers came
That warmed the grass above him. Even so.
His music lives now with a mighty youth."
—George Eliot.

"Schubert has tones for the most delicate shades of feeling, thoughts, even accidents and occurrences of life. Manifold though the passions and acts of men may be, manifold is Schubert's music. That which his eye sees, his hand touches, becomes transformed to music."—Schumann.

In attempting to characterize the genius of Schubert, we have to take into account the fact, now universally acknowledged, that he was one of the most richly endowed composers known to musical history. Dying in his thirty-second year, he left upward of eleven hundred and thirty compositions of various dimensions, and covering almost all provinces of musical activity. Generally mentioned as a song writer, in which capacity he produced more than six hundred pieces, he was nevertheless much more, even upon the vocal side; since we find part songs for four, eight and twelve voices, elaborate masses, a requiem, an oratorio and two operas. This mass of material possesses one characteristic in common, namely, that throughout all the compositions in the list music is employed with an art entirely new with him for painting in tones the dramatic sentiment of the poetry. And inasmuch as the poetry itself had been drawn from sources the most varied and noble, the music also takes flights into the most opposite parts of the tonal heavens.

Upon the instrumental side in speaking of Schubert we are dealing with a master who, in the words often quoted but rarely so appositely, "touched many things, but nothing which he did not adorn." Beginning with the light compositions we have the charming little dances, which within the most limited

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boundaries manage to present delightful sequences of melodies and harmonies. From this grade, appealing to the least advanced tastes, we rise by easy stages through the Impromptus, and other fantasy-like pieces for pianoforte, belonging to the category of pleasing salon music (but still with poetic intention); through the lovely "Fair Rosamonde" Variations to the great Fantasia, the pianoforte sonatas, the chamber music, and finally the ten symphonies for full orchestra, of which the last two are peers of any which adorn the literature of the orchestra, from masters no matter how celebrated or commanding.

As regards quality, this music is as remarkable as is the vast quantity. Through everything that Schubert wrote there is a dainty precision even amid the most dramatic abandon, which is as rare as it is charming. This is just as evident in such work as the Erl King, where weird adventure carries poet and composer alike in headlong haste, and in the ninth and tenth symphonies for orchestra, where the full resources of the official tone-world are working for the exposition of the elementary themes, as it is in the most simple of his songs, like "Hedge Roses," or in the tenderest of all such as "My Sweet Repose." Capable of perfectly simple melody, of true folk-song ring, like "Hedge Roses," just mentioned, he had at command the full resources of modulation and thematic treatment, so that for every type of feeling he has his tone-color ready; and while he often takes us into strange quarters, as ordinary compositions go, he never opens for his friends under any circumstances the wrong door. He was master of the tone-house in all circumstances and conditions.

To him it might well be said in words of Shylock, "How much more elder art thou than thy years," for some of his most original and highly wrought songs were produced while yet a mere boy. When still not more than eighteen years of age he had written many songs, among them the beautiful "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel," and a year later his "Hedge Roses," the Ossian songs, and the "Erl King," the most dramatic song ever composed. It was still a boy of nineteen who wrote the "Wanderer," "Mignon's Longing," and the songs of the Harper. Nor is there anything essentially crude or unformed in these more than in the lovely "Swan Songs," which were written in his last two years.

I believe it is strictly within bounds to say that no other

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composer touched successfully so many different and widely distant provinces of musical composition. In many cases composers of symphonies have written songs which have been treasured by music lovers; but I do not remember the case of any composer who has been able to write symphonies of the first rank, accepted as such by the very greatest possible authorities no less than by the people and the great company of music-lovers generally, and at the same time distinguish himself in the domain of songs whether simple or elaborately composed. Schubert did this. Moreover, Schubert seems to have anticipated many of the effects commonly supposed to have been discovered upon the pianoforte some time later, so that while many of his piano pieces do not show anything especially important or novel, others of them have the peculiar *innigkeit* or "inwardness" of Schumann, and require the same kind of technical means to bring the composer's intention to expression.

From one point of view it appears strange that Schubert should have been able to show himself a peculiarly gifted orchestral colorist, as he certainly was, since he never heard any one orchestral work of his performed by a good orchestra. But, on the other hand, we must not forget that from earliest boyhood the sound of the orchestra had been familiar to him, and that he himself played a violin in the amateur orchestra which met every week at his father's house, and elsewhere, finishing up its existence with quite imposing concerts before quite a large clientele. One of the biographers of Schubert mentions being impressed, while himself playing in this orchestra, by the beautiful tone of a violin behind him. He turned about to see who it was playing so well and behold it was a scrubby-looking little fellow in spectacles. This was Schubert. Hence, while it is quite true that he never heard any important composition of his for full orchestra, given as orchestras play them now, he nevertheless heard enough and was in the orchestra enough to give him the sound and good points of all the instruments—which for present purposes is enough to account for this element in his marvelous genius.

Taking the work of Schubert "by and large" as is sometimes said, its most prominent characteristic is the sweet and peculiarly graceful melody. This he had as a boy of eighteen, when he wrote the charming songs already mentioned; and

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this he still possessed in his thirty-second year when he wrote the tenth symphony, the immortal one in C major (which however is no more beautiful than the eighth, "unfinished," in B minor), and the first thirteen songs of the "Swan Songs." To a skilled musician one of the most striking traits of Schubert is his knack of writing sweet and yet stylish melody upon harmonies the most simple, and in scale intervals apparently capable of yielding nothing better than results merely commonplace. For example, "Hedge Roses" is as simple as most of the ordinary songs of the day; yet it has a style and grace peculiarly its own. Another well-known song of Schubert's, illustrating the same peculiarity, is the "Praise of Tears."

Another point in which Schubert stands above almost or quite all other composers of songs, is in the skill with which he plans the pianoforte part for intensifying the dramatic impression of the song. This art also appears to have been innate with him, for it shows some of the earliest songs. For example, "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel" was written in 1813, when Schubert was only seventeen; yet here the accompaniment is an integral part of the dramatic effect of the song. So also in "The Trout," written in 1817, the peculiarly sprightly effect is due to the interworking of the rhythms of the song itself and that of the accompaniment. The peculiarly bright melodic expression in this song is due to the choice of the strong and firm tones of the scale. It lies largely in the tonic chord. Two other songs illustrating this peculiarity are the "Erl King" and "To Be Sung on the Waters," both early works, yet both belonging to the highest reaches of the Schubert talents.

One characteristic of Schubert remains to mention, although it is, while interesting, not of especial importance to our present needs, since obviously it is of no importance from an art standpoint whether an artist produces his works with great labor and much retouching, or whether he improvises it full finished at the moment of conception. This is a question not for art, since art rests upon the essential nature of the works produced, and not upon the rapidity with which they were produced—but for psychology, since it is a question of mental operation. From the latter standpoint, however, Schubert presents one of the most remarkable illustrations in the whole

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range of musical history. The rapidity with which he wrote was something marvelous. He seemed to be teeming with ideas. The whimsical peculiarity of sleeping in his spectacles in order to be more ready for composition in the morning, has been mentioned. His full activity as song writer began in 1815, when he was in his eighteenth year; and in this one year he produced more than two hundred compositions, the "Erl King" being among them. In 1816, when he wrote a large number of more extended works, the catalogue shows upward of one hundred and twenty-five pieces. It was enough for him to read a poem with interest to have it bring to his mind a musical setting. Poetry was echoed in his brain by music.

To complete this characterization from a psychological standpoint we might say that Schubert presents the phenomenon of a delicately organized brain, preternaturally rich upon the musical side, yet with all parts of his mental faculties so perfect and so intimately dependent upon each other, that everything which came into his life spontaneously related itself to music. He therefore affords the most perfect illustration of what is called "inspiration" in music of which we have any record. His work is a combination of ease, naturalness, spontaneity, fertility of invention (if we can say that anything of his could have been so coldly produced as to be "invented"), extremely wide range of intuition and sympathy. He is, therefore, above all other great masters the tone-poet of the people, and of all who love refined melody and poetic music.

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JOHN BARRINGTON, JR.

BY EMILE LOUIS ATHERTON.

PART SEVENTH.

Narrative continued by the author from quotations that he has been able to make from Mr. Barrington's diary. These were written shortly after the events related here took place, and to them are added such observations as the author deems necessary.

Now that some months have passed, during which I have been able to think of all that has gone before and feel the anguish of it biting at my heart,—now, I will write down the occurrences of that time; the details of the happenings of that morning.

There is a clearness that is experienced by the mind when our physical nature and our circumstances of environment are alike desirable; when our outlook is at nothing less than beauty, nor less desirable than happiness; when comfort, that greater happiness, is entirely our own. But the mind may experience another clearness which is just as complete, but which bears the same relation to the first as a cloudy day does to a clear one, (though, mind you, in neither day is there any rain, which may stand for doubt and obscurity in our metaphor) and this, the other clearness, is made by sorrow the reverse of happiness, and by uneasy hopelessness the antithesis of comfort. This sorrow of mine has cleared my mind so that I may see events as they are; this hopelessness will lead me from any desire to exaggerate the facts in my favor, or from any wish to invent other circumstances that would make me appear in a more favorable light. So the account will be without falseness on the one hand, and on the other it will be uninfluenced by wrong-headed modesty.

Silly feelings have come to me since I began this account; wretched, foolish, boyish hopes that some day her eyes might rest on these pages, and that she might believe all that is written here; and that so believing she would write to her old lover, and with that old tenderness he so well remembers, tell him her forgiveness, or rather her belief. As I have said, these

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are morbid fancies, for the very nature of the circumstances that have overcome me is so remarkable, so far from the ordinary experiences of humanity, that no one could conceive that the little train of happenings could all connect themselves into one powerful chain which would draw me against my will from the things in life I cared most to retain. No; I cannot hope for pardon from Mr. Earlington or from his niece; and so instead of weeping it behooves me to accept the position like a man, shed no more useless tears—give way no more to useless repinings. To begin, then, let me trace those little happenings which formed the links of that chain of which I have before spoken.

On the night before that fatal day my fiancée and I had what is called a lover's quarrel, which meant no more than that we played at contrasts; and which under the ordinary movement of circumstances would have brought nothing worse than a brighter happiness on the morrow. But I was so foolish as to carry my resentment to the extent of refusing to go to Boston with her and with Mr. Earlington on the following day. I, however, repented of my ill humor to the extent of a qualification; for I sat at breakfast with them the morning that they left, and then I accompanied them to the boat which was to go on her first trip at about six-thirty. After watching them until they were out of sight, I went sailing in my Wilton rigged life boat for upwards of two hours, then I returned to the hotel and breakfasted. As the clouds were gathering, the wind was blowing hard, and the outlook was for a stormy day, I decided to provision my boat and go out to battle with the elements. The thought of a hard day's struggle with the wind and sea chimed well with my mood, and so I put the plan into immediate execution. A waiter who was going away from the hotel that morning, and who had previously attended to my wants, filled my breaker with water, and brought down a substantial lunch to me in a basket. In the meantime I had fastened my boat to the dock and rigged it with its short sprit sail. The mast was a stout steel stick, and able to stand the hardest blow. The boat itself was self-bailing and had a wide beam, and was of considerable length. While it was built primarily to be propelled by a sail it was also possible to row it. It was sailed by a small bowsprit and jib, which were handled by guide ropes at the stern. Along the sides of the

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boat, under the seats, were metal chambers for the storage of compressed air. When the rigging had been completed and everything was ready I raised the sail, and letting its sheet run clear and the rudder move as it would, I knelt down with my back to the dock and with an air pump began to fill the forward air chambers. The waves were running quite high, and the boat was constantly knocking against the fendings of the pier so that I had some difficulty in maintaining the kneeling position which the work on which I was engaged required. On a sudden I felt the boat tip towards the dock, and at the same moment the sail slapped across the boat and I heard an exclamation. Turning quickly, I cried in amazement,—

"In the name of Heaven!"

"Do I look like an angel, John? You used to know I was one," said Miss Loveton, putting her beautiful head saucily on one side, and looking at me with a certain tenderness that was more than half coquetry.

"Miss Loveton," I said, steadying myself as well as I could, "I did not see you get into this boat, and I would not have allowed you to if I had seen you. I do not wish or intend to have anything to do with you whatever. You have made it impossible for us to be friends. Allow me to assist you to step out of the boat; it is not too late."

She had seated herself, while I was speaking, taking the helmsman's seat in the boat, and the loose sheet rope was running backward and forward in her hand as the sail pulled it. The wind at that time was blowing west, and the boat was pointing the same way. She smiled brightly as I finished speaking, and looking at me with a mixture of impudence and determination she said:—

"I don't want to get out of the boat, John, and I don't intend to."

As she spoke she rose, and leaning forward looked up toward the hotel. In the act of doing so she held the sheet tightly in her hand, and thus the wind gained a full purchase upon it, and the boat moved slowly seaward. Quickly taking the sheet from her I seized an oar, and turning my back upon her began to paddle the boat back to the dock. While I was doing this, she, without my knowledge, trimmed in the sheet, and in what must have been the deftest manner, tightly fastened it. I was all this time busy using my oar, and my mind

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was occupied also in thinking of her, for she was not less charming, not less fascinating, than she had been in the old days. I think it is doubtful if the poison of an infatuation, when it has once entered a man's heart, ever leaves it entirely. If it can be controlled, the man is doing much. And I suppose it was that the old poison of my former love for her held me captive, mind and body, during that priceless second. I remember that I thought of some things that had happened in the past. They were charming little love scenes, and as they swept past my mental attention all their locality and delight came back upon me; and so it was that my mind was occupied for the moment. It was so brief a space of time! If the thoughts could only have come afterwards, and I could have had my full senses during that moment, all of what followed would have been averted.

When I turned, I saw that the boat was making progress, and I put my hand quickly out to the rudder; but instead of coming down on the hard wood it grasped Miss Loveton's softer hand. I drew indignantly back and said sharply to her:

"Do not interfere, or we will be unable to get back immediately."

"Didn't you know I could sail a boat, John?" she asked, smiling in an absurdly childish way.

"Do you mean that you wish me to take you out?" I asked sternly.

"Why not, John?"

"I will not have it so," said I angrily, and as I reached for the helm she put it sharply up. I do not suppose that she could have realized the result that followed her action. During the two or three moments we had been talking a squall had been gathering immediately over the island, and simultaneously with her action it burst down upon us, and in our exposed position (for the wind at this place has full sweep, fifty feet from the dock) we felt its entire force. With our sheet trimmed closely in we were hurled over to a point where the water seethed over the side in a white line, until the seats were covered; and had our boat not been a self-bailing one we would certainly have been capsized. As quickly as I could I loosened the sheet and we ran before the squall; the buoyancy of the boat which it gained from the air tanks enabling us to do this. When I had first seen Miss Loveton she had been

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dressed in a most marvelous creation of organdie and lace, of a kind that I would associate with a lawn party. When, after twenty minutes of struggle with the wind and waves, the latter lulled down for a minute, and gave me an opportunity to look at Miss Loveton, I found her laughing at her bedraggled condition. Her hat was a mass of damp ruin, and her dress was limp and saturated.

During all this time we had been moving fast and far from the dock, and when at last the fury of the squall had abated and I was able to put about, the direction of the wind had changed, which necessitated a long northeasterly tack in order to get into a position from which a return would be possible. The boat, even in the diminished wind, had more sail upon her than she could carry, and the danger of losing it entirely, kept me attentive to my task and to nothing else. Suddenly, when I had reached the point towards which I had been sailing, Miss Loveton threw aside her wet gloves and parasol which she had been holding in her hand, and slipped quickly and without swerving to the front of the boat. Then she unfastened the halyards, and called to me to bring the boat into the wind. The moment that I had done this she lowered the sail. The squall that she had seen and I had not was from the south, and it came down upon us with a fury that I have never seen equaled. It had followed the first squall in less than ten minutes, and it was hardly five minutes from the time we felt its first violence before the clouds had traveled nearly to the horizon line in the north, and the sea had become almost as dark as night. Vivid lightning ran down the clouds in brilliant flashes, while the roaring of the wind made the thunder (which must have been terrific) sound like the tearing of a piece of cloth. Miss Loveton fought her way back to me over the seats, and slipped down beside me.

"You can trust me if you need help," she said firmly, and with no suggestion of the self-conscious manner that I had previously noticed. And as I looked into her eyes I saw that I could trust her; for there was no flinching or fear there, but just a brave clearness. There was another look also; one of desire gratified, of happiness that could not be restrained. Even in that moment of excitement I noticed this look and wondered about it. Soon I was to know what it meant.

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SYMPHONY AND SYMPHONIC POEM.

BY MAURICE ARONSON.

A careful review of the last concert season in Europe and this country discloses the fact that, whilst the symphony, as an art form, is chosen with great discretion, almost with reluctance, by composers of the present generation, it remains still the leading feature of concerts given by larger musical organizations. We need but refer to the very interesting statistics of the sixth season of the Chicago Orchestra, to prove that the symphony had received a most liberal consideration and attention at the hands of Theodore Thomas. Besides a number of excerpts, sixteen symphonies (Haydn's in D, Mozart's in C, Beethoven's 2d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 8th, Schubert's in C, Mendelssohn's 3d, Schumann's 2d and 4th, Raff's Leonore, Bruckner's 4th, Brahms' 3d, Tschaikowsky's 5th and Chadwick's 3d), were performed in their entirety during twenty-two concerts. A record which the Chicago Orchestra may justly feel proud of.

That, on the other hand, the main substance, the quintessence of the concerts here as well as elsewhere, consists as yet in the masterworks of the classic and romantic tone-poets, is a striking proof of the musical inactivity of the present generation from the point of view of abstract music. Regarding the efforts of modern composers in the latter field we must confess the somewhat deplorable fact that we are living in a period of musical decadence, and it must prove interesting to investigate the causes which lead to a gradual abandonment of the symphony, that most perfect and sublime art form, in favor of art forms of lesser magnitude. Could we justly term the latter part of this declining century, a period of musical decadence? Has it no just claim upon having served the art of music and upon having accomplished a great deal, in particular for instrumental music? Beyond a doubt it has, and future generations might judge differently of the efforts of modern time. The masterworks of the classic period could at no time claim such hearty reception as is accorded them at the

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present time, and such quick, large and generous appreciation, as greets the performance of a larger work by Brahms, Saint-Saens or Dvorak, never brightened the cheerless and toilsome hours of Beethoven or Schubert. History and time, however, the ever true judges of human efforts, preserve the right to crush monuments, which prejudice and blind devotion have erected, and to place laurels upon the graves of those which an ungrateful world had ignored and forgotten.

It must be admitted that since the monumental works of Beethoven were given to the world, but few masters have striven to accomplish for the symphonic form (more properly called the sonata form) that noblest, most consistent and most perfect form in the tonal art, that form, wherein music, totally abstract, becomes its own object and end, disclosing thus the beauties of the entire tone world. Overtowering the efforts of other modern composers in the field of abstract music, stand the works of the late Johannes Brahms, who, in his devotion to music, for music's sake pure and simple, stands isolated in the second half of this century. Brahms is certainly to be considered a close, but entirely modern follower of Beethoven in the symphonic field, and although a contemporary of the most brilliant period in the history of musical instrumentation, he has not permitted himself to become a victim of the many original and new devices which characterize the Berlioz-Wagner-Liszt school. The latter branch of musical science, Brahms treats more aesthetically than his contemporaries, for he never looses sight of what is beautiful in music. In his courage and conviction, with which he supported his high aims for perfect and intrinsic beauty, for blending tone color and symmetry in form, he reminds frequently of the master-composer in the symphonic field, whose music is so perfect, so beautiful and so complete in every direction that it remains the acme of all abstract music.

The symphonic literature since Beethoven contains some of the most valuable contributions ever given to music. The symphonies of Schubert, Schumann and Mendelssohn have proven their vitality already, for during the last half century they have figured more or less prominently in the repertoire of larger orchestral bodies. Those of Brahms, Rubinstein, Saint-Saens, Tschaikowsky, Dvorak, etc., etc., will be judged more justly and unprejudiced in times to come. In his highly

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interesting discourse, "Music and its Masters," Anton Rubinstein utters a musical confession of rather painful character by stating that, as for himself "Finis musicale" with the death of Schumann and Chopin. He confesses in unmistakable terms that he could not grow interested in the musical activity of his time and refers to that period as a period of transition and decadence. Rubinstein unfortunately belonged to those men who, in aiming too high, finally realize that they have fallen short of their lofty ideals. As in the case of Franz Liszt, Rubinstein placed his productive gift far above his exquisite, reproductive, pianistic abilities, but the world at large appreciated the pianist more than the composer. Thus bitterly disappointed, he scorned the principles which governed the art-life of his time, mainly those of Richard Wagner, and might therefore have had just cause for the above confession. Unprejudiced, however, can we agree with Rubinstein in his utterance? From the point of view of the classicist we certainly can. Modern composers have not in any way extended the symphonic form, which is by no means yet an antiquated art form, nor have they added any new features to the old form or imbued it with new life. In the compositions of modern authors we find much that is interesting, highly valuable, but they lack on the other hand the depth, breadth and the beauty which characterize the creations of the classic and romantic epoch. It is the specifically musical, the melodic element, the musical thought which is missing, and, as in other arts, we find in recent music a predominance of the coloring at the expense of the drawing, the technic at the expense of the thought, the frame at the expense of the picture. Old and time-worn limitations and prejudices, however, have been removed and many new and interesting features added to the possibilities of musical expression. The progress in that direction consists in more freedom and liberty in modulation, in a more interesting rhythmic, harmonic and melodic treatment, in a greater variety of tone color, by means of improved instruments and superior attainments on the part of instrumentalists. A glance into the scores of modern composers would reveal the fact that the technical means of musical expression have experienced such predominance as to obscure sensuous beauty, the essential property of music. The brilliant, glowing orchestration of the Berlioz-Wagner-Liszt

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school has served to draw the attention from the contents of the work to the extent that a magnificent, richly and elaborately decorated frame would from the painting itself. A costly frame would, however, not heighten the art-work itself, unless the latter had artistic merits of its own. Such are, in short, the particular features which characterize the art-works known in the latter half of this century as "Symphonic poems." As an art-form the symphonic poem cannot claim significance—although it is used extensively and with much favor by composers of this generation—for it has no outspoken form, and is therefore out of the region of abstract music. Being narrative, illustrative and descriptive in character and mainly used for the embodiment of preconceived ideas and events, the symphonic poem belongs into the branch of tonal art, known as program music. As an art-form in the sense of other art-forms, the symphonic poem was certainly not a necessity, but rather a natural reflexion of the prevailing tendencies which govern the art activity of the present time. We live in an age of pronounced materialism and realism. The masterworks of the classical epoch in musical literature were but a reflexion of the most poetical, golden epoch in literature. The strong, reactionary movement which was inaugurated during this century in all other arts could not fail to take root in the tonal art as well, and in the present art activity we mourn the loss of loveliness and gentleness, the most distinguishing characteristics of the classic period. It is the emotional life of our time which is mainly responsible for the loss of imagination, poetry and idealism in the art-works of recent age, for abstract music does not appeal directly to the mind, is not tangible enough and therefore in conflict with the tendencies of the time.

As the main representatives of the "Symphonic poem" and of program music at large stand Hector Berlioz and Franz Liszt. The former is unquestionably the more interesting, for his works abound in originality and are imbued with a spirit heretofore unknown in musical history. Strongly opposed in life, he is now universally considered one of the most brilliant stars in the musical firmament of this century, the father of modern instrumentation and the originator of program music. In his threefold capacity as composer, author and conductor he has created for himself a name which is in-

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delibly engraved in the tablets of musical history. His symphonies and overtures are highly interesting contributions to the literature of instrumental music, and his works on instrumentation and conducting well nigh the best of their kind. Revolutionary in his art activity, he broke with what proved to be traditional in art forms.

Berlioz was the first composer to introduce realism and tone-painting in his orchestral works, and thus became the creator of many original devices and of heretofore unknown musical abnormities. Regarding the specifically musical, however, regarding depth of thought, melodic invention, beauty of form or richness of harmonic texture, his creations are less significant. These characteristics adhere in almost the same degree to the instrumental works of Franz Liszt, chief of which are his twelve symphonic tone-poems, wherein program music is led to the extreme. Liszt's symphonic tone-poems are tone-paintings in the form of improvisations, interestingly treated, profusely, brilliantly and very effectively orchestrated, showing the same technical mastery as Berlioz's works. In his desire to offer something entirely new, for—"dans les arts il faut faire grand"—Liszt often said, he resorts in his original productions to procedures which are at times totally unmusical, and which have left the opinion as to Liszt's significance as a composer rather divided. From the point of view of the aesthetically beautiful in music the works of Berlioz, as well as those of Liszt, appear in distant perspective, for they are too reflective, too narrative and totally devoid of the genuine naivety of the genius. Played at the piano, thus deprived of their brilliant outer garb, the tone-color and tone-quality of the various orchestral instruments, the orchestral compositions of Berlioz and Liszt grow pale and insignificant, while a movement from the symphonies of Beethoven or Schubert will delight any technically well equipped pianist.

As stated previously the "symphonic tone-poem" has become a favorite with modern composers for many and obvious reasons. In their admiration for an "art-form"—if such it could be called—which adopts itself to almost every requirement, and for program music in general, musical authors have gone at times beyond the boundaries and have attempted to find programs to such purely abstract works as the Beethoven symphonies. Nothing is more absurd than the attempt to

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explain the pathos and the tragedy which found their origin in the experiences and inner battles of that tone-hero. Beethoven possessed the wonderful power to relate his experiences with the explicity of the word itself, while on the other hand it reaches far beyond that; furthermore the plasticity to represent the characters and ideals which he met in history almost to likelihood. For examples we would point to the heroic symphony and to the overtures to "Egmont" and "Coriolan." Out of most of his symphonies some inner experience addresses itself to us and this appears most likely as causing the numerous explanations and programs which have been furnished from time to time to come to a closer understanding of the secrets which they contain. Beethoven's symphonies, whose boundless poetical value consists mainly in the undiscovered secrets which excite our imagination, our fancy and feelings, would become very prosaic indeed when reduced to a musical illustration of some program. Such commentaries would of course be nothing else but the subjective opinion of the respective program-maker, which necessarily must vary with the subjective conception, the temperament and the poetic gift of the explaining individual. Under such circumstances we would receive, instead of the more objective, generally accepted valuation of Beethoven's creations, subjective opinions of questionable authority. The attempt to stamp Beethoven's symphonies as program music would deprive that tone-hero of his real grandeur, which consists in his being the composer par excellence for the symphonic form and for instrumental music, that domain in the tonal art where music stands on its own feet, and the further attempt to explain abstract, instrumental music, however, which possesses its logic and inner poetical connection in the art forms which are at its command, would be equivalent to destroying it. If music wishes to depict concepts more tangibly it has plenty of opportunities in connection with poetry, but if it wishes to speak the language of sentiment and of heart, that language which cannot be expressed by the mere word, it speaks through the orchestra. No other art can follow music into that domain, and the field which only instrumental music controls, musical fanatics wish to deprive it of, by means of banal and prosaic versions, which are as insignificant as its promoters.

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The contributions to the orchestral literature by Hector Berlioz and Franz Liszt gain a higher artistic significance on account of the incalculable influence which they exercised upon the art activity of the recent past and the present age. This influence is far-reaching and can easily be traced throughout most, if not all those foreign countries which are regarded as musical in a productive or creative sense. In Germany it is Liszt and Wagner—the latter more in an operatic sense—which have had a powerful influence upon composers of instrumental music. In the magnificent symphonic tone-poems of Richard Strauss, the highly gifted court-conductor of Munich, modern instrumental music reaches well nigh its climax, and the technical mastery combined with such rare inventive skill as exposed in the tone-poems "Death and Transfiguration," or "Thus Spake Zarathustra," is astounding indeed.

In France, Camille Saint-Saens stands pre-eminently as the leading composer of instrumental music, and his four symphonic tone-poems, "Phaeton," "La Jeunesse de Hercule," "Le Rouet D'Omphale," and "Danse Macabre," are very original and interesting contributions to program music. The influence of Berlioz and Liszt is strong and undeniable in France.

In Russia it is again Berlioz and Liszt, which are looked up to as models in instrumental art, and the introduction of national peculiarities, such as characteristic national melodies, folksongs, etc., become a significant feature in Russian instrumental music. The representatives of symphonic tone-poems in Russia are Balakireff, Cui, Rimski Korsakow, Borodine and Moussorgski.

In Italy, Liszt exercised a considerable influence upon the rather limited efforts in behalf of instrumental music, for history links Italy more closely to the development of opera than to any other art form.

Bohemia prides itself in the possession of two gifted sons who have contributed many notable works to the literature of instrumental music. Similar to their Russian colleagues, Smetana and Dvorak chose their subjects chiefly from the history, the myth and the fairy tales of their own country.

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The summer school has come and gone. Nothing is more lovely than the unanimity with which such large numbers of the American people square themselves in the hot months for "improving their minds." All sorts and conditions of men share the craze—craze, certainly, even if most beneficent. It is likely that the aggregate attendance at the various Chautauquas, summer schools and the like runs up high in the hundred thousands.

The original Chautauqua was large and is large. It reaches many thousands every season, and it brings out a distinguished combination of lecturers and teachers. Everything can be learned there, from the arts of back pedalling and hem-stitching up to cuneiform inscriptions and beyond—if beyond there be. And Music cuts an important figure. Choral work, popular songs, recitals, lectures, distinguished organ playing, great artists upon the violin and other instruments—every department of the musical world brings out its representatives.

The same thing is done upon a smaller scale in the lesser Chautauqua gatherings and in many others which, while not bearing the name, are nevertheless lights set upon their own local hill, the illumination kindled at the same original torch.

And think what a compensation a fortnight at one of these meetings is to the resident in a remote village or upon a farm, where intellectual stimulation is at a minimum and companionship is very scarce. It is like ascending into some superior sort of atmosphere and reviving the drooping energies of the mind with ozone of pristine potency.

The teacher has the summer school craze with the rest of us. It is as useful to him as to the farmer, but for different reasons. Intent all the year upon his own work, he has no time to investigate new ideas and, in fact, no one from whom to derive them in complete form. The summer school meets this want. Eminent teachers brought together from distant points set forth the central principles and methods which have given their work its incisive and productive character. And there we are. A fortnight, a month, and the teacher returns

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to his work rested, refreshed and incited to new achievements and new advances.

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The summer school is an evolution. It is the result of a demand for condensed information. When one attends upon the instruction of a private teacher he receives the instruction which in the mind of the teacher seems most adapted to his immediate needs. And this may go on for months, even years, and at the end the pupil may have received only the instruction needed from day to day. The pupil may have been modified in his practices and in his way of regarding art; and as a performer he may show mastery of his work. But when it comes to giving out again this which he has received, too often he finds that he does not even know the central principle upon which his own development has been conducted. The summer school changes all this. The first thing which the teacher gives there is this missing link—the central thought around which the entire instruction has crystallized itself. Then the various axes along which such a principle projects itself; and finally a sort of bird's-eye view of the general course of development along which a pupil or a class is expected to progress.

The medical profession are perhaps a little wiser than the pedagogic. They have a department of "materia medica" in their college course. This teaches the names and qualities of medicines, and guides the student through the great storehouse of agents by the judicious use of which he is expected to modify conditions of the patient. The music teacher has nothing of this sort; or, if anything, very little. Having acquired a certain amount of key-board mastery and familiarity with a few pieces, he is turned loose as a teacher. The first lesson he gives, or the tenth at any rate, brings him face to face with his limitations. What would he not give for a graded list of pieces warranted to perform this, that or the other kind of work?

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In spite of the vast attention which is paid to the art of music in its different degrees, and the long time during which it has been made a part of the exercises in the school room, we are still far from having settled the possibilities of its powers in the training of the young. On one hand we have educators

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producing books and charts and explaining the same, the substantial expectation seemingly limited to teaching the pupils to sing from notes. On the other hand a few advanced musicians, more transcendental than scientific or strictly pedagogical, who indulge in extravagant generalities regarding the renovation of nature, the unfolding of sensitive innate tendencies, and the transformations of character possible to be effected by music. They go farther and maintain that music is capable of exercising a definite influence upon morbid mental conditions, and that it might have a scientific application to insane patients. They tell us that even the wild animals are sensitive to the charm of music, being visibly affected when a violin or other instrument is played in their hearing. Against these apparently high-flown theories lies the very patent fact that the great majority of practical musicians do not exhibit in their own lives or characters the formative effects predicated of music by this class of its advocates.

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As for these claims made, they have a certain proportion of soundness and a certain amount of fallacy. For example, to begin with the animal kingdom, there is nothing to be surprised at in the observation that a lion is affected by a violin played in his vicinity. The cats have quick hearing and are extremely liable to have enemies. The heredity of the lion renders him sensitive to sounds, and every strange noise might be the voice of a new enemy. It is quite natural that he should listen attentively and when, through intuitive understanding of the quality of sounds, he makes up his mind that this which he hears is the old violin singing to its young, he listens attentively and with the gentle purr belonging to his tribe; perhaps even his own fatherly feelings are stirred and he dreams of his loved ones. All this, observe, purely in the domain of physical hearing and outside the question of art at all as such.

The dog, also, who is palpably uneasy all the time that the strain is approaching the fatal intonation which pierces his inmost being, and who when the note is reached howls agonizingly, does so as independently of art, as the resonator of a Helmholz apparatus. When his note is sounded he responds in unconscious resonation. It is not art; it is pure mechanics.

The influence of music upon the insane probably goes con-

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siderably farther than this, since a mind diseased is a mind still, and a human spirit under a partial eclipse rarely loses all its qualities. Hence there is hope that when patients are classified somewhat as to their moods, music might be adapted to comfort them at least and not improbably to promote a more healthful state. This scientific application of music upon its therapeutical side is, however, as yet a long way from scientific determination. Many experiments have to be made, and in a great variety of conditions, before anything positive can be safely affirmed.

As for the influence of music upon individual character, this can hardly be expected until such time as individuals give themselves over to the influences of some one kind of music to the comparative neglect of all others. But so long as the great majority of those addicted to music merely drift in their enjoyment of it, they can only expect to go with the current.

The argument against the active possibilities of music derived from the non-effect of the art upon the lives of those who practice it, also falls to the ground when we remember that the great majority of those who derive a living from music do so not from an enjoyment of the art or a practice of it in the high-art sense, but from teaching its rudiments, promulgating it, playing or singing it under the direction of some one else. Music as such is perhaps enjoyed as little by music teachers as by any class in a community. There is something in the pedagogic habit of mind, the proselyting spirit of the concert artist, which limits the capacity of art enjoyment. The mental state of pure contemplation, the only one for true art enjoyment, is as foreign to the habit of mind of the professional musician in his active hours as to any other kind of business man. Music, therefore, fails quite distinctly to get in its work with this class, and if their lives fail to manifest any particular modification of character due to music we need not be surprised at it.

The truth is that musicians are neither better nor worse than those of other professions or avocations. Some are better, some are worse. It is a question of stock. There is one type of music teacher who seems to have been quite perceptibly influenced by her avocation; or perhaps the selection of avocation may have been influenced by her natural character. I refer to the quiet, sincere, art-enthusiast, who goes through the

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world without being of the world. Women of this class (for the corresponding type of man is more likely to turn out a clergyman) often go through life in an atmosphere indescribably pure and ideal, their whole existence a ministry in art to all who fall under their influence. One woman of this kind in any community is a blessing, and a few such are more potent than the goodness which saved Sodom.

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I confess it looks to me as if there was a tendency in some quarters to expect too much of music in the school room, and of its influence upon character when pursued elsewhere. Of course if music or any other branch is pursued in a strict sense, it cannot fail to react upon character. This, however, is a consequence not so much of the art as such, as of the mental application and the serious intention. If all music study were conducted in the spirit mentioned by Plato, where everyone ought to seek "not for the art which is pleasing, but for the art which is true," we would be nearer to something definite and formative than we generally are at present.

As for music in the school room, song is indispensable, if a happy school room is wanted. Nothing succeeds so well as a song in dispelling the nervous strain and the worry, incident to a very few and small things having gone wrong in the room; and no exercise so opens up the spirits of the pupils as a song. Whether the song does much or little for them in the long run, it does quite enough to render it indispensable when it shows itself able to "knit up the ravelled sleeve of care" even if for the moment only. As for the promotion of character through the poetry sung, this will depend upon how seriously the poetry is taken; and this will come back again to the individual teacher who controls and administers the singing.

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I do not particularly value the question whether the child learns to read music well in school. I prefer that he should, and I think it is quite possible for him to do this with very little current instruction, and with no loss of time from something better.

Reading music is one of those things which will learn itself if you give it half a chance. I think it advisable that the child learn a good repertory of sincere melodies, such as

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he can sing, whistle and remember. I do not particularly care what the words are, for the music is far more lasting than the words; these, however, ought to be simple and true, and, if possible, real poetry.

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When we get around to it, a very useful side-product of direct musical study in the school room will be found in the formation and awakening of elementary music percepts, to such an extent that the pupils are able to recognize and write from hearing the different elementary consonances and dissonances, short phrases of melody, tone and rhythm complete, and later whole melodies. This is a legitimate training of ear, a part of the great nature-study of which we make so much just now; and it has in it also the beginning of higher musical life, for the more advanced music turns upon finer and finer relations and upon more pronounced clashes and resolutions between consonance and dissonance. This part of the training will necessarily have to be for quite a long time yet the work of the special music teacher, and it is very desirable that his operative time in each school room be not diminished below forty minutes a week. But here we come upon dangerous ground.

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My friend, Mr. John Denis Mehan, holds that the most indispensable part of school room musical training is the formation of sound vocal habits, the production of satisfactory tone, and so on—both for the better singing then and there and for the satisfaction of sweet and mellow voices in all the latter relations of life, where a good voice is often a form of talent only inferior to actual brains, and in some avocations even more effective.

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As for music when studied upon the pianoforte, I think we have done the best we can for our pupils when we have stimulated or developed in them a solid appetite for good music, and have carried their elementary training to the point where they are able to go on and assimilate other nourishment according to their taste. Whatever there may be in the art, we surely have put them in the way of attaining whenever we have placed them in sympathetic connection with the masterpieces of the art.

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At this point the school-master at my elbow takes issue, not so much with any particular position here advanced as with what seems to him an underlying false assumption. He says: "Immediately we begin to talk about drawing in the schools, the drawing teacher thinks that we wish to make all the children artists; when we speak of physical culture, that we wish to make every child an athlete; of manual training, that we wish to turn out carpenters; and music, that we wish to make trained musicians. These specialists forget that we are here dealing with the child in his early years, when it is not a question of making a finished product of any kind, but simply of forming habits of discipline, and storing the mind with a stock of general ideas to form later the basis of more particular knowledge.

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In a former issue of this magazine I spoke at some length of the compositions of Mr. Leopold Godowsky, nearly all of which—more than one hundred—are as yet unpublished. These works present many interesting and unusual features, the most noticeable being, perhaps, their technical difficulty, together with a decided originality of handling in many respects. Most noticeable of all perhaps is the development of themes and the unusual harmonic treatment. A few of these pieces have been published and are therefore accessible. The first on the list is a Grand Valse Romantique, which is a very brilliant and fascinating salon piece of rather more than moderate difficulty, belonging perhaps in the eighth or tenth grade, very fresh and original. Another is a Valse Scherzo, dedicated to the Princess of Wales, a more fantastic waltz than the preceding, with a very charming middle movement. This is very beautiful and effective. The foregoing are published by E. Ascherberg & Co., of London. "Moto Perpetuo" is published by E. Donajowski in London. It is a magnificent finger study for the right hand. "Märchen" is a very light and fairy-like piece, as its name requires.

Another very charming and original tone-poem, full of subtle and delicate modulations, extremely original and lovely, is called "A Night in Spring." This belongs to a set called Damerungsbilder "Twilight Pictures." Another piece of this same set, still in manuscript, is destined to be a very great favorite as soon as known, having much of the fascination of

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the Schumann "Warum," only much more delicate and elusive. Still another number of the "Twilight Pictures" has been published. It is called "Impressions of the Hudson," a romantic piece, somewhat between a nocturne and a fantasy, very pleasing and melodious.

I also mentioned the fact that Mr. Godowsky had re-written seventeen of the studies of Chopin, giving the left hand the part originally written for the right hand and composing for the right hand new matter. One of these has been published. It is the No. 6 of Chopin's opus 25, a study in thirds arranged for the left hand. This is published by H. Kleber & Bro., of Pittsburgh, Pa., and is dedicated to Saint-Saens. This piece, besides its value as a technical study for the left hand, is also of peculiar interest to teachers on account of the originality of the fingering which Mr. Godowsky has given the thirds, permitting them to be played entirely legato, as distinguished from the usual method of playing thirds, which necessitates one or two breaks in every octave, in at least one of the voices.

In my opinion these works of Godowsky belong to a very high order of piano compositions, having in them other qualities wholly distinct from the tendency to elaboration. In harmonic instinct and in the capacity to develop a great musical effect out of a small original germ, there are few masters now writing who excel Mr. Godowsky, and in this respect he stands entirely outside the usual range of practical pianoforte virtuosi. Many of these gentlemen write fluently for the instrument, but always they are better players than composers. Mr. Godowsky, almost alone of the piano masters now living, is a very much better composer than player, even more original and masterly; and later on, when he has time to devote to composition, we ought to expect something remarkable from him.

On another ground I feel an interest in these works, because I am very strongly convinced that piano playing on the basis of Chopin and Schumann has now nearly reached its limit, and the new players are beginning to branch out beyond. The new direction will consist in a very much higher development of the left hand, making it absolutely equal to the right in fluency and in expressive power, and the compositions of the new direction will be elaborated with much greater equality

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between the two hands than is the case in any of the classic writings, where the left hand is always treated gently and kindly. If you will look through the studies of Chopin you will find that only in three or four instances does the left hand have anything at all approaching the difficulty of the ordinary writing for the right hand.

This new direction, again, is the place where the old and the new meet together and unite, because when Bach wrote there was absolutely no favoritism shown the left hand, but it was required to do precisely the same thing as the right. This you find throughout the fugues, and nearly as much in the preludes and in the fantasy pieces of one sort and another which Bach composed. It was a necessary result of contrapuntal development which, in the nature of the case, had to be as rich in the lower voices as in the higher. When the strain of monody came in with Haydn and Beethoven, the attention became fixed more and more upon the melody and everything else reduced itself to accompaniment. This is the case in Chopin. Schumann took the thematic direction and in certain ways demanded a good deal of the left hand, but in Schumann we do not find anywhere bravoura passages and very little flowing counterpoint.

I make these suggestions for the benefit of ambitious young pianists who find themselves, at the age of twenty or twenty-one, in possession of a technic enabling them to play without difficulty the usual range of virtuoso work. There are a good many of these players in the world now, and not a few of them in America; and here and there will be one of greater ambition who desires to reach out into the new world that is now turning itself up to the sunlight of the twentieth century; and here is where, I imagine, that some of the younger masters are going to make their names. The music of Brahms is destined to become a corner stone of the piano playing of the future as it is already with the playing of the most advanced pianists. In many ways it opens new directions. W. S. B. M.

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THINGS HERE AND THERE

ENGLISH OPERA IN CHICAGO.

Causes at work in Chicago during the last few months have had effect in changing the theatrical outlook in this city in a way interesting to musicians. The great success of the Castle Square Company in Boston which has been heretofore chronicled in these pages, followed by their even greater success in Philadelphia and other eastern cities, led people engaged in the repertory opera business in cities and on the road to consider the possibility of establishing such companies in the other large cities. Chicago was of course the first place thought of by most of these people, but the field appeared closed to most of them when it was announced early in the season that the Castle Square company intended spending the summer of '97 at the Schiller Theater. No sooner was the announcement made, however, than there were half a dozen rival companies planned for the same time. The one of these that attracted the most local notice was that which organized under the well-known name of "McCaull Opera Company," probably hoping thus to get a certain amount of free advertising out of the name of the late Mr. McCaull. This company secured the Chicago Opera House and opened there with light opera, at the "popular" prices of ten, twenty and thirty cents. The company gave a wholly inadequate performance, and had in its cast no one of even local reputation. There was at no time an attempt to make the show anything but a burlesque, and the result was to force down to even a lower ebb than it had before attained the notion of a popular English Opera company.

Owing to rumors that the Schiller was financially embarrassed, as indeed it usually is, the Castle Square people did not come to that house, but went to Saint Louis, where they have spent the summer at Urich's Cave, their own house being occupied meanwhile by a stock dramatic company. When it was found that the Schiller was thus to be left vacant, a company was at once organized to take the house. Prominent among those in the management of the new company were Mr. O. B. Thayer, who has been for some time well known throughout the country in connection with various repertory opera companies on the road; Mr. Maurice Hagemann, the stage manager; Miss Beatrice McKenzie, a Chicago girl, who had been singing with the Calhoun Opera Company; Mr. Silvain Langlois, of the Grau Opera Company, who had been for some time singing leading baritone roles with them in grand and light opera. This company opened at the Schiller with what was an attempt to give a fair interpretation and presentation of the better known comic

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operas, giving at the start what are known as the "chestnuts," in order to get the company seasoned down to the work and accustomed to swing together before tackling the more difficult and less-known ones. The path of the Schiller theater companies has traditionally been a hard one to travel on, and the present case proved no exception. The house was in difficulties most of the time, and there was also the constant friction between management and company that has marked all who have played at that house. The public, however, showed their anxiety to have such an organization as this was trying to make itself, by patronizing everything that was put on to the limit of the house. The opera was at times very much off-color, owing to the difficulties that had to be met, but for the most part it was better than Chicago had had in some time, and infinitely ahead of that at the Chicago Opera House. In the course of the summer, as the company got used to working as a whole, it took in new members and tackled more difficult things, as "Cavalleria," and "Trovatore." For the completion of the casts in these, new members were brought in who did not sing in English, and as a result there was seen, or rather heard, the unusual combination of English, French and Italian in the same opera. About this time the company's lease of the Schiller expired, and as that house was wanted for a dramatic company, the opera company moved to the new Great Northern Theater, which was then idle and in the hands of a receiver. There the organization has secured what promises to be a permanent home, and one that is well suited to the needs of just such a company, requiring, and indeed permitting, but little in the way of scenic display, and making possible the staging and presentation of stock operas at the minimum of expense.

With the company in this situation there next arises the problem of what operas it is safe and what it is necessary for them to attempt, and the far greater problem from a managerial point of view, of where to get singers of sufficient dramatic ability to handle first and even second parts at a salary which will enable him to put on the operas at a cost at which the public will patronize the house. To my mind there has been one mistake made throughout,—and I know from what I have heard others say that it is not one from the standpoint of many of the patrons of the house,—which takes away for me almost entirely the utility of the company. For as I look at it, the purpose of the Castle Square Company, and the element in it which has made it a continuous success, second only to the ability of Mr. and Mrs. Murray, is their insistence on English as the language to be sung in. I remember that when Mertens was engaged to sing in "I Pagliacci" and had to sing in English his German brogue made a very funny effect. But the point was insisted on that he should sing in English. And in this way there has been built up for Mr. Murray's company a reputation now as wide as our country for presenting an intelligible English production of each opera it has undertaken. The difficulty

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of obtaining a good translation, met by them more often probably than by any other company our country has known, has been overcome in each instance. The Chicago company, however, has not held to the point, but has given mixed performances, as we have mentioned above. This has been done on account of their inability to secure competent people who could or would sing in English. When, however, they do as they recently did, put in the cast in "Trovatore," as Leonora, a Chicago girl named Barretti, who probably has sung and talked in English all her life, and let her sing in bad Italian, which none of the cast understands, while the rest sing in English, I think the house has a right to lose patience with the management and call for more English-singing people. To one who knows all the troubles which have beset Manager Thayer, and the difficulty he has had in getting even this little company so far on the road to prosperity, this seems like a point which can be easily overlooked in the hope that he will later give us something better.

It may be that the enthusiasm of the audience over the singing of his foreign-voiced singers may have to an extent blinded the gentleman. For it is very certain that there is a large part of the people always who do not care to understand the singer, or think they do not till they have for a long time been accustomed to understand. But the popularity which must be built up to sustain a permanent opera house in any northern city must come from the understanding and appreciation of the opera by the audience. That is, of course, if what the management is after is the custom of the better class of people and the musical people, who want a musical treat, and not the people who go because the price is low and they have heard every other cheap show the town has to offer.

The fact remains, however, that Manager Thayer and his associates, to none of whom is more credit due than to Mr. Langlois, the baritone, and Mr. Delamotta, the tenor, have succeeded in going farther ahead in their line than any company Chicago has had in at least fourteen years. And for this reason, if for no other, they deserve the patronage of those in the city who desire to see the original plan carried out. JOHN L. MATHEWS.

MUSIC IN CHAUTAUQUA.

As an example of the work Mr. Sherwood does every year at Chautauqua, we present the following series of programs given in Higgins' Memorial Hall the present season:

TUESDAY, JULY 13, 5 P. M.

1. Bach (From 3d English Suite)..Prelude and Gavotte, G Minor
   Beethoven.....(Moonlight Sonata) Op. 27, No. 2
2. Schubert-Liszt.....Hark, Hark, the Lark
   Chopin-Liszt....."Maiden's Wish." (Polish Song)

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Chaminade .....Serenade in D
Godard.....“En Route.” (Concert Etude)
3. Wagner-Liszt .....“Isolden’s Liebes-Tod”
Liszt..... .....Polonaise in E

TUESDAY, JULY 20, 5 P. M.

1. Haendel.....Fantasie in C; Fire Fugue
Chopin.....Preludes, Op. 28, Nos. 1, 3, 4, 7, 16, 23, 24
Mr. Sherwood.
2. R. Franz.....Im Herbst
Beethoven .....“Ah, Perfido”
Miss Amanda Vierheller.
3. Schumann, Robert.....Romance in F Sharp, Op. 28
Schumann, Gustav.....Tarantelle, Op. 11
4. Raff.....Cavatina and March, from Suite Op. 91

TUESDAY, JULY 27, 5 P. M.

1. Bach-Liszt.....Organ Fantasie and Fugue in G Minor
2. Schumann.....Fantasie in C, Op. 17
3. Beethoven-Saint-Saens..Dervish Chorus, from “Ruins of....
.....Athens”
4. Beethoven-Liszt.....Turkish March, from “Ruins of Athens”
5. Schubert-Liszt.....Soiree de Vienne, No. 6
6. Schubert-Tausig ..... Military March

TUESDAY, AUG. 3, 5 P. M.

1. Beethoven .....Sonata, Op. 111
2. Von Weber.....Andante and Menuetto Capriccio
3. Chopin.....a. Nocturne in C Sharp, Minor, Op. 27, No. 1
b. Impromptu in F Sharp, Op. 36
c. Scherzo in B Flat, Minor, Op. 31
4. Liszt.....a. Concert Etude in D Flat
b. Mephisto Waltz
3. Wilson G. Smith..Selections from “Thematic Octave Studies”
Frederick Hahr.....“Menuett in F”
E. A. MacDowell.....“Hexentanz” (“Witches’ Dance”)
Edmund S. Mattoon .....“Berceuse”
4. Liszt.....Tarantelle (“Venezia e Napoli”)

TUESDAY, AUG. 10, 5 P. M.

1. Schumann.....Etudes Symphoniques, Op. 13
2. Rubinstein..... a. Fifth Barcarolle
b. Staccato Etude

Speaking of Chautauqua, we were very much interested in the showing of the Musical Literary Club, Mr. Wilbur M. Derthick, president, which has been carrying on its work at Chautauqua all through this summer. The work has been such a success

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that it has been regularly adopted into the Chautauqua Course, which will largely extend its field for usefulness.

There have been many interesting programmes all through the season, but we have only space for one, which is a sort of a novelty programme, as it consists exclusively of works of composers then staying in Chautauqua. The programme is as follows:

Oh, Lord, How Excellent Is Thy Name.....Dr. H. R. Palmer
Choir.

Voice—(a) Fantasy .....
Piano—(b) Eros Melody.....Ad. M. Foerster
Miss Amanda Vierheller, Vocalist.
Miss Julia Gibansky, Pianist.

Voice—(a) My Laddie .....
(b) Robin's Secret.....F. C. Hahr
Mrs. Charles Collier.

Organ—Concert-Stueck—(Allegro-Pastorale-Fuga)....I. V. Flagler
Mr. Flagler.

Voice—Love Song (from "The New World") .....Homer Moore
Mr. Moore.

Piano—(a) Exhilaration ....
(b) Ethelinda ....
(c) Gypsy Dance .....William H. Sherwood
Mr. Sherwood.

Piano, Voice and Violin—The Night Has a Thousand Eyes
..... Fred Dewey
Mr. Dewey, Mr. W. S. Mason and Miss Julia O'Connor.

Voice—The Wind and the Beam.....Harry B. Vincent
Mr. Harry Fellows.

Military Band—National Scotch-Irish March.....Charles E. Rogers
Rogers' Band.

MR. KELSO ON SIGNS FOR THE ARM TOUCHES.

"My dear Mr. Mathews, I just noticed a statement in the 'Etude' over your signature accrediting Sherwood with being the originator of the signs used to denote the various movements of the wrist, as for example, those used in the Grieg Bridal March. This is an erroneous statement and I wish to correct it. Those signs with the exception of | and /, I originated and were not employed by Mr. Sherwood until after I had used them. Th. Kullak employed the signs | and / to denote when to depress and elevate the wrist. Every mark in that Grieg March was made by me independent of Sherwood, after I had finished it I submitted it to him and he made no change. Out of compliment to him I had printed on the title page 'As played by Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood,' but the work is entirely my own as well as the signs. Sherwood, several years after, printed a piece by Moszkowski and one by Hollander, using my marking which I employed in the Grieg piece.

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Sherwood had not used those signs in his private teaching prior to the publication of my Grieg edition. I wish also to correct a careless statement by Dr. Hanchett crediting Mr. Sherwood with being the first man to mark the pedal with a line under the staff. The fact is, this method of marking the pedal was suggested by Deppe when Sherwood was a student with him, or before.

Yours Very Truly,
H. A. KELSO, Jr."

LEIPSIC NOTES.

The Leipsic University Singing Club, "Paulus," celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of its founding on July 19 and 20. Two concerts were given under the very skillful direction of Heinrich Zöllner of New York; the first, in the Thomas Kirche, was given by the club with the assistance of Soprano Frau Noordewier-Reddingius from Amsterdam; George Wille, second solo cellist for the Gewandhaus Orchestra, and Paul Gerhardt, organist, of Leipsic. The programme comprised a Bach Toccata and Fugue in D and the Ritter sonata opus 23 for organ, Sarabande from Bach's fourth sonata for cello, a soprano aria from Händel's "Messiah" and several numbers for male chorus, including the Gloria and Benedictus from Volkmann's second mass.

The second concert was given in the Gewandhaus by the chorus, assisted by Tenor George Lederer of Zurich, Pianiste Clotilde Kleeberg of Paris, and the Gewandhaus Orchestra. The programme began with Brahms' cantata "Rinaldo" for tenor solo, male chorus and orchestra, and was followed by the first production of Reinecke's "Der Deutsche Sang" for male chorus and orchestra. The chorus had four other numbers, the most important of which were "Salamis," by Max Bruch, and two short songs for chorus and orchestra which Director Zöllner composed for this occasion. Kleeberg played the Schumann concerto, the F sharp Prelude and Fugue by Bach, the Chopin F minor Nocturne opus 55 and the Mendelssohn Presto opus 7, number. 7.

The Gewandhaus concert direction has chosen Dr. Max Lewinger of Cracow to fill the position as concertmaster of the Gewandhaus Orchestra. The selection of a man for this post is accomplished by means of a competitive examination before a committee composed of the Gewandhaus Directory and the three music directors under whom he is to play; at present, Arthur Nikisch, who conducts the twenty-two concerts, Carl Panzner, director of the opera, and Gustav Schreck, director of the Sunday music at the Thomas and Nicolai Churches. The examination was held in the small hall of the Gewandhaus. Each of the four competitors in addition to playing a concerto with orchestra, was required to perform in some quartette work. Lewinger is said to have given an interpretation of the Beethoven Concerto, which proved him a musician of the very highest rank; a "born fiddler," as Secretary Earhardt remarked. He is about 35 years of age, and was a pupil of Grün in

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Vienna. He assumes his duties some time in September, and has a salary of 5,000 marks per annum.

Carl Prill, concertmaster for the present Bayreuth festival and for the past six years concertmaster of the Gewandhaus Orchestra, has accepted the position at Vienna as teacher in the Conservatory and concertmaster at the Royal Opera. He was born in Berlin in 1864, at which time his father was director of the Royal Orchestra. His playing has nothing of extreme virtuosity, though the tone is matchless in purity and the work is broad, earnest and trustworthy. E. E. S.

DEATH OF MAX MARETZEK.

On the 14th of July there passed out of the musical world of this city a man who for many years had been one of its most prominent figures; one who, by the tyro as well as the veteran, was always cordially greeted and affectionately spoken of.

Max Maretzek—for it is to him that we allude—passed away at his home in Pleasant Plains, Staten Island.

Born at Brünn, in Moravia, on the 28th of June, 1821, he spent his youth in his native land, acquitting himself with credit of his work at the University of Vienna, where he was matriculated as a medical student. All the deans and proctors in the world, however, could not keep him from the study of music, of which he was passionately fond. Seyfried was his teacher. From his very earliest youth he had had musicians about him, and when, in 1843, his first opera,—a "Hamlet,"—was produced, the turning point in his life had come. Away went the medical books and the scalpel, and the young man started upon a tour of Germany as a musical director. He visited France and England shortly after, and the year 1844 found him installed at Her Majesty's Theater in London as Balfe's lieutenant.

Four years later he came to the United States. W. H. Fry's company was then singing at the Astor Place Opera House in this city, and it was under Maretzek's baton that the operas were produced. A sound musical training, eminent fitness for the responsibilities of his post, and a pleasant strain of good fellowship in his character soon made him popular with artists and the public alike; and, in the next year, he began his American career as an impresario in the same house and with, practically, the same company.

On November 1 he began his second season, in the course of which he gave Rossini's "Otello," "Maria di Rohan," "Don Pasquale," and other works.

On October 21, 1850, he began a third season with "Der Freyschütz." Teresa Parodi and Virginia Whiting appeared for the first time. Among the new operas produced were Donizetti's "Parisina" and Strakosch's "Giovanna di Napoli." During the summer Maretzek gave opera in Castle Garden, where he produced

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"Luisa Miller" for the first time in America. The Academy of Music was built in 1854, and on October 2 it was opened with Grisi and Mario. Maretzek was the impresario there, and in the course of the season gave "William Tell" as it had never been done before in this city.

On April 30, 1855, "Il Trovatore" was produced by him for the first time in America, with the following cast: Leonora, Steffanoni; Azucena, Vestvali; Manrico, Brignoli; Il Conte, Amodio; Ferrando, Rocco. Maretzek opened the Academy in 1856, but disagreed with the directors, and went to Boston.

The next spring he returned to this city, armed to the teeth and intent upon crushing his rivals, and opened at Niblo's with Gazzaniga, Adelaide Phillips, Brignoli, Amodio, Ronconi and others. The season, after all, turned out an unsuccessful one. Perhaps the public in those days, as is the case to-day, was undergoing that reaction that comes after a surfeit of operatic oppression.

Maretzek went to Havana, and had some success there. In 1859 he took his company on a tour through the United States. In 1860 he came back, and in April opened at the Winter Garden. In September, however, he was conductor for the Ullmann-Strakosch company at the Academy.

Here closed Max Maretzek's career as an impresario, though he had been before this public frequently since that time as a conductor. His American opera in three acts, "Sleepy Hollow," text by Charles Gaylor, was brought out at the Academy of Music in September, 1879. He wrote considerable music, including a number of successful songs.

On February 12, 1889, the fiftieth anniversary of his career as a conductor was celebrated at the Metropolitan Opera House, and the following conductors united to honor the veteran maestro: Theodore Thomas, Anton Seidl, Frank Van der Stucken, Adolf Neuendorff, and Walter Damrosch. The soloists were Mme. Fursch-Madi, Miss Emily Winant, Miss Maud Powell, Rafael Joseffy, Max Alvary, Signor Del Puente, Julius Perotti, Wilhelm Sedlmayer, and Mrs. Herbert-Forster.

Max Maretzek's funeral was held at his late residence on the 17th inst.

The services were simple in the extreme, and there was no music. Several fine floral pieces in the form of harps or other musical instruments lay on the coffin.

Following is a list of operas which had their first performance in New York under the late Max Maretzek's management:

"Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "Forza del Destino," "Ione," Carnival of Venice" (Petrella), "Don Sebastiano," "Saffo," Peri's "Judith," "Faust" (Italian version), "Fra Diavolo" (new Italian version), "Le Prophète," "L'Africaine," "Aroldo," "I Masnadieri" (Verdi), "Medea"(Pacini), "Crispino e la Comare"(Ricci Brothers), "Romeo and Juliet," by Gounod, with Minnie Hauk as Juliet; "The North Star," "Traviata," "Luisa Miller," "I Due Foscari," "Attila,"

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"Roberto," "Anna Bolena," "Poliuto," "Maria di Rohan," "Linda," "Favorita," "Don Pasquale," "Lombardi," "Macbeth," "Marino Faliero," "Belisario," "Don Bucefalo" and "William Tell" (Italian version).—Musical Age.

FRANZ'S INTRODUCTION TO BRAHMS.

An amusing story is told of Robert Franz, the famous German song-writer, in the Nonconformist Musical Journal. The incident occurred soon after the publication of Franz's famous "Open Letter to Edward Hanslick," in which he made severe criticism upon some musical work of the composer, Johannes Brahms. Franz had occasion at that time to take a five or six hours' trip by rail. In the compartment with him was a little man with whom he fell into conversation. The fellow-travelers found each other delightful, and whiled the hours away in agreeable talk, which did not turn upon music. When the train reached Franz's destination, he took out his card-case, saying to his companion, "You have made me pass a most delightful afternoon. Allow me to give you my card." The stranger seemed highly gratified, and offered Franz his card in return. Each looked at the bit of pasteboard he had received in amazement. The stranger's eyes opened wide at reading the name of his merciless critic, "Dr. Robert Franz," while Franz himself was equally astounded at reading on the card in his hand, "Johannes Brahms." There was no time for mutual explanations; but each of the musicians had discovered that, however their ideas might differ from a musical standpoint, they were at least admirable traveling companions, and had found much to enjoy in each other.

MINOR MENTION.

From the appearance of the school catalogues for the season 1897-98 it would be hard to realize that we had been through three years of hard times.

We have before us the catalogue of the Chicago Musical College, gotten up in beautiful style, with fine half-tones of the musical director and principal teachers, one from the Burlington School of Music, Burlington, Vermont, and another handsome book comes from the Presbyterian College for Women, at Columbia, South Carolina, which has some beautiful blue prints of the grounds and principal avenues of the city.

The Cincinnati College of Music makes its usual splendid showing of first-class instructors in all branches, with Mr. Franz Van der Stucken as director.

The University of Kansas has its School of Fine Arts, which includes courses in music, painting, elocution and oratory, with many advantages in the way of lectures and special work.

It would seem as if any one wanting to study music in any part of the country could do so in a strictly metropolitan fashion, without going far away from his own fireside.

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It is surprising to watch the development of the music schools in the smaller towns of this country. We take great pleasure in reprinting one of the programmes sent to us by Wm. M. Calhoun, of Carthage, Missouri, with a letter in which he says that in the past four years Scharwenka, Bloomfield Zeisler, Leopold Godowsky, Edward Baxter Perry, and the Detroit Philharmonic Club have given concerts under the auspices of his school.

Piano Quartette, Overture—"A Calm Sea and a Prosperous Voyage" ..... Mendelssohn
Mr. Calhoun, Miss Ashcraft, Miss Frey, Miss Shelton.

Sonata, Op. 57 ..... Beethoven
Miss Mary Patterson.

Quartette—"When the Light Stars Were Gleaming"..... .... Meyer-Helmund
Mrs. Brown, Miss Hough, Mrs. Baxter, Miss Wirt, Mr. Woodmansee, Mr. Harris, Mr. Mateer, Mr. McElroy.

Variations in F Minor.....Haydn
Miss Mary Kellogg.

Primula Veris ..... Leschetizky
Minuet Antique ..... Paderewski
Miss Georgia Frey.

Autumn ..... Mary Knight Wood
(Violin Obligato, Miss St. John).
Mr. Euclid Woodmansee.

Romance Etude ..... Wm. Mason
Miss Mary Patterson.

Etude, Op. 25, No. 7.....Chopin
Etude, Op. 25, No. 6.....Chopin
Miss Mary Kellogg.

"For All Eternity" ..... Mascheroni
(With Violin Obligato).
Miss May Wirt.

Capriccio Brilliante, Op. 22 ..... Mendelssohn
(Orchestral parts on Second Piano).
Miss Georgia Frey.

Vocal Quartette—"Good Night" ..... Pinsuti
Mrs. Brown, Miss Hough, Mrs. Baxter, Miss Wirt, Mr. Woodmansee, Mr. Harris, Mr. Mateer, Mr. McElroy.

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THE PROPER USE OF MUSIC IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

(By Frederic H. Ripley.)

I do not agree with many of the ideas advanced by musicians concerning the use and manner of developing music in the schoolroom. Musicians seem to expect it to be the office of school-room music to turn out musicians. It is the same kind of mistake as that of the ordinary observer, who expects sloyd to turn out carpenters, and drawing in the schoolroom to eventuate in the wholesale production of artists. This whole idea is a misconception. But if there can be degrees in error, I think that the mistake of the musician is graver, because he is expected to know more of education than average men do. But let this pass.

The object in modern education is to draw out and train all of the powers of the human mind, and to give practical application of them. Each study in the school course serves a double purpose; namely, of drawing out and training some power of the mind and body, and secondly the furnishing of a store of useful facts for the mind and activities for the body that may be applied in the daily affairs of life.

The drawing out, or arousing and training of faculties precedes in time and importance the acquisition of knowledge and its application.

We find that the mere conning of books does not develop and train to the fullest degree,—that there is a sort of co-ordination between mind and body that must be established before our training reaches its highest usefulness; in woodworking, for instance, it is our aim to establish through the action of the body the actual connection between a thought in the mind, a drawing on paper, and the complete realization of that thought in the completed object; and the struggle which the mind makes to force the bodily organs to co-ordinate in the production of this material object, comes nearer to furnishing actual education than any other process known at present.

In order that this struggle may be carried on successfully, and that the mind and body may be brought into cheerful co-operation, the object produced must satisfy the sense of truth, beauty and use, which lies at the basis of all artistic thinking and being.

If the beauty of the thing produced appeals strongly to the youthful mind, we may count upon persistent and thoughtful, even determined effort to produce it. Hence, we see, that we rely ultimately upon the artistic sense in the child as a stimulant from the beginning. But in the case of drawing and wood working, and

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in fact all forms of mental and manual training the individual stands alone, and his actions and their results are little affected by those about him. The great lesson of co-operation is thus neglected, and again the imperfection and ugliness of the result shock the child's inborn sense of the good, the true and the beautiful, and he is liable to quit his tasks in disgust, or pursue them only on fear of a penalty for neglect.

The great power for educational advancement which music excites lies in the fact that in this most universal and natural of all the arts, the child can realize the good, the true and the beautiful in a degree not possible in his other work, and that in the necessary co-operation which is required he realizes the pleasure of well-directed concerted action. He is at once conscious of the condition upon which well-ordered life with our fellows exists, and his mind and heart are educated and entertained.

It is this element in musical training in school that renders discipline easy. The child recognizes order as a prerequisite to concerted action, and he therefore yields to discipline as a reasonable and necessary thing, and not as a disagreeable restraint imposed by an arbitrary ruler.

Through the proper conduct of music in the school, the teacher enters into the joys and sorrows of the class, and gains an entrance to the minds and hearts which she turns to good advantage in all other work.

This brings us to the second error which our professional musical friends make. They conceive that the pleasure which the pupil feels arises from the beautiful sentiment expressed in certain songs. No error could be greater. The fact is that the pupil's pleasure comes from the realization of beautiful, true and good results arising from his own action.

No amount of singing to children, therefore, will make them artistic, but when a child realizes that a page of notes placed before him may be rendered by his own effort into a beautiful and soul-satisfying combination of sound, his delight is as near perfect as this earth affords.

Learning to read notes, therefore, is not a mere piece of drudgery, imposed by the hard conditions laid upon us by Adam, but an exercise of pure delight in which the soul finds its fullest enjoyment and growth.

And this enjoyment is entirely separated from the sentiment expressed by words. His highest delight is realized in rendering pure tone, when his imagination is free to act untrammeled by the sentiment imposed by another. That this is not recognized by many musicians is simply because they theorize along the lines of ancient tradition.

The difference in delight between note reading and note singing is just the difference that there is between intelligent and self-decided action, and abject slavery.

Music in schools, therefore, is for educational purposes of the

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very highest importance. The making of musicians and the possibilities in life which it opens are merely incidental. We should no more look for musicians as a result of it than we should look for artists as a result of the drawing, or carpenters as a result of sloyd.

The great mass of intelligent educators look on, therefore, with deep regret when professional musicians, ignorant of educational values, dash into the field and brandish their clubs about. The ignorance and misconception which their displays reveal are the cause of genuine anguish among the teachers, and they pray for the speedy coming of the day when educators are musicians, and musicians are educators.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

(By Mrs. Emma Thomas.)

Question: I found on visiting the school where I am to teach next year that the discipline was very poor. I am not very strong in discipline myself. Can you assist me by suggestions?

Answer: Good discipline is of the utmost importance. I feel, however, that "every teacher must be the architect of his own fortunes." On entering a room before a class of pupils do not waste time getting ready. Have the pupils understand what you wish them to do and have it accomplished promptly. Learn to govern by the eye. The first work to be done at the beginning of the term is to see that all pupils sit erect. Sitting erect does not mean leaning back against the seat, but sitting in such a position that the weight of the body is easily poised, and not leaning backward or forward. All drill work must be done in a systematic manner. I find the teachers who do the best work say very little, but work quickly and quietly. Make your work interesting and the discipline will soon adjust itself. If your lessons are to the little ones make your lessons short. If your class loses interest, study yourself and do all in your power to gain the interest again.

Question: Do you believe in individual effort and is it really necessary? This is my hard task.

Answer: I most certainly believe in individual effort. It is very hard, however, where we have so short a time for our music work to accomplish as much as we would wish, but I believe it not only wise but our duty. We all know that many boys and girls are much quicker and brighter than others in other studies as well as music. The teacher has to do individual work in other branches. Why not in music? It would be well if every teacher would, as the pupils enter her room for the first time, ask them to sing alone just as she would ask them to read or recite. Treat it as a matter of course. A little tact would make this an easy matter. Encourage those who do not do as well as others. Another strong point in favor of individual work is, it gives the rest

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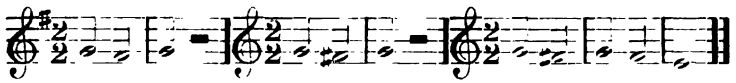
of the class a chance to be listeners. It is of great value to understand the art of being a good and intelligent listener. Persevere in individual work.

Question: I am in a Western City where music was introduced two years ago. A gentleman taught the music and used a book compiled by himself. This year I was appointed teacher, but with the understanding I was to ask for no new material. Our town is quite badly affected by the hard times, but, happily, our trustees feel that the music must not go. I wish you could give me a little help in presenting the chromatic tones to my pupils. If it were not so far I would attend a summer school. We have no charts and our books are simply songs. No exercises.

Answer: Before teaching the chromatic tones it is understood that the scale with its eight tones are perfectly familiar. I will give you an exercise for the commonest chromatic tones. Sharp four (sharp 4) or Fi and flat seven (flat 7) or Se (pronounced say).



Sol, Fi, Sol and Do, Si, Do sound alike. One is the key to the other.

Sing Do, Si, Do and Sol, Fi, Sol on the same pitches and the matter is fixed. Put the representation on the board and then sing to syllables Loo, La, La, etc. For flat seven use the following:

Sing Sol, Fa, Mi, and then Loo, Loo, Loo on the same pitches. When the tone effect is fully felt then apply the syllables Do, Se, La.

Question: If not asking too much, the teachers of our county as well as myself would like to have you send us a list of songs for children in the first, second and third years of school. A few for fall, some for spring and a few suitable for any season or any time. Rest songs. Please send name of publisher.

Answer: I send you part of the list I have just given my teachers at the summer school:

Mr. Tomlins' "Child's Garden of Song." (McClurg & Co., Publishers).

1. The Fairy.
2. The Spring Grasses.
3. Morning Glories.
4. Columbus.
5. Three Little Sisters.

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6. Bird's Valentine.
7. Sea-shore Fairies.
8. Rainbow Fairies.
9. The Seed-Baby.

Susan Blow's "Mother Plays." (D. Appleton & Co., Publishers).

10. Cover the Eyes.
11. O, Look at the Moon.

Emerson & Brown's "Song Stories." (Lyon & Healy, Publishers).

12. Sweet Summer's Gone.
13. The Dandelion.
14. The Oriole's Nest.

Eugene Field & Caro Senaub's "Musical Gems."

15. Little Blue Pigeon.
16. Little Boy Blue.
17. Wynken, Blynken & Nod.

Minard's "Primary Songs."

18. Autumn.

M. & P. Hill's "Song Stories for Kindergarten." (Clayton Summy, Publishers.)

19. Flowers' Lullaby.
20. The Wind Song.
21. The North Wind.

Thomas & Brewster's "Song Stories & Songs for Children." (American Book Co., Publishers.)

22. A Song of Spring.
23. Calling the Flowers.
24. Decoration Day.
25. Sing, Sing, Lily Bells.
26. The Flag.
27. Lullaby, My Baby.
28. Hush-a-by.
29. Morning Song.
30. Evening Song.

Howilston's "Child's Song Book." (D. C. Heath & Co., Publishers.)

31. There Are Many Flags.

Mabel Pray's "Motion Songs."

32. Valentine Song.
33. Decoration Day.
34. Jack Frost.

Clara Hubbard's "Kindergarten Songs."

35. Open Your Eyes.
36. Forget-Me-Not.
37. The Brown Birds.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS OF METHODS.

The summer school idea has been richly illustrated this season in many directions, and perhaps not least in the two sessions of the New School of Methods, held at Chicago and at Hingham, Mass. This school was conducted under the management of Mr. C. C. Birchard for the American Book Company, to represent the Natural Course of Music in the Public Schools. The part of the course relating specifically to this, the central object of the course, was conducted by Messrs. F. H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper, the authors of the system, who went through the entire material, cursorily, illustrating the method of introducing it effectively, and adding many pedagogical principles and cautions for which there was no place in the books or charts. In this work they were assisted by Mr. Hollis E. Dann, supervisor of music in the schools at Ithaca, New York, and by Miss Julia Ettie Crane, of Potsdam, New York. Mr. Dann is a very clear and successful teacher, and the class learned much from the neatness of his work. Miss Crane, whose personal work at Potsdam has been mentioned appreciatively in these columns, also distinguished herself by some very good work. The pedagogic part of the work was further completed by the round table exercises of Mrs. Emma Thomas, of Detroit, who conducted a daily hour of answers to questions and practical suggestions in teaching.

All the foregoing had for its object mainly to tell how music should be conducted in the school room. There was another series of lectures and exercises having for object to define the ends to be sought in musical instruction, and particularly to stand for all that deeper reach of emotionality and spirituality which is claimed by many to appertain even to the simpler forms of music. This part of the course was conducted by the celebrated director of the Chicago Apollo Musical Club, Mr. William L. Tomlins. His work consisted in part of addresses to the class upon the manner of awakening feeling in the pupils, and in part of chorus practice performed upon the class as a whole, illustrating his method of arousing feeling and improving the manner of the singing. The general idea of Mr. Tomlins' work seemed to be the awakening of feeling through the words, or through poetic suggestion, and the effort to impart to the singing an unusual amount of what is called expression. Differences of opinion existed within the faculty of the school as to how far this over-attention to emotionality is legitimate or advisable with children. The old question came up, occasionally, whether the child's voice can be made emotional in its young state without endangering its purity.

The endurance of the class through the daily sessions was greatly facilitated and the interest promoted by the exercises in physical culture, conducted by the distinguished mistress of this department, Mrs. Louise M. Preece, whose system is in use in so large a proportion of the cities of the country. There was also

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much attention to drawing, and amusements of one sort or another were in frequent evidence.

The general result of these sessions, which brought together towards three hundred pupils, was to bring out into strong light the practicability of the material in the Natural Course and the value of a number of highly ingenious and interesting features in the charts, among the most important being what might be called "homologues," or writings of the same effect in different ways. For example, the melodic succession fi-si-la is commonly supposed to be difficult, even to a child able to sing la-si-do without difficulty. Mr. Ripley writes upon the staff with the proper signature his la-si-do, and then immediately after, at the same pitch, with the necessary changes of signature and accidentals the fi-si-la, which in sound are precisely the same but which to the eye appear so different and in mental impression are different. About all the strategic difficulties of the minor mode Mr. Ripley has covered in this way upon the charts, and the device is important and useful.

At the opening of the school at Hingham interesting addresses were given by various prominent citizens, especially by the Chairman of the Hingham School Committee and by Representative Walter L. Bouvé, who gave an interesting running account of some of the antiquities of Hingham, recommended the old cemetery for its "nice snug lying," and called attention to the quaint old church, etc.

The general design of the school, the idea underlying the entire course, was formulated in the opening addresses of the manager, Mr. C. C. Birchard, and Mr. J. A. Greene, New York manager of the American Book Co., who said:

MR. BIRCHARD'S ADDRESS.

You are here for a purpose—to gain knowledge. In this, you will, I predict, succeed. You will gain; you will learn, and finally let us hope you will, if you do not now, crave for more abundant knowledge, which is real education.

You are here to improve yourselves mentally; to grow in thought. What is thought? Some one says, "Thought is everything. Thought is this universe. It is the all of life. Thought is God." Again, thought lives; it is a living thing. It lives in vibration as any other phenomenon, and becomes a subtle influence for good or bad. One writer says: "We are living, so to speak, in a vast ocean of thought. The very atmosphere about us is charged with the thought forces we send out. When the thought forces leave the brain they go out upon the atmosphere, the subtle conducting ether, much the same as sound waves go out." How necessary then that we should have right thought, pure thought. How precious is a good thought! How sublime!

Thought controls expression, but thought on the contrary is often influenced by formal expression. Hence the value of holding certain expressions of pure thought often before the mind.

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Great thoughts, we are told by the wise and good, come to us where our lives are in harmony with the universal life—the infinite.

The purpose of this school is not simply to teach certain facts. It aims to accomplish much more. Its purpose is to help the mind, to benefit thought, to establish high ideals. And it is in this connection that music becomes immediately of the highest importance in education and in life.

That music has a harmonizing influence all agree; as also that the study and practice of music benefit the mind in much the same way as does the study of mathematics.

It is also acknowledged that the art of singing is beneficial to health and that association with the proper kind of music influences conduct. These are some of the benefits accruing from the use of music that are appreciated by all teachers.

But there is another and higher use of music in the world and in education which it is the purpose of this school to emphasize and if possible make plain to teachers, namely, that of music as a spiritual influence.

It is agreed that the aim of education is the development of character and that the most potent influence felt in this direction at any point in human development is the spiritual influence. Dr. Harris says: "The highest point any one reaches in his thought is his idea of the divine as the first principle of the Universe." Or, to quote again, "The spiritual is the real;" or again, "We are great in proportion as we rise above purely physical and mental impressions into the realm of the spiritual." There must be physical and mental training as such (the care of the body and mind in accordance with natural laws), but to quote again, "The great secret of a highly successful life is to infuse the mental and physical with the spiritual; in other words, to spiritualize all, and to raise all to the highest possibilities and powers."

It is in this ideal sense that music has a work to perform in the world, and it is in this sense that music finds its highest significance in education. True music is spiritual. Mr. Tapper has spoken of music being made the gateway to the spiritual, the pathway up to God; or to quote Mr. Ripley's very beautiful thought, "Music is the open sesame to the soul." In the end, the poet says, in the end (in the spirit life) all will be music.

It is now fully realized by the serious teacher that this higher spiritual quality which music contains may be easily felt by very young children. How this thought should inspire us with purpose and ideals in our work! It means not simply making music readers and music lovers; it means the bringing of the sublime, the divine, God, into the lives of the children; it means the making of manhood and womanhood—in a word, character.

This is the philosophy, religion if you choose to call it, of the New School of Methods.

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MR. GREENE'S ADDRESS.

You have been told in impressive words of the importance of music and its rank as an art, and in life. For me to attempt to add to the musical theories advanced by Mr. Ripley, to musical pedagogy as enunciated by Mr. Tapper, or to the philosophy and deep insight of Mr. Tomlins, would be to "gild the gold and paint the lily." Yet it has been thought fitting that I should make some remarks in behalf of the company which I have the honor to represent and which has projected this school, and I therefore take pleasure in referring to two or three points which have occurred to me.

I do not speak to you as a teacher, although I have taught; nor as a musician, although I am fond of music; but I speak from the commercial standpoint and, as it were, from the outside; and yet from the standpoint of one who has a deep and abiding interest in education and in this Summer School of Methods.

In music you are dealing with a subtle force, as potent as electricity or dynamite, and as dangerous if ill handled. For who can measure the power of music? The singing of the "Marseillaise" has more than once incited the volatile French to the bloody deeds of the Commune; the Christian martyrs, lifting up their voices in hymns of praise, have been nerved to face death without flinching, the singing of "America" has stilled the mob and arrested violence. The music of a military band makes exhausted regiments forget their fatigue and march forward with light heart and elastic step; the notes of the bugle fire the cavalry to the deadly charge into the jaws of death; the enchanting strains of the violin sway the body to the rhythm of the waltz; while the picking of the banjo impels the feet to the jig, the reel and the shuffle.

The sensitiveness of the lower animals to music is universally known. Recent experiments in the Menagerie at Central Park, New York, were curious and instructive, as well as conclusive of the fact that music hath charms to soothe the savage beast, however it may effect man. But beyond its effect upon man or upon the lower animals, what shall we say of a force that changes the very structure of the instrument which produces it? It is said that an old violin that has been well played undergoes changes in the very nature of the wood that can be produced in no other way. Do you believe that the little children, in the most plastic period of their lives, are less susceptible to the power of music than is dead wood? Are you not, then, dealing with a mysterious and potent force when you become teachers of music?

Think of the war-song of the Indian and its effect; then compare it with a Beethoven symphony. Music is universal, from primitive man, who drones out a monotonous chant, keeping time to his song with a piece of wood on the trunk of a tree, to the com-

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poser of an oratorio like the "Messiah" or an opera like "Siegfried."

Music can be pure or impure, lofty or base, dignified or frivolous, religious or profane: Can more than this be said of human character?

I remember as a boy a certain "Al" Bisbee who used to avail himself of Sundays (about the only leisure time he had) to extract a certain amount of comfort, if not music, from an old fiddle. On one such occasion his mother, a devout woman of Puritan stock, besought his father to stop Al's playing. "Father," she said, "make Al stop playing that dance-tune on Sunday; it is wicked!" "Oh," said the good old man, "Al can't play near enough the tune to make it wicked." Even he, you see, realized the fact that music must be properly interpreted in order to get the composer's intended meaning out of it.

I have referred to music as being almost as dangerous to handle as electricity or dynamite, but there is a right way and a wrong way of handling explosives. I read a few days ago an account of the immense works in Ardmeer, Scotland, devoted to the manufacture of dynamite, nitro-glycerin, gun cotton, smokeless powder and other high explosives. Here is an output of thousands of tons of the most dangerous explosives known to man, and yet such are the care, system and order employed in every operation involved that during the twenty-five years these works have been in operation fewer deaths from accident have occurred than have happened in any cotton factory, woolen factory or other similar industry of the same size in England or Scotland during the same period.

Now, it is the purpose of the New School of Methods to do the utmost that can be done at the present time toward pointing out the right way of teaching music, so that any possible ill results may be as carefully avoided as is the case in the Scotch manufactory of explosives to which I have referred.

The school is primarily intended to promote the sale of the music publications of the American Book Company; but in doing this the Company has also aimed to provide the best possible instruction in this branch of study. A faculty has been provided, every member of which has devoted years to the study of music, has had great experience as a teacher and will give to the school the very latest and best results of his thought and observation as applied to the development of this subject.

But each instructor in the school is a learner as well as a teacher. Last year Mr. Ripley came to you with well-grounded convictions and gave to the school his best thoughts, and these proved of very great value to all the students in attendance; but this year he comes to you with a wider view, a greater experience and, consequently, with riper and broader ideas for your guidance.

Mr. Tapper interested and instructed all who came under the influence of his lectures last year, and he gave to his classes the very best product of his mind in his particular division of the work;

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but, highly as that work was prized last year, it will be better this year, for he has made a substantial advance in his art.

Mr. Tomlins flashed the light of his genius upon the philosophy of music and charmed and inspired all hearers at the last session of this school; but this year he will do more; he will illumine the dark places with a higher light and will expound to you a deeper philosophy.

And so it is with all the other teachers who will appear before you this summer. As well equipped as they were last year, they have developed and grown since then and will do correspondingly better work during the coming session and, I may add, still better next year. For the best teacher is always the best learner, and you may be sure that the instructors at this Summer School will be quick to acknowledge and correct any errors of judgment, or of method whenever such errors are discovered, for no principles of teaching can be so fixed that they may not be improved upon constantly by the true teacher, who is always in the attitude of a learner. The good teacher always learns from his class.

Years ago, when I read the works of Darwin, it was not his "Descent of Man" or "Origin of Species" that interested me most, nor the fascinating theories unfolded in those books, but what made the greatest impression on my mind was the attitude of Darwin himself; for, I remember, that with the utmost modesty and without the least assumption of superior wisdom, that great naturalist made it perfectly clear that if anyone following in his footsteps should find that he was in error at any point, or that his theory of evolution could be disproven, Darwin would be the first man to welcome the new light. He forgot Darwin and thought only of the truth; his devotion was not to himself but to science.

So it is, I am sure, with those who will impart instruction to the teachers assembled in Hingham: they have beliefs touching the teaching of music, concerning musical pedagogy and the deep, underlying philosophy of music, but they are also on the alert to look still deeper into the subject, to get nearer and nearer the truth and to see more of it, and as they come in contact with you who form their classes, you may be sure that you will influence them while they are influencing you; that teacher and student will act and react upon each other and both will be benefited by the contact.

One other point I would make clear, in speaking for the Company whose representative I am. It is this: While possibly most of the teachers of music at this school come with a well-founded belief in the Natural System as represented in the publications under that title, we welcome with equal heartiness those who have a different belief; for we would place this school upon a broader and deeper foundation than a mere adherence to a particular system or a particular method. While we believe in that system and that method and feel that it is the latest and best word spoken in this department, yet we want the instruction given at the New

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Summer School of Methods to be so broad, so sound, so wise, and true that everyone who comes here will feel that he is a better teacher and has a higher appreciation of the teacher's work and of the importance of music than before; for we know that whatever tends toward a better understanding of the subject, or a promotion of better methods and a consequent improvement of the schools, advances the cause of education, promotes the interests of the educational publisher, and makes for the elevation of the race.

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THE PRINCIPLES OF VOCAL SCIENCE. By Edward A. Hayes, New York. The Vocalist Publishing Company, 1897. Paper, octavo, pp. 83.

This little pamphlet, for it is not much more, contains an account of the muscles appertaining to the vocal apparatus of man. The descriptions are presumably accurate and the not-too-fine wood engravings accompanying the text perhaps sufficient. The standpoint of the author is found in the introduction, where, among other things, he says:

"The only means of insuring a perfect voice is to know definitely the action of every muscle which in any way modifies voice, and to be able to control that muscle."

If taken with the limitations permitted by the author this is perhaps true enough, but it contains a suggestion which is unsound. It is by no means proven that knowledge of muscles as such in any way assists a singer in arriving at a true and satisfactory singing tone. There are many who believe that the entire mechanism of phonation was intended to remain where heredity appears to have left it, namely, in the phonomotor center. Whether word, exclamation, or tone, phonation is the audible expression of an emotion or concept, an idea. The exclamation expresses an emotion, the word an idea. But word and exclamation are produced without conscious knowledge on the part of the vocalist as to what particular muscles co-operate in producing them. That a knowledge of muscles and mechanisms may be of immense value to the teacher is quite plain. And there are many who think that in having it they have something tangible. And so they have. But it is not always audible in the tone. Our approval of the book is therefore modified and tentative. We note with pleasure the credit given the vocal physiology of Mr. John Howard.

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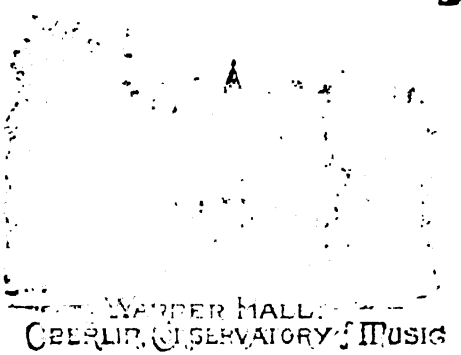

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To Jas Armstrong -
In pleasant remembrance
of
Adelina Patti Nicolini
1894

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MUSIC

OCTOBER, 1897.

AN AFTERNOON WITH MADAME PATTI.

BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

It was mid-afternoon when Mme. Patti and I started out for a walk through the castle grounds.

The day of my arrival a fine rain was falling and wreaths of midst trailed along the face of Craig-y-nos.

To-day the valley was brimming with sunshine.

The river that winds through the grounds at the foot of the grand terrace, yesterday a coil of fog resting between the mountains, to-day reflected the shadows of pines and the blue of the skies.

The castle is too modern to appear heavy and gloomy even in the gloomiest of weather. To-day it seemed in tune with the landscape. The rich red-brown and gray of its walls shone in the sunlight, and from one of the towers floated in my honor the American flag, its bars of red and white resting against the blue sky of Wales.

The walks are cleverly designed at Craig-y-nos. They wind down the wings of the terrace between groups of waving pine-trees and over bridges into the plantations beyond, turning suddenly at unexpected angles with constantly changing vista of mountain, valley, river and clipped lawn.

At the crest of the terrace white deer with arching antlers rest on pedestals rising from groups of shrubs.

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Along the line of the walk back of them, under the windows of the grand suite, is a row of rhododendrons. They were in full blossom, pink and cream color. The banks of the ter-

SIGNOR NICOLINI AT HIS FAVORITE PASTIME.

race itself were gay with dandelions as yellow as though a carpet had been flung over them.

Mr. Nicolini, whose illness began last January, was a bit stronger that afternoon and wrapped in furs to protect against the fresh June wind was being wheeled about in an invalid

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chair. At every sudden turn and angle Mme. Patti would manage that we meet him and have some bright word ready at each meeting.

The castle, usually so gay all the summer, was empty of guests owing to Mr. Nicolini's serious condition, and yet Mme. Patti, with the strain of his illness and thrown completely on her own resource for entertainment, was as sunny tempered and as strong in her effort at cheerfulness as though things had been the opposite.

That she felt quite other I knew well enough from sentences that now and then escaped her between the meetings with Mr. Nicolini, for whom she always had a bright smile and a gay word ready.

It was an afternoon of reminiscence as we walked, reminiscence of an interest of which no one but Mme. Patti has an equal store, living as she has done in an atmosphere of courts and distinguished society for a longer space than any other singer preceding her or likely any that follows will enjoy. And a trait of the great singer's mind is that it retains mainly happy memories of the people with whom she has been thrown. A trait not due to lack of humorous perception, for she has that developed strongly enough, and sometimes gives a glimpse of it with a sudden sarcasm so witty that one catches one's breath before one laughs.

At such moments the speech is all the more droll because of the frank childlike innocence with which it is spoken, as though it were the most natural thing in the world—and generally it is, for there is a deal of astute insight in her point of view. There is as well with Mme. Patti a quickness of response in conversation that gives through the very simplicity of its expression a gayety of interest.

The Grand Duke Michael of Russia, at whose table she sat one evening last summer at a reception given by Baron Rothschild, said: "My wife said to me, 'This evening I shall hear Mme. Patti sing a song.'"

"And she heard me sing six, didn't she?" was the reply.

The evening before she had sung at Albert Hall to an audience of thirteen thousand. In the green-room, which was crowded during the intermission, she had a ready word of response for every greeting and something that those who had addressed her could carry away as a pleasant recollection.

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Poor Prince Henry of Battenberg claimed that Mme. Patti as a hostess made his stay at Craig-y-nos the pleasantest in the round of visits that fell to his lot. The Princess of Monaco looks forward every year to her stay at the castle; the Marchioness of Blandford, the mother of the Duke of Marlborough, says the happiest days are those spent at Mme. Patti's, and Lady Ponsonby is glad to exchange the towers of Windsor for those of Craig-y-nos.

As for herself Mme. Patti says that whenever she sings "Home, Sweet Home" she thinks of her own and the longing to be there generally brings the tears.

The sincerity of it was shown that afternoon when, under changed conditions, with the anxiety of Mr. Nicolini's illness weighing on her, she bore herself as though things had never been any other, striving to keep up his spirits and quite putting her own out of the question.

It was a side of her character of which the world at large knows the least.

No one who has been thrown with artists and artistic people can fail to know the weight of surrounding conditions on the mood of the moment. On the other hand, no artist has had a career more tended to develop such a trait than Mme. Patti.

The contrast between that afternoon and the scene of the summer before occurred to me and of which Mme. Patti had herself written in a letter dated September 27, 1897: "I have been so busy entertaining since the beginning of July that until now I have found it almost impossible to do any letter writing—we have had a continual succession of guests the whole summer and were seldom less than a party of twenty-two. Among others we had the Duchess of Leeds, the Marchioness of Blandford, the Duke of Navont d'Auerstaedt, Count and Countess A. de Trobriand staying with us, and we gave a number of pantomime plays, concerts and acts from opera in our little theater. We also gave a most successful ball in the theater, the floor being raised to a level with the stage, which made an excellent ball-room. Then we gave garden parties, and fancy dress dinners, so you can imagine how fully my time has been occupied."

That afternoon there was no sound but the clatter of the

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river over its pebbles, the wind in the pines and the craunch of an invalid's chair on the gravel.

But one would have thought from the bright mood that Mme. Patti preserved and the brave smile she had ready that anxiety had no part in her thoughts and that things had never been any other at Craig-y-nos.

A letter that I got the other day from her told of the strain through which she had passed owing to Mr. Nicolini's relapses; that the sea air, too relaxing for her, made her ill, but for seven weeks of his stay at Langland Bay she had left the castle at half-past eight in the morning to be with him, returning home at nine at night; that she was now going up to London, he having by his own desire been sent to Brighton: "So that I shall be able to run down every day to see him."

On that particular afternoon I left Mme. Patti after five o'clock tea. We had walked for a long time.

I threw myself down to rest and slept heavily. The dinner-gong awakened me. I thought it the second one and in ten minutes had hurried into my evening clothes.

On my way to the drawing-room I met Mme. Patti. She was on her way to her apartments to prepare for dinner. I had mistaken the first gong for the second.

"Haven't you been resting?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she said brightly, "I have been sitting with Mr. Nicolini."

As the carriage drove out of the courtyard as I left Craig-y-nos for London the last sight that caught my eye was the slight figure of Mme. Patti in the grand doorway.

She looked very little and lonely in the great quiet place. She had been smiling gayly and waving her handkerchief only a moment before.

But in that last glimpse I caught sight of the shadow of that sorrow that she keeps so bravely out resting in her face.

Chicago, September, '97.

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CONCERNING MUSICAL MEMORY.

BY JOHN S. VAN CLEVE.

If a thing is worth doing, it is worth knowing about; if it is worth knowing about, it is worth keeping in mind, that is, remembering. There are not wanting those who affect to undervalue the memory and stigmatize it as a merely mechanical faculty, the hewer of wood and drawer of water in the mental family, and there is, no doubt, some justification for the underrating of memory when it usurps an undue authority and attains a dropsical distention. In the annals of human achievement, many wonderful things are told of the enormous extent to which some individuals have carried the power of storing up, and these phenomenal cases fall on two sides of a line of demarcation: on the one side are those manifestations of memorizing power stretched to a maximum, and yet curious and useless; on the other side of the line are these cases in which the enormous power of the memory's faithful network has been an important factor in some great achievement. It is not desirable that one's power of mental retention should be arbitrary and indiscriminate. This phase of memory belongs to childhood and serves an important function in establishing the intellectual life by the rapid in-gathering of its heterogeneous materials, while as yet the reasoning powers are neatly wrapped in their green calyx; but the man's memory should not be the sheet of St. Peter's vision, let down from heaven by the four corners, wherein were all manner of living creatures, but should be like Noah's ark, lifting above the weltering depths of oblivion an assorted and precious seed of a world yet to be.

Some of the wonders in the way of mental athletics may well excite our amazement. Here are a few random instances. It is said that Macaulay, when a young man, could have reproduced Milton's Paradise Lost, had every copy in the world been destroyed. In Athens there was a youth, mentioned by Xenophon, who could recite both of Homer's epics—the Iliad and the Odyssey; an aggregate mass of nearly

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three hundred thousand words. But more appalling still are the claims made for the ancient Hindoos, some of whose scholars were said to retain in memory the Mahabarata, an epic of more than two hundred thousand sixteen-syllable lines, considerably more than two million words. Some notion of what this means can be obtained by reflecting that the total writings of De Quincy do not reach a mass greater than that.

In the history of music, also, there are instances that are both astounding and disheartening, instances both of speed in the absorbing and tenacity in the retaining of ideas. Possibly the greatest case on record is that wonder of wonders, that most intellectual of interpreters, the late Dr. Hans von Bülow. He not only played all of Beethoven by heart upon the piano, but knew all the symphonies in the same manner, and practically the whole Wagnerian output of musical metal, and it is claimed that so great was the mass of the piano music which Bülow retained "within the book and volume of his brain," inscribed in mysterious hieroglyphics somewhere among the molecules of the gray matter constituting the cortex of his cerebral organ, that he could have played twenty-five piano recital programs without repeating and without a printed page. Since there go about two thousand measures to the hour, and two solid hours to an ordinary Bülow program, this would represent a hundred thousand measures of music, or about four thousand large pages, something like eight or ten thick volumes.

Even Bülow was outdone by Rubinstein, in the field of piano music at least, if we can trust the anecdote-mongers, for it is claimed that in one season at St. Petersburg he played a series of recitals which exhausted the literature of the piano, and embraced one thousand three hundred distinct compositions. It is mentioned of Mendelssohn that, on one occasion, the score of Beethoven's Sixth Symphony having been misplaced, he raised his baton and directed the work from memory, but this does not seem to me a feat in the least remarkable, for the Pastoral Symphony is so extremely lucid and so bewitchingly beautiful that the only thing difficult or remarkable would be the forgetting of it.

Madame Patti knew forty opera roles and Varesi, the baritone, knew eighty.

But the amount of force required to fix in the memory any

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given amount of music with such perfection that it will respond in a steady stream at the mere twist of a faucet, varies through an enormous gamut of comparative ease and difficulty. It possibly requires ten times more labor to engrave upon the mental tablets a passage consuming five minutes deposited by the pen of Wagner, than another of equal extent discharged by the pen of Johann Strauss.

The difficulty of grasping and fastening any piece of music is not determined by the number of notes, nor by the structural intricacy of the voices alone, but by many subtle conditions. The first of these is what I may call the geometric quality of the music. By this I mean two distinct things, viz.: the transparency of the figure in itself, that is, the transparency, not necessarily the beauty, and secondly: the progressive symmetry of the development. Suppose I take this little bud of metaphor contained in the adjective above employed, "geometric," and immerse it in water that it may unseal and reveal; picture to your imagination a beautiful hexagon, or six-sided figure. Now construct a thousand hexagons and let them be so related to each other that every partition will serve two purposes and fulfill a relationship to two hexagons. You will then have that mechanical wonder, a honey-comb. Through instinct the bee constructs the ideal combination of strength and lightness. There are musical compositions which are regular honey-combs. The ideas themselves are striking and so clear that the first glance penetrates them to the bottom. Then they are built upon each other by a law of sequence and transposition so obvious as to shine by an inner phosphorescence. An admirable case in point will be found in the second theme, or more strictly speaking, the melodious passage work, in the first allegro of Rossini's overture to the "Barber of Seville." Here the honeyed thirds and sixths in the primary chord and scale relationships pour out in such an abundance that it would be difficult to fail to follow, or having followed, to forget. No wonder that Ehlert said that the German muse gets her garments of propriety completely drenched by these euphonious floods of Rossini's exuberant overtures. However, it is not mere euphony and a prevailing diatonic prejudice which makes music easy to remember. For the music of Handel wanders around and around and around through the simple chambers of the

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obvious triads in a neat little three-story house of related keys, and yet, according to my experience Handel is as hard to remember as Wagner.

In this musical geometry two things must always be apparent: first, a sharply outlined motive, a motive with hooks to it, and secondly, a development upon a structural law at once detectable and interesting.

The second question to consider in determining the ease or difficulty of grasping and retaining music, is the question of harmony. Here again we discover a sort of paradox. It is not the simple and obvious chords which are easily grasped and stored away, but the strange and striking ones. Few things are more difficult to remember than a commonplace bit of pasty church music, with its dead, doughy, doll-features staring at you without change or meaning. At the other extreme I may mention two celebrated compositions, viz.: Schubert's "Erl King," and Chopin's little prelude in C minor, Op. 28, No. 20. The accompaniment to the "Erl King" is one of the most graphic and difficult of piano pieces. It abounds in strange harmonies, bristles with bold modulations, and is so difficult that Schubert himself when playing it, changed the triplet eights into regular eights, frankly admitting that they were too difficult for him to perform. The Chopin Impromptu, also, is a perfect little jewel-box of unusual and shifting chords, yet they are so beautiful that they fasten themselves almost unconsciously upon the walls of memory.

It is always important that the music which we wish to retain in thought should have striking features, and oftentimes a vast mass of notes, extremely formidable to the uninitiated eye, is a mere bagatelle for the imagination. Just think of that once universally familiar salon-piece, the variations on "Home, Sweet Home," by Thalberg, a piece which found no rivals in wearisome popularity except the "Silvery Waves," and the "Maiden's Prayer." It is a very clever bit of virtuoso music, and the effect produced by the trilled A flat which pierces the whole melody where given in octave form is striking and difficult enough to be worth the attention of the best; and yet how very easy to remember this, and the following cascades of sixty-fourths as they tumble in uniform waves down the ledges of four octaves.

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There is a literature not at all inconsiderable in the fields of piano-music, where simplicity of groundwork and elaborateness of ornamentation exist in perfect friendship, and, indeed, in such intimate mutual support that they pre-suppose and imply each other. The "Silver Spring," by our beloved American pianist and composer, Wm. Mason, and the "Waking of the Birds," by Lysberg, are two perfect instances. A glance would serve to discover all the chords and keys which exist in the sub-stratum of these pieces, but the elaborate, interlaced arpeggios of the "Silver Spring" and the broken intervals set off with chromatic sparkles which we find in the "Waking of the Birds" at once afford a great opportunity to arouse astonishment with the exploitation of digital skill and to charm the fancy with the prettiness and brilliancy of their tone-symbolism; the one admirably simulating water, and the other ventriloquizing for the birds most exquisitely.

A third element which affects the memorizability of music is the strictly technical type to which it belongs. Music is a marvelous art. In no one of its many elements more marvelous than in its astounding capacity for changes, even outvying that Greek god Proteus, whose name has become a synonym of mutation. Just consider it for a moment: a fugue by Bach (the G minor), a set of waltzes by Strauss (the Beautiful Blue Danube), a Beethoven sonata for piano-forte solo (the Appassionata), a symphonic poem by Liszt (the Preludes), a scene by Wagner (the death of Isolde), a quintette by Schumann (the piano quintette in E flat, Opus 44), a piano concerto (the E minor of Chopin), an overture by Weber (the Oberon), a chorus of Handel (the Hallelujah, from the Messiah), a scena by Donizetti (the mad scene from "Lucia"), a song by Schubert (the Erl King), a violin concerto (Mendelssohn's Opus 64), an organ fantaisie (Guilmant in D minor). Here is variety surely, nevertheless this list could readily be expanded to ten times its present length and yet be filled with works of a distinctly different type of high beauty and illustrated by a hundred compositions each. Sometimes we are positively frightened at our musical riches. Well might Schumann say it would need a hundred lifetimes to become acquainted with all the good music in the world. I think no one would question for a moment that the amount of mental force demanded for the piercing and fixing of music

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would vary inconceivably among such works as these. Not only do the modes of structure between the fugue and the waltz, the overture and the concerto, the scena and the quintette, diverge from each other widely, but the styles of different masters are exceedingly diverse, and among the works of the same master there is also a great contrariety. To me, Beethoven has always been the very easiest of all the great composers to retain in mind. This remark, however, must not be applied to the sonatas of his last period. Such works as the Sonata Pathetique, the A flat, Op. 26, the Moonlight, Op. 27, the Pastoral, D major, Op. 28, the Tempest, D Minor, Op. 31, the Waldstein and the Appassionata, seem to write themselves in the very substance of memory by the intense forcefulness and lucidity of their ideas; but such works as the E major, Op. 109, the A flat, Op. 110, and the glorious Farewell, C minor, Op. 111, are exceedingly illusive and treacherous. The music of Chopin, for all it seems so intricate, is not difficult to remember after one has acquired any familiarity with the idiom of his harmonies and the diction of his melodies. Wagner is difficult simply and solely by reason of the extreme polyphony of his score, and yet the marvelous sixty-three measures in which he paints the death of Siegfried is such a transcendent masterpiece of graphic significance that it is not at all hard to retain in distinct remembrance every note of the astounding score.

A fourth element enters, I think, decisively though perhaps sub-consciously into the retention of music, and that element is what I may term the moral affinity between the creating and the reproducing artist. This word affinity is, in this connection, something more than a faded metaphor. It is a philosophy in a word. In the material world the acid and the base rush together and the result is a tertium quid, a new somewhat, a salt; so in the world of music, the printed notes of the composer and the living soul of the performer, if they love each other, may enter into a holy wedlock, the offspring of which is a vital, moving, thrilling performance of music, audible, not merely thought. It is always far easier to seize and deposit firmly in the mind music which is like what we would compose ourselves if we were active as musical intelligences. In my own personal experience I have found this element of the moral or spiritual affinity not only notice-

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able, but almost tyrannous in labor literary, and in labor musical. In fact I might make an apothegm, and say that I can only remember that which I love; while all that which is antipathetic, or even apathetic to my personality recoils from the touch of memory and eludes the seizure of its tendrils. By this last consideration I am introduced to the closing thoughts of the present paper, and these are, first: a performing artist, that is, a recreative artist, should always play from memory; and second, should never play anything except what he loves. Apropos of this first thought two ideas are suggested: one, the fact that Bülow strove to induce his orchestra men to convert themselves into a gigantic, complicated soloist, playing from memory, like himself; and the second, that Mr. Theodore Thomas once said to me that he disapproved of soloists relying upon their memory, and he cited by way of confirmation a famous mishap of Rubinstein, who took the wrong pathway when playing with the Thomas orchestra his own D minor concerto.

* * *

Dr. Bülow in his idea of insisting that orchestra men should play from memory was undoubtedly extravagant and a bit of a crank. It might not be too much for an orchestra man to learn his single thread of notes in some work like the fifth symphony of Beethoven, which he may be called upon to play a dozen times a season; but in the very nature of the case the orchestra player must prize accuracy and quickness of reading as his prime virtue, and this galloping like a greyhound incessantly over wide landscapes, this rapidly snatching millions of impressions, is directly antagonistic to the powers of the memory. There are two elements which form the impression made by a thought upon the memory. They are intensity and duration. Thus, anything which is associated with some paroxysm of fearful emotion will remain indelible without any effort at conservation. If we have been compelled to witness, as helpless by-standers, the drowning of a beloved friend in an ocean tempest, no detail of the scene will ever be erasable from our minds. But our mortal frame cannot endure great shocks with any frequency, so also an intense focusing of the mind upon any subject produces rapid exhaustion. We are, therefore, compelled to secure memorizing as they get photographs of stars invisible to the naked

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eye, by long and perfect exposure of the sensitized film. While the orchestra musician should rate the power to memorize very low, and very high the power to read with a lightning glance and reproduce with fingers as automatically perfect as the mechanism of a chronometer-balance watch, the soloist, whose art activities are at the opposite side of the circle, should rate reading low and remembering high. The first virtue of a soloist is the perfection of his delivery; whether he knows six pieces or six hundred is only a secondary consideration. There have been instances like the ever phenomenal case of Liszt where prodigious feats of sight-reading and memorizing were performed by the same mind; but it is a general law that good readers are somewhat blurry performers, and exquisite performers seldom read readily. Every person who aspires to play music for the delectation of listeners should strive with an untiring zeal for perfection of delivery, both as pertains to the mechanical matters of the outward deed, in performance, and as pertains to that subtle but more important interpretation of the inner content of the music, which is the aromatic charm of the tone-flower.

Apropos of the second thought, I hold it the worst of folly for any musicion, whether child or man, to struggle for quantity rather than quality. When the glorious dawn first bursts upon us and we see the mighty world of music bathed in the morning red of youthful hope and enthusiasm, we rush out determined to conquer and possess the whole world of the beautiful. The lesson of elimination is one of the latest learned, yet it is one of the most imperative among all which nature and God impress upon us. Every insect throughout the realm of summer can find a green leaf or a flower cup suited to his nature and needs, and there is beauty in the tone-world for human intelligences of all conceivable kinds and every conceivable degree. Select, select, select the music which you love. Do not try to master all. A sufficient variety to prevent one-sidedness may be easily reached without undue expansion in the circumference of your repertoire.

If you naturally love the lyric style of the nocturne, and the song without words, you may very properly give much of your repertoire to that type; but you should seek out and learn to relish, as an offset to the extreme lyric style, the preludes and fugues of Bach, and the sprightly pieces of Scarlatti; if you

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have a special passion for that peculiar type of musical thought-product termed the sonata form, you should offset it by playing and learning to enjoy music of the non-thematic type, existing in distinctly segregated sentences, such as the waltz and the march, and you may very wisely qualify your Mozart and Beethoven with Strauss; if your greatest delight be in the grand pompous show-pieces of Liszt, or in all the thousand and one forms which the ingenuity of virtuosos may have created for digital display, you should compel yourself to study and love such inward heart-searching music as the No. 4 of Schumann's Opus 23, the Nocturne in F, and the No. 2 of his Opus 28, the Romanza in F sharp. Learn to love good music of many kinds, play with warmth and self-forgetting rapture the music that you do love, and the chances are that a thrill of magnetic pleasure will pass from you to your listener.

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THE ORATORIOS OF CARISSIMI.

FROM THE FFRENCH OF M. BRENET, IN LA REVISTA MUSICALE.

It might seem strange that in an Italian review it should be a Frenchman who would speak of a Roman master. The explanation of this singular appearance is, however, easy. All the life of Giacomo Carissimi was passed in Italy. He was born, it is believed, in 1604 at Marino; was master of a chapel at Assise and in 1630 took the same position in the church of St. Apollonaris, a department of the college of Jesuits at Rome. He remained at this post until his death in 1674. All his works were composed there and no one of them has any other design than for use in the churches, the concerts or the theatres of his country. But the reputation, even during his life, was widely extended beyond the Alps and in the considerable number of his productions certain ones conceived in new form were found to correspond in a striking manner to the natural tendency of the French spirit, by reason of which they became as popular in the Paris of Louis XIV. as in the Rome of the Popes. Proof of this fact is not found exclusively in the mention which the writers of the 17th century have made of Carissimi and of the titles of certain of his oratorios. It is found above all in the number of French copies of his celebrated works. No one of these were published by the author, and all the original manuscripts containing them appear to be forever lost; it is therefore upon these contemporary copies that the study of the works has to be based. In the following pages we propose to make, for the first time, a catalogue of manuscripts possessed by the French library, and then we shall proceed to examine the works themselves and to indicate the influence which they exercised, as well as the place which they occupied in the development of the art.

I.

From a comparison of the list in the National Library and in that of the Conservatoire it appears that ten works of an

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oratorio character have come down to us from Carissimi: The History of Job, in three voices, 8 pages; The Complaint of the Damned, three voices, two violins and organ, 12 pages; The History of Ezekiel, five voices, two violins and organ, 12 pages, The Judgment of Solomon, four voices, two violins and organ, 14 pages; The History of Baltazar, five voices, two violins and organ, 26 pages; The History of David and Jonathan, five voices, 8 pages; The History of Abraham and Isaac, 8 pages; The History of Jeptha, six voices with organ, 23 pages; The Last Judgment; The History of Divitis, eight voices with chorus, two violins and organ, 47 pages. In addition to these the Library at Hamburg contained the Lucifer, the Martyrs, and an allegorical discourse, entitled Vir Frugi et Pater Familias, the latter in the library at Versailles.

To speak properly, we should include under the name oratorio, all the pieces which pass beyond the limits of a motet and cantata, of which the text, whether conceived or collected from parts of the holy scripture, does not form part of the Catholic liturgy. At the time when Carissimi commenced to compose, music was about entering a phase of transition where the transformation was completely undecided in the direction of religious art. The sixteenth century saw the creation and aggrandizement of the art of vocal polyphony; by an inevitable reaction the seventeenth century saw the triumph of monody; the singers enjoyed with intense delight the sweetness of personal success and their virtuosity sufficed to place the aria and the solo in the first rank of all compositions, abandoning the choruses to musicians of subordinate order. In order to sustain their voices, without having them covered up, the basso continuo was invented, whose very elastic interpretation easily adapted itself to all circumstances, and permitted, without necessitating it, the employment of various instruments, the choice being left to the convenience or taste of the accompanist. Neither the mystic impersonality of the Christian prayer, such as we find translated in the Palestrina music, nor the harmonic elegances of the French chanson and of the madrigal for many voices, were sufficient to accommodate the musical forms where the personality of the interpreter became more and more preponderant. Beyond all, in profane music everything tended towards the opera, towards the cantata, the latter a diminutive of the former; everything in relig-

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ious music, church music, tended to approximate the same forms and to substitute for religious sentiment the pathetic expression associated with the satisfaction of virtue.

This new adjustment of art was easily adopted by all the composers, Carissimi advancing to the first rank among them. Capable above all of writing for the voice, a fertile inventor of pleasing and sustained melodies, and of vocal combinations favorable to the harmonious and regular effect of ensembles, he contrived to personify, for the most part, the distinctive qualities of Italian composition of the seventeenth century, and precisely because he was the perfect representative of this style Carissimi could not escape the enfeeblement of religious sentiment, which, so to say, was the reverse of the natural and with which we find ourselves so much more struck that it followed so closely upon the exaltation of the same sentiment of the Palestrina school. Had he been no more than the composer of motets and cantatas, Carissimi, with the difference belonging to a larger activity and capacity, would have found himself among the other masters of his country. The more particular attention and admiration which we owe him is due to the exceptional role which he played in the created of the oratorio. In this new form which attached itself closely to religious music, but which (a very essential difference) is no more liturgic music, the abstract mysticism and ideal of the preceding school can no longer be regretted. On the contrary, the force of human sentiments intermingled in an elevated and spiritual sense of religious art, and unfolded an equal order of beauties to be otherwise realized.

Since the dawn of the seventeenth century (the "Rappresentazione de l'Anima e del Corpo" dated from the year 1600), certain Italian towns, and Rome in particular, had had many times the spectacle of religious operas; that is to say, pieces composed upon subjects taken from the lives of the saints or from pious allegories; these were represented upon a veritable stage, with a mise en scene analagous to that of the profane and mythological operas whose production increased so rapidly at the same time. Concerning the latter of these, we possess to-dav many particulars, but everything is vague and obscure, on the contrary, in what concerns the kind properly called oratorios. The passage from the relation of Maugars appears to be the first precise document; after having spoken

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with admiration of motets executed in the churches of Rome, the French traveler adds:

"They have here still another sort of music which is not at all used in France and which, for this reason, merits that I should describe it to you more particularly; they call it the style recitative. The best one which I have heard was in the oratorio of Saint Marcel, where there is a congregation of the Brothers of the Holy Cross, composed of the noblest seignors of Rome, who consequently are able to bring together everything which Italy produces of value; and in effect the most excellent musicians are probably found there and seek the honor of having their compositions heard there and of showing, by every means, the attainments they have made in their studies.

"This admirable and ravishing music is only given on Wednesdays of Lent, between three o'clock and six. The church is not at all so large as the Holy Chapel of Paris. At one end there is a spacious choir with a medium organ, very sweet and properly voiced. At the two sides of the church there are still two other little platforms where they place the most excellent of the instrumental music. The voices then declaim the history from the Old Testament in the form of a spiritual comedy, like that of Suzanne, of Judith and Holofernes, of David and Goliath. Each singer represents one personage of the history and expresses perfectly the force of the words. Then one of the most celebrated preachers makes an exhortation, which being finished, the music recites the gospel of the day such as the history of Samaritan, of Lazareth, of Canaan, of Magdalene, or the Passion of Our Lord; the singers imitate perfectly the different personages represented by the evangelist. I have not over-praised this recitative music. It is necessary to have heard it in the place in order to properly judge of its merits."

Although Maugars does not mention the name of Carissimi, his text affords all evidence that the compositions of this master himself and of other compositions of the same style were those which he had in mind. In 1639, the date at which Maugars wrote, Carissimi was, since twelve years, fixed at Rome and attached to the service of the Jesuits as master of music of their college and of the church of Saint Apollinaris which was attached. Many writers testify to the celebrity of

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the music executed in this church: Pietro Della Valle speaks with admiration, in 1640, without mentioning the name of Carissimi. An English traveler, translated by Richard Lassels, did not forget to mention Saint Apollinaris among the churches of Rome where you can hear the most elegant music. The passage which Kircher, in 1650, consecrated to Carissimi, proves that at that date the reputation of the master was fairly established and that, in particular, that Jepthah already existed. M. R. Rolland has found in the Avvisi di Roma, the mention of an execution of the Sacrifice of Isaac, the poem by a Jesuit, the music by Carissimi, in the winter of 1655-56 at the Jesuit College. These, so far as we know, are all the indications possible for establishing the date of the oratorios of Carissimi.

* * *

The division of the scores of Carissimi into oratorios and histories in the manuscript at Hamburg is perfectly logical. By the term "oratorio" are defined pieces of a lyric character, a sort of free motet and not pertaining regularly to the liturgy; by histories are meant compositions forming a narration of a real action. From the mixture of the two elements later on resulted the great oratorios of Bach and Handel where, intermixed with action properly socalled, a representation by characteristic personages, in an episode of sacred history, we have also Christian meditation and lyric commentary upon the events described. In his unfinished studies upon the works of Carissimi contained in the Hamburg manuscripts, M. Chrysander took into consideration the question of the number of voices and mentions three pieces for three voices: Felicitas beatorum, Lamentations of the Damned, Martyres. The manuscript 16114 of the Conservatory of Paris offers us a cantata for a single voice and basso continuo, Lucifer, of which the plan, although worked out with such meagre effects, was identical with that of the more developed histories. One single singer performed successively the rules of the reciter, Lucifer and the voice of God himself; the narrative form and the active form alternately distinguished by the change from ornate recitative to aria. This perhaps is a sort of moral or semi-religious cantata, and one of the first proofs of the singular attraction exercised upon the spirit of Carissimi by one of the articles—the most impressive, of the Catholic dog-

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ma—that of hell and eternal damnation. He touched upon this in this cantata, and it comes up again in the Complaint of the Damned, The Last Judgment, The History of the Rich Man, and he takes it up with preference in order to pour out upon it all the resources of the vocal art. From this point of view the Roman master is a direct ancestor of our Berlioz, and in many points in the Complaint of the Damned, by the syncopated interjections, reminds us of the terrible peals of the Tuba Mirum of the great romantic writer.

In the Hamburg manuscript the Complaint of the Damned appears only with three vocal parts—alto, tenor and bass, the simple basso continuo not figuring. In consequence M. Chrysander regards it as a simple vocal trio, interpreted by three soloists, but the manuscript in the National Library at Paris, as well as that of the edition of 1665, contain two parts for violin which we cannot consider as additions by a strange hand. The well-known elasticity of musical executions in the seventeenth century seems to indicate that, according to the available means, the composition could be sung by three musicians in the fashion of a trio for chamber, or more naturally by a chorus, from which the reciting tenor might detach himself, and to which might be added the violin parts. If at this point we differ from the opinion of M. Chrysander, we are in accord with him in regard to certain other compositions having been designated for soloists. It is so notably in the History of Job, of which three speakers are the Angel, Job and the Devil;—and for the pretty Cantata, without title, in the manuscript at Versailles, where two tenors and one bass dialogue together, the two first "Vir Frugi" and "Pater Familias," and the last without denomination only intervening at the end to chant the Hallelujah. In all the histories, the musician treated the story in a form alternately narrative and active; the chosen episodes are from the scriptures, the text very likely put together by Carissimi himself, perhaps by a Jesuit; they are at one time a development and again a condensation of a fragment of the Bible. The style of composition of Carissimi remains the same in all his works; whether one studies the shortest, as in Job, or the longest, as in Jepthah, one is struck by the extraordinary truth of the musical declamation. In the narrative parts which serve for the expression, and which are confined as well to the principal

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personages as to the reciter, or historian, the song naturally follows the simple notation of the inflexions of the spoken words; thus action defines itself, the musical language is animated and accented by various rhythms and by free designs of the crossing emotions of the actors of the drama. The effect became so much more upon the spirit of the hearer because the convention of the forms was so well conceived by the rapidity of the action and by the comprehension of the text; even the periodical return of certain measures of the phrase is disguised under the appearance of a necessary repetition; vocal ornaments, destined later on to so greatly impair the sincerity of dramatic singing, are employed with most chosen parsimony oftentimes giving the appearance of an expression of sentiment carried to its height, as in the exclamations of the Daughter of Jepthah. The chorus when it intervenes, is more often an actor than a commentator upon the events of the drama, of which it interrupts neither the order nor the effect. In Jonah, by the voice alone he manages to give so strong a description of the tempest that the masters of the modern orchestra would have difficulty to move us more profoundly. Carissimi did not seek to bring before us a spectacle of the elements turned loose; he translates and makes pass before us the sentiments which fill the heart of man under the dread of the divine displeasure; the old Roman composer is not a landscapist, but a psychologist. In the Complaint of the Damned and in the Story of the Rich Man, it is by means of the chorus that he brings us back to the horror of eternal punishment, with a force of conviction and expression which recalls the sombre painting of Dante and the naive frescos and representations of the primitive painters.

The History of the Rich Man is of all the oratorios of Carissimi the most developed. Although two violin parts are employed with a continual bass the work commences without symphony by the recitative of St. Luke: "erat vir quidam opulentissimus," etc. But immediately a gloss, relatively very much extended, mixes itself with the tenor of the evangelistic parable; the choir paints the enjoyments of the rich; the voice calm and as indifferent raises itself to announce upon the elevated and solemn melody the divine punishment: "En vita suprema venerunt momenta quae dabunt extrema averni tormenta;" farther on comes the dialogue of the damned and of

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Abraham to which music adds attractive colors: "Pater, pater Abraham, miserere mei," simple and rich, and from the inflexible judge the reply is given by Moses and the prophets. With the complaint of the sinner alternates the jeers of the chorus: "Ubi sunt aedes illae superbis, ubi villae palatia, ubi immensa agrorum spatii?" (Where is your handsome palace and where are your great trees?) And the work finishes by the terrible tableau of the eternal damnation.

We have pronounced the works primitive apropos to these descriptions, and it is not necessary to add any other restrictive sense. It is an art completely finished that we consider, at the same time that it is a pathway prepared for the destiny of the future art. Carissimi occupies, relatively to Handel and Sebastian Bach, a place analogous to that of Josquin Deprés as compared to Palestrina. The ancient liturgical form of the gospel of the Passion (in which answer to each other the deacon representing the Evangelist, the priest representing Christ and the chorus holding the place of the people), is the prolific germ, out of which Carissimi develops his sacred histories; he distributed between many singers alternately the purely narrative parts of the text; the different characters in the action give him so many personages and the chorus seems to represent all the multitude: people, angels, demons. By this plan, the masters of the century following needed to change nothing than the dimensions, and to add nothing save to increase the forms and the sonorous means that was part of the lyric poetry unknown to Carissimi and taken by them from the artistic habits of the Lutherans: the pious meditation associated with the sacred narration ,the community of the faithful introduced by Bach in the form of the choral as a moving testimony to the evangelistic mystery: something as the portrait of the devotee kneels before a religious painting of the ancient school.

III.

The fame which Carissimi enjoyed at Rome attracted to him many pupils both from Italy and foreign countries, who in their turn became celebrated on account of having received lessons from him. A certain number of young German students maintained themselves among the pensioners of the German College, of which Carissimi was the master of sing-

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ing. Three composers of merit, Joh.—Caspar Kerl, Chr. Bernhard and Joh. Ph. Krieger are designated by Mattheson as having studied at Rome under Carissimi, "the inventor of the cantata and the modern recitative." Joh.—Val Meder, also quoted by Mattheson, declares that the cantata came from Rome and "was invented by Carissimi who composed it upon sacred subjects; his first work of this kind was "The Last Judgment." It is due to these foreigners that the little elementary treatise of music entitled "Ars Cantandi" has been preserved. It was written by Carissimi for his young pupils and we possess no other copy than this German translation which has been many times reprinted. From this and many other side lights of the same epoch, it is evident that the oratorios of Carissimi exercised an immediate influence. We make no mention of the sacred symphonies of Schütz, the style of which, though very much influenced by the oratorios, proceeds in a direct line from that of the Passions. But we find among other German musicians evident traces of the study of Carissimi: the little cantata (Dialogus), which figured in a little known collection by August Pfleger, puts upon the scene Adam, Eve and the Serpent and a celestial chorus. But the history of one of the most curious and at the same time very little known incidents in the relations of Carissimi to German art, is certainly that of the publication of the Judgment of Solomon among the works of Samuel Buckshorn. The authenticity of this work has been very much disputed and, without here pausing to go into the question at length, it may be said that the facts in the case leave us in doubt as to whether the work was composed by Buckshorn and sent to Carissimi, who liked it so well that he gave it in the church of Saint Apollinaris, or whether it is a copy of an oratorio by Carissimi which Buckshorn having obtained and caused to be performed, left the manuscript undistinguished by an author's name. For this reason it appears among the works of Buckshorn as original and it also appears among certain collections of Carissimi as original. The probability is, however, that the work is genuine with Carissimi and that its appearance in the works of Buckshorn was accidental and not intended to deceive.

While the oratorios of Carissimi made themselves felt in Germany, Charpentier made them known in France. A cer-

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tain passage has been mentioned in the "Comparison of Italian Music with the Music of France," in which the author advances the extraordinary assertion that Carissimi "A man of extraordinary merit was developed by bringing out his pieces at the Theatins of Paris." A dozen years after Carissimi had been dead at Rome this church became very much noted in Parisian society for its musical execution, so much so that the police were compelled to interfere; the 6th of November, 1685, the Marquis of Seignelay wrote to the Archbishop of Paris that, under the pretext of devotion, the Theatins were in the habit of performing actual opera in their church; that the chairs were rented at ten sous and that they changed the bill at every performance; and thanks to the amiability of the religious authorities they made their representations as interesting as possible, of the sort calculated to augment their separation from religion. The musician who directed these too-much appreciated concerts was Paolo Lorenzani whose Italian name appears to have led Fresneuse into error. He brought out at the Theatins above all his own works and perhaps some of Carissimi's were mixed with them; nothing affirms this and nothing contradicts it, but it is quite sure that Charpentier was in France the real introducer.

He was a musician of very great value, too much forgotten nowadays, and who, about the time of his debut, voluntarily posed as the pupil of Carissimi. Every time that the Gallant Mercury came to speak of him it took care to add "He lived a long time in Italy where he often saw Carissimi who was the greatest master of music that we have had for a long time," or, "he studied music at Rome under Carissimi, estimated as the greatest Italian master." Charpentier exercised, with the Jesuits of the rue Saint Antoine, functions quite the same as those held by his celebrated master at the German College of Saint Apollonaris in Rome. Among the number of principal occasions at which he brought out in Paris oratorios of Carissimi and his own, it is necessary to recall the dramatic representations of the College of Jesuits, concerning which M. Ernest Boyesse has given so curious details. In the voluminous collection of unpublished works of Charpentier are found a number of important oratorios or sacred histories, visibly inspired by models of Carissimi and at the same time composed upon the same episodes of the Old or New Testament.

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IV.

The attention of the modern public has not been generally awakened by the different editions made of certain ones of the oratorios of Carissimi. These editions have been followed or accompanied by performances which have powerfully contributed to the rehabilitation of the old master. Jonah was played in Rome in 1876 under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller. Jepthah has been given several times in Germany and in England upon the programs of concerts of several singing societies. In France the singers of Saint Gervais have made it known.

In closing this article it is necessary to call attention to a few details essential to the execution of these works:

Every one knows that the scores, whether manuscript or printed, in the seventeenth century are much wanting in indications relative to interpretations of the works which they contain. The movement, the nuances, the accidentals, the delineation of the role of the soloists and chorus in the ensemble, the matter of instrumental accompaniment are almost without exception left to the intelligence of the director. With regard to the movements and nuances, the sense of the text closely followed by Carissimi is the first guide, and is perhaps never found in absolute contradiction with the melodic sense. The different manuscripts sometimes aid at this point; the Italian copy of the Judgment of Solomon, at the National Library at Paris, has for the movement "non est ita" the indication "presto." The nuance "piano" is prescribed in two or three cases in the copy of Jepthah, and in that of Jonah in the Library at Versailles. With regard to the number of voices, M. Chrysander interprets the mention "quatuor voces" placed upon a piece of Jepthah in the manuscript at Hamburg, as prescribing an execution by four singers instead of chorus. The indication "for three" upon the fragment of Jonas Dii Magni in the manuscript at Versailles is capable of a similar explanation.

The most obscure question is that of the accompaniment. The manuscript in Hamburg is entirely without figures for the basso continuo, and M. Chrysander holds for the additions at later hands of all the figures contained in the English copies of which he has not reproduced any in his editions of the ora-

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torios. It would be difficult, in the absence of any kind of autograph of Carissimi to decide how this master would proceed in the notation of the basso continuo. At that epoch, especially in Italy, it was in general usage not to place the figures. Henri Schütz, a German educated at the Venetian school, inserts at the beginning of his Sacred Symphony of 1650 a memorandum concerning the execution, in which he justifies himself for having indicated the figures for the organ bass. The Italians for the most part do not use that to-day, he said, a good organist does need it, but those who are inexperienced will not arrive at good harmony without them." The different musicians to whom we owe the manuscripts of Carissimi existing in the French Library, were certainly of the same opinion as Schütz, because the figuring of the bass is to them almost an absolute rule. If, then, the indications deduced from the figures contained in the manuscripts of the French Library do not emanate incontestably from Carissimi himself, it is believed that they can be regarded as the echo of the musical habits of his times, perhaps even of his own, according to the greater or less scruples, the science and imagination, the organist or the clavecinist charged with the accompaniment followed, translated or developed the part confided to him. The remarkable labor of M. Luigi Torchi upon instrumental accompaniments contains a variety of indications and deductions of which many apply to the oratorios of Carissimi. When Ferdinand Hiller directed Jonah at Cologne he was blamed with good reason for having orchestrated the work. Far the most remarkable attempts of modern translations of the ancient texts are those by M. Faisst and by M. Pauer in their editions of Jeptha, where the musical text has not received any other accompaniment than the harmonization of the continuous bass. In the performances of Jepthah given at Paris under the singers of Saint Gervais, with the simple accompaniment of a piano replacing the clavecin, for the very discreet support of recitatives and long solos, and a harmonium sustaining in the same fashion the chorus, it was easy to see that the superior beauty of the style of Carissimi resided mainly in the art of vocal writing, in the pointed truth of the declamation and in the close relation of the musica. form with the grandeur and conciseness of the biblical text. By these simple means which could attain, without effort, the

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expression of the sentiments of the heart, the creations of Carissimi in the class of oratorios remind us of the mighty remains of Egyptian sculpture, where the hand of the artist outlining the contours, disdained details, showed the thought by the attitude, and seem to have fixed upon the brow of the statue a tranquillity which has defied the centuries.

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JOHN BARRINGTON, JR.

BY

EMILE LOUIS ATHERTON.

PART VIII.—CHAPTER XI.

The whole sky to the South, filling the entire horizon, was a mass of black clouds; and in the far South, seemingly underneath these mountain masses, the sky was a clear sheet of living greenish black, which suggested a menace, and told of the fury and power of the approaching hurricane. From the zenith edges of this light white clouds were being whipped away by the contrary winds from the dark parent clouds and these looked as they ran along all with the same line of direction, like a procession of storm heralds. Every now and again the lightning ran its rapid zigzag course, looking as if it were some especial aide de camp on an errand of vast importance. Meantime, the lee scud of the storm had gathered in great heaped up banks in the North and East, and there it lay motionless as if it were waiting for the Southern army to cross the intervening space and join with it. In advance of this Southern army came great heads of cloud,—thunder heads,—that traveled fast and in a line that suggested the lee scud of the storm as their destination. Many of these looked like sculptures of old men's heads, done in gigantic size; and thus one thought that they had perhaps performed the same duty of pilot for many long ages, for countless other storms. As they came nearer to us they seemed to move more rapidly and to bend lower as though they had it in their minds to lift us up to them.

The waves were running in a long impatient sweep and I thought that they longed for the time when they would be lashed into furious action, and yet there was a sullenness in their long roll forward that suggested a dread of the approaching storm. For the most, they ran in long, even waves, rising and sinking with the regularity of the clock-moved waves, that

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we have sometimes seen in places where toys are sold; but again, and when one would least expect it, one, seemingly more impatient than the rest, curled over and ran its length of boiling white foam over the wave ahead of it, and this in turn raised itself to a great height and broke with a long white crest, like a breaker. The fierce wind which had caused Miss Loveton to lower the sail had blown itself out and by this time had entirely died away. Indeed, except for the occasional splashing of a part of a wave against the boat, the scene was as quiet and as solemn as a church might be on a summer's morning, though without the rustle of dresses or the hum of insects.

We were at this time about twenty miles to the North of the Isles of Shoals, and an equal distance from the coasts of the States of Maine and New Hampshire. There was no doubt in either of our minds that the coming storm was something more than a fierce squall. For my part I believed it to be, what it afterwards was proved to have been, an unusually fierce West Indian hurricane. Realizing this, and knowing that the storm would break in a half hour or less, I lowered the sail so that only a small area of it was exposed to the wind, and then I stretched the unused rope from one end of the boat to the other to use as lifelines. I then placed the oars where they could be gotten out if occasion required it, but where they could not be washed away. Now that it is all over I realize that I should have lowered the sail and tightly furled it, but at that time (and indeed for the matter of that, at this time also), I was little better than a fair-weather sailor, and could hardly be expected to act with entire wisdom in my first hurricane.

There were two life preservers in the boat and I now asked Miss Loveton to stand up so that I could put one of them about her. I remember that she insisted that I pull the large, but now limp, sleeves of her dress through the shoulder-straps of the thing, which she insisted, laughing, was a "swell jacket." As I tied the strings in front I inadvertently caught her finger in the knot.

"Did I hurt you?" I asked, as she disengaged her finger from the detaining rope.

"Oh! It does not matter at all, this is so utterly glorious."

"We have had two hours too much of it to suit me," said I.

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She sat down on the seat facing me, and with one hand strove to subdue her whirling skirts, while with the other she held on to the side of the boat. And then she laughed again.

"It is no laughing matter," said I.

"Oh! Isn't it? Then just look at me," And she made a comprehensive sweep of her hand. "Did you ever see an organdie in such a condition in your life? Consider this lace, critically, I assure you I gave a dollar a yard for it. And these ribbons! When we started they were a bright red and now they are a watered cherry color. Oh, dear! I'm so thirsty and hungry. I'd like a glass of soda water. Wouldn't you, John? My hair will be down in a moment. Would you like to see my hair down? Nearly all the hairpins have blown away to the fishes. Are there fish in the water about here do you think? Oh! oh! oh! I want to cry and I want to laugh and I want to scream! I am miserable! You hate me, don't you, John? Do you know," she said, suddenly looking past me at the tumbling waters, "Do you know, I think there was some truth after all in that book of Davis's, which you read to me once. Do you remember it? It was about a man and a girl. And the man was glad that he was with the girl (who had rejected him), even though their being together meant the loss of both their lives?"

She looked at me for a moment and then went on:

"I think that we are in such a position and I am glad of it, for myself. And for you also. You know of course that there is really no hope for us at all?" As she spoke she leaned down so that her head almost rested on the arm that was on the side of the boat, and then she looked off at the blackness in the South as one might have done who was expecting a Juggernaut to come and crush out their life. Only her lips were parted in a smile. And such a smile you know means much at such a time.

"It is strange," said I, "that even at a moment such as this you can care to flirt, to act."

She turned toward me half fiercely, but said with the smile on her face that a woman always wears when a man has made a mistake in judging her:

"I am not flirting with you, John. I am not acting. You think so, perhaps, because you can not imagine that I got into the boat for any other purpose, and I know that it seems to be

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so. But it isn't at all, John. Everything this morning (it is morning still, isn't it?) has been so unexpected that I have not had time to tell you what I got into your boat to tell you."

"Say it now, then," said I, with little interest.

"Perhaps it is too late," she replied.

"I am sure that it is not," said I, as gently as I could and added, "I guess that you are right, and that nothing will matter when that reaches us." And I pointed to the South.

"It seems so abrupt and out of place to say it. I feel as if I were doing something wrong. I first got into your boat and then by my folly we were driven out to sea, and now we may never get in again. But, perhaps, that is the best reason why I should tell you of some things that will explain other things that have happened to us both in the past.

"It is not an easy thing, John, for me to talk to you about it. I feel miserably mean, and just as if my excuse were not an excuse at all, but merely a way of gaining my end. So I am going to make it as plain as I can, and as short. You see, the whole truth of the explanation lies in the one fact, that all I have done that has seemed mean and hateful to you, I have done, not because I did not love you, but because of my pride and the necessity or what I thought the necessity of doing those things. Do I express myself very badly? What I mean is that my pride made me sacrifice you, and when I had done so I found that you were more than my pride. That made me angry at you (it is often so with a woman), and I was so angry that I accepted the man who was your enemy, Mr. Blaming, and tried to make his injure you. Don't look like that, John, wait until I am through with all that I have got to say first.

"My father," she went on, "has been on the verge of ruin for a long time. You see, he betrayed a trust and stole a fund intrusted to him, and each year he has been nearer to discovery; he has begged me on his knees to save him by making a rich marriage. When I became engaged to you he hoped for an immediate union, and after it was over your father would save him by advancing the necessary money. After Mr. Barrington died I was full of hope, but when you told me that he had left you next to nothing I dared not let my feelings control me, even for a moment, and that was the reason why I was so short and horrid with you in the way I

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broke our engagement. I could not bear to wait, or to trust myself to look at you; you don't know how you hurt me, dear, by what you said about the rings.

"Well, after that my aunt died, and her money helped my father to put off the evil day for a little while longer. Then followed my engagement to Mr. Blaming. As long as my aunt's money lasted I refused to marry him, hoping that you would come back to me. When it was gone, I got him to loan my father a great deal of money, and of course it was as though he was giving it to me, although my father advanced him what he (Mr. Blaming) thought good security, but it was forged and worthless. At last Mr. Blaming has discovered nearly the whole plot, and only to-day he went to the city to get the necessary evidence. When he has this he says that he will use it against my father, if I do not marry him immediately. I thought it all over, and I came to the conclusion that the whole of pride was unhappiness, and that there really was nothing in the world that mattered much except you. So I came to the boat to tell you this, and to say good-bye, and after that I was going to lie down on the water and float away. That sounds foolish, doesn't it, John? And yet I should have done it. Now I can go to my death in a happier way, with you beside me. And that is better, I think.

"The very thought of for once forgetting my artificial habits, and doing just what I felt, has seemed to make a new woman of me, and seemed to make me a better woman all at once. It seems to me as if it were another person and not myself who is talking to you. Has what I have said seemed very disconnected? I have tried to say it so you would fully understand me. Have you understood? Then I am glad. All last night I composed and put together the words in the way I thought would move you, but somehow I have not cared to tell you anything but the simple, horrid facts. I know this cannot make any difference to you. You love Miss Earlington, and so what I feel or do not feel matters very little. But, somehow, I think you care about me a little also, at any rate you could be happy with me; so happy that you could forget the other. But you see I am selfish and horrid again. I ought to have a little real pride now, oughtn't I? Oh, how mean I feel!" As she spoke she clasped her hands together and looked miserably up at me. As she did so the

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boat swung around so that she was looking south, and I, who was looking only at her, saw the misery fade out of her face and a look full of resolute energy take its place. I glanced up then, quickly enough. As I did so, the wind came whistling down upon us. The whole heavens were covered with a black, greenish sheet, and then something parted,—there was a fierce rattle of thunder, a blaze of light, and everything closed in black as night. The boat ran a sickening length forward, and then rose to show us such a horror of fury as man never saw before or since.

CHAPTER XII.

As we rose to the top of the waves the wind caught our sail and beat our boat over until the water was even with the gunwale. And then came a fearful blast that caught the side of the boat in its grip, threw it fiercely around like a toy, and then came steadily down with such a fury that the green water broke in a clean line into the boat, filling it up to the gunwale and leaving us waist deep in it. The next moment we were in the hollow of a wave, and the sail was flapping madly back and forth across the boat as alternate currents of air caught it in a momentary grasp. Miss Loveton sprang immediately up to get at the halyards, but was thrown forward on her knees. She was not stopped an instant, however, but crawled rapidly forward until she reached the mast. She made a picture in my mind (though the whole scene lasted but a second) as she kneeled there, her brown hair floating straight out from her shapely head and held up by the strong wind, her waist loosened a little at the throat showing her full white neck,—every line of her body resisting the wind which otherwise would have forced her down; and all the while her fingers rapidly unfastening the ropes. When they were loose she held on to them for a moment, and as a wave on which we were, subsided, and we were in the hollow valley of the water, I gave the signal, and the sail rattled down. At the same instant she and I threw ourselves upon it and into the water that was in the boat, and desperately tried to hold in the bellying canvas. A fierce fight between the elements and ourselves followed. The enemy sought out every lift of the canvas and

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tried to drag the sail from us; while she and I fought well, I guess, fighting well in that we both fought with all our strength to hold it down,—and at last, thanks to the help we got from the momentary stopping of the force of the wind, by the bulk of the waves we fastened it to the seats. Then for a moment we sat panting in the bottom of the boat, up to our waists in water. We were looking into each other's eyes and thinking many things. I am sure I had no thought that my fiancee might not have known, for who could have helped admiring the courage of this carefully nurtured girl in this time of peril? In Miss Loveton's face there was that same look of fierce gladness, with that touch of finality about it that I had noticed there before.

After that it was breathless work, and I cannot imagine how long we laid and struggled in the bottom of that rolling, half-swamped boat. All that I remember of it now is that for two or three hours, that seemed to drag themselves into eternities, we hung on to the seats and caught our breath hard, as the boat rode where the wind had full play on it; then down in the hollow we went, and there was a moment for breathing. Somehow, it always seemed as though any respite we might have was only for a second; and so, after some hours of this gripping horror of fight for existence, I got to thinking of the sea as of some great monstrous cruelty; and then I got to cursing it. This I did especially when the swashing of the water and the rolling of the boat nearly made me lose my hold on Miss Loveton. Then, after a while longer, everything seemed as if it had been that way always, and as if it always would be so. The water in the boat never even attracted my attention; it seemed quite proper for it to be there. Often, when we were in the hollows of the waves, she would draw closer to me, and I would hear her mutter my name and an endearing adjective over and over again, as if it had been a prayer.

At last, I thought of the boat's self-bailing character, and none too soon, for the water was in her way above the seats, and as each wave lifted us more came in and a little flowed out. With great difficulty I shouted in the girl's ear that she must get upon the seat, but she only repeated my name and the adjective, and did not move. So I unlocked her hands and dragged her up to it, and as I did so the boat gave a lurch

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forward, and the water in her all ran to one end. In another second she would have capsized, but in that nick of time my hand struck the patent baling lever, and the boat was cleared of water almost at once. The relief that came seemed to awaken us as from a sleep, and I went at once to the helm and finding that it worked I turned the head of the boat so that she ran before the wind. We coasted down the waves now, and as the wind had some play in the broad bows of the craft she swelled rapidly along and the motion was much more comfortable. Miss Loveton sat down in the bottom of the boat. Her hair was wet and black-looking and hung about her shoulders, while her face looked up at me as white and perfect as a Madonna's. Her blue eyes were full of courage, and she gazed at me in a way that I did not know, but that told me beyond any doubt that she loved me, in spite of all that had gone before.

Ah, but those seas were tiresome! They were not the slow, uplifting and long-running waves that we see in fine weather. They were as long, but the resemblance was as the peaceful elephant is to the angry one. It seemed wrong that they should be free to attack us, and make us their jest and prey; and I wanted to say so to her, but I did not try as the wind was so high that my voice would not have carried. After a little, I got to thinking of that morning that I met my father in at Delmonico's, and to going over the things that I had meant to say to him then. And I reconstructed these sentence after sentence, over and over again, as though it mattered a great deal, and as though it were possible for him to be told them now. I soon found that this was silly work, and yet I could not stop. This brought a kind of pain, as I was tired of the repetition, but still I had to listen. My mind seemed incapable of action on anything else, and incapable of resistance. At the times when our danger was greatest, and the rolling of the boat threatened sudden and certain death, I seemed to repeat these sentences over more rapidly and a great number of times. At last when I knew that I would go mad with the tiresomeness of it all, the idea came to me to get down and with my mouth close to Ruth's ear whisper something to her. Anything. As the opportunity came I allowed myself to be tumbled down beside her, and then I cried into her ear:

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"Are you hurt, Ruth?"

"So we will die together," she said, in a tone that sounded as if she thought she were already dead.

"Listen to me, Ruth. Are you hurt at all?" I asked, very firmly.

"We will die together, John and I," said she, wistfully, the cruel wind tearing the words from her.

"Ruth," I cried, in an agony, as though I were speaking to a deaf person or to one whom I thought was dead, "Ruth, listen to me. It may be that we will soon be killed."

"He loves me, and we will die together," said she.

"Ruth, Ruth," I cried; "listen to me, for God's sake. Stop talking in this way."

She looked up at this, and seemed to come back to consciousness. Then, on a sudden, she sat up, her eyes gradually lost their vacant expression, and she pointed away to the south. Looking, I saw that a ship was drawing down on us, with her great hulk so near that she seemed almost upon us. I stood up, and cried into the teeth of the wind at her, and waved my arms and talked, as though those on board of her could have heard me. She came rushing on, nearer and nearer, and then I saw that there were people on her decks; and a momentary picture passed across my mind of a man with a rope ready to throw in his hand. At once I was alert and ready for the line to come to me; and keenly alive to the recollection that I had never caught a rope thrown in this way before. On and on, right down upon us, came the ship, until she seemed to tower above our heads like a monster thing of the deep. She seemed sinister, too, and not as if she would help us to safety; and this was perhaps the strangest thing of all. After I had looked at her for a moment the sense of her motion seemed to go out of my eyes, and I believed that she could approach no nearer to us. Although this seemed a silly notion, yet like many other silly things it proved the answer to my conjectures. The sense of her motion returned to me when she was within a few hundred feet of us, for then I realized that instead of rushing along erect like a racehorse, as I had somehow got the idea that she was, she lurched fearfully forward, going sickeningly with her nose under the waves to the right hand now, and again dipping herself to the left into the piled-up waves. Then she staggered upward and upward, until it seemed as though she were being

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driven by some drunken God. It was a fearful sight,—and I despaired that help could come to us from this storm-tossed craft. How could we ever get on board of her when the ship's stern was at every other moment at an altitude of 33 degrees above the waves? Leaving Miss Loveton in the stern of the boat I struggled forward so that I was standing in the extreme bow. The helmsman, whom I could now clearly see, brought his vessel as close to us as he could. Indeed, when her stem was on a line with ours, I feared that the next uplifting of her monster nose would bring her copper-sheathed bottom down upon us. She cleared us by several yards, and as she came down in a smother of spray that drenched us to the skin, the man whom I had previously seen with the rope in his hand hurled it at us, and with so powerful and dexterous a swing that it fell quite in the middle of our little craft. It came down on the seat in a coil, with a good deal of it unwound, and this slack rapidly straightened out. The end of the rope seemed to stand out in my eye and attention, as if beckoning my quickness. I seized this so quickly in obedience that my memory lost count of the detail of the action; and as quickly I carried it forward and with a bound fastened it to the ring bolt in the bow of the boat. The line was running so rapidly that I had no time to do more than to tie it in one knot, hoping that I could hold on to the loose end until I could tie it again. You must understand that we were at the moment lying at angles with the big coaster, and so when the rope came taut we were pulled about with a terrific jerk, which nearly lost me my balance. But I held on. At this instant I heard a cry behind me, and turning caught in the corner of my eye the sight of Ruth going pitching over the side. With a wild scramble I crossed the boat, letting the rope fall from my hand as I did so, and grasped her wrist, for her hand had clutched the side of the boat as she had been washed toward it after her fall into the water. I lifted her out of the waves, and let her fall into the bottom of the boat, and then without a thought of her more than this, I sprang back toward the rope. I stumbled and fell over the seats, and at last my hand was on it,—my right hand had grasped it, mind you,—when it went burning through my fingers and struck the water with a resounding splash, and then wriggled off like a snake in the white wake of the vessel.

(To be continued.)

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IN THE CITY OF ZION.

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

To the devout Latter Day Saint, or, as he often humbly denominates himself, "Son of God," Salt Lake City is "Zion," the place appointed for the assembling of the Saints, and the spot where the Lord our Savior, shall appear upon his second coming. To the ordinary tourist, it is a city exquisite for situation, a marvelous demonstration of what may be done with the desert, if one has pluck, patience, and pure water, and its chief characteristics are lines and lines of glistening, plume-like, Lombardy poplars, and—houses with several front doors. I saw a young descendant of one of the first families this morning, a dirty cherub, brown as a beechnut, and fat as a robin in the fall. He will in time, no doubt, acquire several wives, and for the same reason that the Saints take unto themselves spouses in celestial marriage, viz., "because heap squaw makes big Injun." His blue gingham shirt came from the great Z. C. M. I., known as the "Co-Op." But the cage in which he was tied was, his mother told me, the work of his father, and so pure Ute, and so too was the willow whistle on which he exercised his lusty lungs in shrilling sequences, with a curious enjoyment.

The Saints, even the very great ones, it is plain history to record, are not such engaging personalities as this young Ute. Even in their meeting clothes, they impress me as possessed of a hard-headed woodenness above the average. But then, one need not be handsome to be a sure-enough saint, let alone one of "The Latter Day" variety. But the great tabernacle with its turtle-back roof and wonderful acoustic perfection, compels your admiration. You note the singers' seats spread away on either hand like monster wings, and that below them the seats for the bishops and other high officers also spread like wings from the three great red benches set apart for the heads of the church, and that the lights above the organ keyboard glow in the center of this strange grouping as fire upon an altar. The organ is curiously ecclesiastical in

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build, and has a tone of majestic sweetness. There are a multitude of singers, and when they lift their well-trained voices you marvel that a congregation enjoying such music can sit out harangues that reduce the visiting Gentile to mere pulp. Each ward meeting (and each ward has one) possesses a choir as good in a small way as that in the tabernacle. The work of training it began in the Sunday schools. Each one has a professional singer as leader, and each maintains a choral union. Possibly the cause may be climatic, but I note that everywhere the male singers number less than one-third of

GENERAL VIEW OF SALT LAKE CITY.SHOWING TITHING HOUSE.

the choirs, and while gray-heads are common among the tenors and basses, the soprani are noticeably young. As the immigration to this region and the ranks of the Saints is mostly from Scandinavia, a land of strong women, it is impossible not to suspect that the adult women cease to sing from psychologic causes. The young women's voices rise in a beautiful tone of reedy sweetness, fresh as the delicious air of these mountains. But one misses the roundness and fullness, that rich, indescribable quality that comes with maturity and experience. No lovely leading voice overtops the rest. They sing obediently—and—calmly—like a music-box. I am told

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in this altitude, where you do not perspire in the heat or shiver in the cold, baritone and alto voices develop superbly.

The temple, which, by the way, is the center of the street-naming system, to the utter confusion of the stranger, is finished, and the latch-string is firmly pulled in. No Gentile foot may profane its precincts, or even walk upon the paths about it. I am told I should admire it, but secretly I do not. It is, I grant, big, but I see in its mass only an apotheosis of an old-fashioned New England meeting-house. Three spires at the east, and three spires at the west, each one a three-decker, and three string courses, ornamented successively with emblems of the earth, the moon in her changes, and the sun, signifying, as a gentle-voiced old Mormon told me, "'igher and 'igher glories." To not obscure the resemblance, Brigham Young, it is said, devised it. I am inclined to believe the fable. Spite of the effort everywhere visible to enrich it with symbolism, its severe lines from piers to pinnacles smack of the designer's native Vermont. But the angel crowning the central eastern spire is of another type. Wrought of hammered copper and overlaid with pure gold it suggests one of Fra Angelico's lovely figures, and, like them, has an effect of movement, as of a messenger who may pause but a moment.

No visit to Salt Lake City is complete without many dips in the great Salt Lake. The eighteen miles to Garfield Beach are covered by the Oregon short-line trains in forty minutes. You have scarcely time to note the fine potatoes growing on one side of the track, while on the other stretches what looks like desert, but in some mysterious fashion keeps cattle sleek and fat; then the Oquirsh Mountains make a wall at the left, and you whiz around a curve and behold a picture unsurpassed, unique, the like of which it is well worth a journey of fifteen hundred miles to see; mountainous islands painted against the sky in softest tints of lake and violet, are off to the left and right. Before you, and far beyond them, shines the lake, a monster jewel, whose waters move and shine with a massive effect, as of molten glass. Fancy the bluest blue translucent, put upon it a myriad dancing lights, with a sheen as of burnished quicksilver under the sun. That is Salt Lake by day. By night, the massive glass-like quality of the water is even more manifest in the metallic lusters that

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THE GREAT ORGAN.

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play over it. Trust yourself to it, and it enfolds you with strong, warm arms. You have but to cross your feet, and hold your head bent forward. The water does the rest. You need only to remember that the excess of chlorine in the water makes it irritating to the eyes and dangerous to swallow.

The picnic is perpetual at Garfield, the brief three months the lake may be enjoyed. A big one from all Tooele county was in progress the last time we were down. Tooele by the way is pronounced "Too-ella," and the whole tract seems to be settled by Scandinavians. A milk-faced girl, with a cloud of pale hair, like flax-colored wire, told me that she had come

TEMPLE BLOCK, SALT LAKE CITY.

that morning in a covered Studebaker wagon thirty miles. Many had come from more distant points. At the foot of "The Bench," which was the first gentle rise toward the mountains, rows and rows of these ark-like vehicles were anchored, and the sleek horses were turned out on what looked to me a ten-acre ash heap. But they seemed to be contentedly grazing. After a generous, even a really stupendous lunch, the picnickers danced. An orchestra is part of the Garfield Beach equipment. It was a scene for an old Dutch master. No common pencil could do justice to the lusty, elephantine caperings of these honest Mormons seri-

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ously making merry. It seemed to me the very gulls, sitting in meditation along the shore, were roused, for many made wide inquisitive circles about the place, peering in. The gulls, by the way, are almost a sacred bird in this locality. For when the grasshoppers came, way back in the fifties darkening the very sky, the gulls came also, and fed upon them. In spring they follow the farmer's plow like so many chickens, and a fine of fifty dollars is promptly exacted from any one even attempting to harm one of their pretty heads.

Camp Douglass, five hundred feet higher than the city, and three miles away, is reached by two lines of electric cars, both of which give you beautiful views of the mountains, as well as many glimpses of old-time homes, the long, low kind already referred to as having "several front doors" and often as many gates. I have counted seven front doors, and as many chimneys, in one establishment. Occasionally one sees a hive of this sort converted into a series of Chinese laundries, and the effect of fifty or more Sam Hops in possession is ludicrous in the extreme. Just now the fort is occupied by the 24th infantry, colored. We rode up one evening to see dress parade in company with a small boy, also a visitor. His wonder at the smart, alert throng of black men was extreme, for he gazed about in silence, then he electrified all within hearing by exclaiming shrilly: "Niggers! Just look, mamma! niggers!" A sedate, old colored man in spectacles put his hand on the carriage, and looked at our small friend reproachfully. "Them ain't niggers, son," he corrected mildly. "Them's sojers. The niggers is all down in Salt Lake."

The regimental band, all colored save the leader, gave a concert. To listen was a real delight for they played with great taste and élan, and the peculiar sensitive feeling for tone effect, which is the birthright of their race.

Brigham Young's bronze statue, by Dallen, now stands at the crossing of the ways at the southeast corner of the Temple square. Relics of him are carefully preserved in the Museum, near, and you may gaze upon his hat, his trousers and galluses, his waistcoat and his pious-looking coat and ponder upon what those paltry garments once held. You are shown too, his boots, which the attendant is sure to point out to you, are small for so big a man, and you will see the eating bib he tied over his patriarchal beard just below his lips, his

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toothpick, and his writing-table, made with four desks, arranged so that each one might face a point of the compass. His dust lies buried upon a height beyond the Eagle gate. Sometimes the bronze figure at the meeting of the ways re-

ANGEL MORONI BY DALLEN.

minds you of Jack the historic, and the bronze lips seem to announce: "This is the town that I built." At other times it gains in majesty and reminds you of unlucky Nebuchadnezzar, and you fancy it announces: "I built up this king-

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dom by the might of my power." But it is only the shallow mind that denies that this many-married old Vermonter was a great leader and organizer, a man who knew men, and used them with consummate art, and so was humanly speaking, a king among his kind. Cynic Gentiles declare, he hoped never to die. But he did die, and perhaps it is not too much to hope Utah's blight will also disappear, while the very real good accomplished by this singular sect will remain.

"We came with oxen," said a kindly old lady, one of the survivors of 1847. "We walked all we could to save the beasts. I'd like to see Chicago. It wasn't anything at all when I saw it, in the year '46."

We were in the Museum of Relics and had halted before Brigham's old bedstead. "Does that city amount to as much as folks would like to make out?"

I struggled with my feelings, and my vocabulary, and at last said, feebly: "I thought Chicago quite a town."

"I s'pose mebbe 'tis," admitted the old lady, with mistful doubt visible in her still keen, blue eyes. "I've thought late years, since my husband died, I'd make a tour. I've never been further than Evanston. One of my nieces lives there. She's my husband's child by his wife, Ellen, I never had any family. I went because I wanted to see the scenery, and my husband was one of the young men who is '58 went up to defend Echo Canon. It was a beautiful ride. Was it as beautiful all the way from Chicago? And weren't you all worn out when you landed here?"

"Oh, no, we left Chicago at night," I explained. "We slept soundly in a soft, clean bed and in the morning had an excellent breakfast delicately served. We were by that time in Central Iowa, and there were miles and miles of corn, and gently rolling hills, and grassy fields and orchards to look at. The cars slid along like a skater on smooth ice, for we came by the North Western, 'our road,' we call it at home, for it is our highway into the great world. From Omaha we were equally comfortable on the Union Pacific, and as the hours flew by the scenery grew more and more lonely and savage. But at Cheyenne we saw that the sagebrush country may be made to blossom. The U. P. station yard is kept beautifully, and is a great stretch of grass, pansy beds, and vines."

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"Our leader knew what this land was, by inspiration," said the dear old soul devoutly. "The Lord led him to choose this valley where there is sweet water in abundance. But for us that followed, the way was often toilsome. Brother Brigham used to keep us in heart by urging us to praise the Lord with singing, Utah is my home." A gentle sigh escaped her. "But I really believe I'll take a tour that pleasant and comfortable way you came. My niece, my husband's child, you understand, at Evanston is a widow, and will go

MOUTH OF ECHO CANON, WEBER RIVER, UTAH.

with me. Going swift and smooth, and safe, and having good, hot meals, and comfortable sleep at night must be quite different from crossing the plains with oxen, as we did in the year '47."

Above the purple slopes of the eastern mountains hangs a radiant bow, evidence that showers are falling somewhere. A tow-headed lad is singing in the street, with untrained but reedy sweetness, a tune I have heard in a Mormon Sunday-school. I hear only the refrain, exultant, though in minor cadences. I trust it is prophetic of the future of this city among the mountains—"Purified and Sanctified Zion Shall Shine!"

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MME. MARCHESI: HER PERSONALITY AND HER METHODS OF WORK.

(AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. SARA HERSHEY EDDY.)

When Mrs. Sara Hershey Eddy was in Chicago, in September, a representative of MUSIC took the opportunity to interview her upon sundry points connected with voice teaching, and particularly concerning the great Mme. Marchesi and her work, for the curious plan of bringing this star of singing teachers to America, at a fabulous price, had been quite a little talked about. We opened with that and the amount of compensation mentioned in the account, which was forty thousand dollars for a six months' tour.

"But it was not forty thousand dollars," broke in Mrs. Eddy. "She wanted sixty thousand dollars, and this was the sum agreed upon. The contract was signed before I left Paris, but up to that time the contract had not been fulfilled by depositing according to its terms the guarantee fund, amounting to ever so many thousands of dollars, with the Credit Lyonnaise. Without this deposit in advance, Mme. Marchesi will not stir towards America."

"What is she going to do when here?"

"She said she was going to give lessons just as she did at home. That is, at home she gives lessons in her classes where all the pupils hear each other sing. She has her pupils divided into different classes; a beginners' class, those who are attending to tone formation, placing, etc.; from that they go into the concert class; and those who wish to prepare for opera then go into the operatic class, after they have gone through the concert class."

"How long does the course last? How long would one be in one of these classes in order to go to the next?"

"That depends altogether upon the pupil, you know. I have known pupils who would get into the concert class in six weeks. It depends upon their work. I knew one that got into the concert class in that time, but that is not often. With some it is three months and with some it is much longer."

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A mon amie
Mme Eddy
Souvenir affectueux
de
Mathilde Marchesi
Paris, 1897

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"Then in the concert class they stay some time?"

"They generally stay a year anyway. But sometimes they are put into the operatic class sooner if they wish to study opera."

"How many pupils would there be in one of these classes?

"That depends on how many she has; all the way from eight up; may be twelve or fifteen."

"Do you mean to say that these persons have no lessons except what they have in the class?"

"Each pupil has her lesson alone. She sings alone, just as she would if there was nobody present,—only the others listen. The class lasts in the morning from nine to twelve, and in the afternoon from two to five. Madame Marchesi is not a woman to stint her pupils, not any means. She is very generous with her time. You must remember this: All the bad things you hear about Madame Marchesi come from the disgruntled pupils; and you know sometimes it may be that Madame Marchesi cuts the pupil's lessons short because she happens not to have time enough. Perhaps she has kept another one a little longer than she intended so that a certain other one, whom she does not think needs so much time, is cut a little short on that occasion; but she is sure to make it up at another time. I never heard that she had any limit on time. All I know is what Rose has told me. She usually told me how much she sang and how much the others sang. I think as a rule they sing from twenty minutes to half an hour. It is a magnificent opportunity to learn by hearing the others, for the attentive pupils. Of course all pupils do not take advantage of the opportunity; they sit and whisper and do not pay attention. You cannot make anybody learn who will not take the trouble."

"Whom do you consider the greatest teacher of singing in the world at the present time?"

"If I say that," answered Mrs. Eddy, smiling, "every other teacher in the world will be down on me, but I will tell you what I will say; Madame Marchesi is the star of vocal teachers, just as Adelina Patti is the star of singers. I don't believe anybody will dispute that, and she certainly is a great teacher."

"If you were going to name the greatest half dozen teachers in the world whom would you name?"

"I hardly feel as if I could do that. Of course I do not know

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them all, but I do not know any teacher that has made so many pupils as Madame Marchesi has. Some people say that is her luck. If a woman is of a class of mind that draws bright people to her, that in itself is a form of genius. This is the way Madame Marchesi is. In the first place, she is a musician. She told me, I think, that she was two years with Mendelssohn, that is, reviewing her work with him. She had the benefit of his advice in what she did. She is from Frankfort, you know."

"Then she is a German?"

"Yes, she is a German. Then she went to Paris after she had studied in Frankfort and after she had earned the money to go there, I imagine, and studied four years with Garcia. You know they say Garcia made two great pupils—no, three—Jenny Lind, Marchesi, and I have forgotten who the third one is; sometimes they say Jenny Lind, Marchesi and the other one, then sometimes they say Marchesi, Jenny Lind and the other one. This was Manuel Garcia, you know. I saw him when I was in London in '92 and heard him give a lesson. He is a very active man. You know that Garcia family is a very noted family. There was Mme. Viardot-Garcia, Malibran, and this Manuel Garcia; and their father was the teacher of them all."

"After Marchesi came to Paris and studied with Garcia, then what?"

"I think her voice was a mezzo-soprano. She went on a concert tour to England and Holland, Germany and Austria. You will find that out when you read her book, which is coming out soon. She has written her autobiography which is now in the hands of the Harpers. It is called 'Marchesi and Music,' and I suppose it will soon come out, and it will undoubtedly be a very interesting book, although she said it wouldn't have been proper to put in the most interesting things she knew about people."

"How old a woman is Mme. Marchesi?"

"I never heard from her how old she was. She must be about seventy. (She was born in 1826.—Ed. MUSIC.) Active? Wonderfully so. The most active woman that I ever knew, old or young. She is full of energy; a woman of immense vitality and great vivacity. Some people say she is too old to teach, but who says that does not know Marchesi. She will never be old in that sense. That vigorous intellect, that

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brave, high-souled spirit will soar until the last day, which God grant may yet be long postponed! She is the gayest of the gay, when she is in a social circle, and is never so thoroughly in her element as when she is surrounded by people that she likes."

"Large or small?"

"About medium size, I should say, and slight. Very distinguished looking and entirely free from bombast. In her manner she is perfectly simple and unassuming and not in the least arrogant. She is not at all as most people imagine. I had the same notion when I went to Mme. Marchesi, and thought of a woman whose manner would say: 'I am the great Marchesi!' but she isn't at all that way. When the time comes, when the occasion demands that she assert herself, she is equal to any occasion. She knows she is a great teacher, and why shouldn't she?"

"Tell me, to come back to that contract, how can there be any money in bringing her over here for $60,000?"

"Well, don't you see, she is to give her lessons just as she does at home, but they are to be in public and the public is to be admitted, and that is where the managers, I suppose, expect to make some money. I was talking with a man, an American, about it, and he thought there was a great deal of money in it. He said, supposing there were two hundred thousand people who will come to hear her give lessons during this six months, at fifty cents a head; that will be one hundred thousand dollars. Don't you see there is money in it? The idea is to have her two months in New York, two in Boston and two in Chicago. They not only have to pay her expenses, but those of her husband and two servants, and furnish her with a carriage. About $10,000 will do that, but $10,000 on top of the other amounts to considerable."

"What does she charge for her lessons, or isn't there a tariff?"

"Madame Marchesi charges 350 francs a month, that is $70; the pupils go three times a week; they are expected to go at the beginning of the lesson and stay until the end. She does

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not like to have them come when it is half through. And considering what they get, and what they have the opportunity of getting, that isn't bad. It is a little more tuition than they pay on the average. But what do you think Shakespeare charges now?—twenty-five guineas a month—$120, I believe, for three lessons a week, two of them from an assistant teacher. It pays to be an English classic, doesn't it? Shakespeare is a very charming man, and he is a splendid musician, but his methods of procedure and Marchesi's are entirely and diametrically opposite. The Marchesi pupil has to be on the alert.

"Well," said the scribe, "I can see from what you say, that for a smart pupil, a pupil with brains (I suppose there are some somewhere), with a woman of Marchesi's personality and genius, it must be the greatest possible thing for them."

"She interests and inspires her pupils," Mrs. Eddy continued. "She has a great deal of magnetism and there is a vast amount of tonicity in her presence. I have gone in there at all times, seen her under so many different circumstances; very often I go to call in the afternoon when I know that her lessons will be about over, say near five o'clock, but almost always I would find her with her class, and she would come out just as fresh as if it were nine o'clock in the morning, and just as breezy; and then perhaps another time I would go two hours later, at seven o'clock, to take dinner with her, and it would be just the same. You wouldn't think she had been doing anything all day but having a good time. Really, she is most remarkable in that respect. Her heart is really in her work, there isn't any doubt about that, and this thing of pupils telling what happens in the class-room is all nonsense anyway, because I don't suppose there is any class-room where things don't happen sometimes which wouldn't bear repetition very well. At any rate if they were repeated the impression would be very different from that intended, because I know very well that a teacher of singing has to bear down once in a while, and that is just the secret of Madame Marchesi's success—because she will have what she wants."

"In the first class, on developing the voice, is she particularly eminent in that department?"

"She takes great pains. One day when I went in to see her, she had a number of new pupils, and said that they were all off the track; and I said, 'It is too bad that you have to work

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at that; it is a pity that you cannot have somebody else do the elementary work for you.' 'Oh,' she said, 'that is the most interesting part.'"

"After all, however, her highest value must be in the operatic department, is it not so?"

"Yes; in the teaching of style and interpretation. And I think the reason why she is so great in that is because she is a woman of so much breadth and intelligence with the endowment of an intensely artistic nature. She is thoroughly at home, you know, in the German school of music, because she came from Germany; and of course under Garcia she learned the Italian, and she has been in France so long that she is thoroughly at home in that school, and I do think that her interpretations are thoroughly musicianly and artistic without exaggeration. She can impart a certain elegance of style peculiarly her own, and a singer with the Marchesi interpretation is sure to have the very best, from every point of view.

"In the operatic class the accompanist is M. Magnin, one of the conductors at the opera. Being a conductor as well as a fine pianist, he is able to play anything in whatever key may be desired. It makes absolutely no difference to him whether he is asked to play an aria in one key or another. Then, of course, he knows precisely the interpretation usual to all the pieces, and the precise shades Madame requires. In addition to their lessons in the class, every pupil is at liberty to take as many private lessons as she chooses from M. Magnin, and in this way they prepare themselves in the roles they are studying, and are able to bring them to Madame with a more advanced preparation, so that they are ready to profit by the finishing directions in which she so greatly excels.

"And speaking of accompanists, it is a great school for a player to be accompanist for Mme. Marchesi's classes. Perhaps you do not know that both Nikisch and Seidl were accompanists for Mme. Marchesi when she was teacher in Vienna. It was when they were both boys. And I think it due in part to this experience that Nikisch plays such beautiful accompaniments. It is a pleasure to see Mme. Marchesi with Mr. Nikisch. She is like a mother to him, proud of his great artistic qualifications and success, and a true friend.

"Speaking of Mme. Marchesi's teaching in Vienna, she once told me that her salary there at first was only 800 marks a

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year; and her fee for private lessons only two marks (50 cts). Her whole income did not reach 200 marks a month.

"One of the qualities in Mme. Marchesi which interested me very much is her quick divination of character. Many incidents have shown this, such as, for instance, the following: A young friend of mine once accompanied another lady to Mme. Marchesi's, the latter being in search of lessons. When Madame Marchesi entered the room, she asked, 'Which one of you wishes to sing?' My friend indicated her companion. 'But,' said Madame, 'you look like the one who ought to sing,'—and so it really was, for besides being an advanced student of singing, this lady had far more temperament than the one who came for lessons.

"On another occasion Madame said to a friend, who had just introduced a new soprano to her: 'But why do you not bring me a contralto, I have so many sopranos already?' 'I did send you a contralto some months ago,' was the reply, 'but you discouraged her from going into opera.' 'Oh, yes, I remember,' said Mme. Marchesi; 'but I knew she would never amount to anything, notwithstanding her good looks and her good voice, because she was too superficial and lacked seriousness as well as temperament. Of course I would have done my best for her if she had insisted on going into opera, but I was not willing to vouch for her success; and as my honest opinion was asked by a friend of hers who said she could command plenty of concert engagements, I said what I thought, that it is never wise to throw away a certainty for an uncertainty.'"

"Why do they have in Germany so much of this offensive tremolo?"

"I suppose because they do not properly build the voice to begin with. Then, they begin to sing too soon, and they sing vigorously too soon; and they begin emotional singing too soon. You know Lili Lehmann was trained in the Italian school, and when she began she wasn't a dramatic singer; she was a coloratur singer. That is what she was engaged for at the Berlin Opera House. It was just after I left Berlin as a student that Lili Lehmann went there, and I think that she herself attributes her vocal power now to her schooling and to her holding back so long from Wagnerian singing."

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"How about Melba's attempt at a Wagnerian role? Do you know anything about the facts of that?"

"I saw Melba at the time when she was studying it, and I said: 'Well, Madame Melba, are you going to be able to do that role?' 'Yes,' she said, 'I am going to sing it; I am not going to scream it,' and she said she was very much interested in it. I think she was forced into it by circumstances. It was a mistaken judgment.

"Madame Melba is a charming person. We had a delightful lunch with her one day; she had Madame Grau there; it was in the summer. Mr. Adamowski was there, and her brother and her sister and her companion, Miss Bennett, and she was very charming; she never talks about herself; you literally have to pump her to get her to say anything about herself; and she never talks against any other artist. One evening when she first came back from America, not this year, but the year before, Madame Marchesi gave a dinner in her honor, and about twenty people were there, and I said to Melba: 'You had a great success.' And she said, 'Oh, yes, but let us talk about something else. Let us forget that I am a singer to-night.' On that day I was there at lunch she was very agreeable. After lunch she showed me some of her beautiful dresses from Doucet; then Adamowski played something and she played the accompaniment for him. She plays a very good accompaniment, too, so that it is no use to say that Melba is not a musician. Then there was a new work on the piano, and she played that at sight, and it was a very difficult thing. Afterwards she sang something of Mozart with violin obligato; Adamowski played the obligato and Mr. Eddy played the accompaniment, and she sang just as carefully and just as well as she would if she had been singing in public. It was a great pleasure to hear her. She was a very charming hostess. She lives in nice style in a beautiful apartment, very near Madame Marchesi. You know people sometimes say, I have often heard it, that Melba was an opera singer before she went to Marchesi and that she had studied with this one and that one—well, I know what Melba said herself; she says that all she knows about singing she learned of Madame Marchesi."

"As I understand it," the scribe took up the history, "she was a remarkably talented amateur singer and attracted at-

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tention by her beautiful voice. She sang with Remenyi in Australia, and then she came to Marchesi and later Remenyi and I heard her in London (Remenyi hadn't heard her in the meantime), in 'Romeo and Juliet,' and he was delighted to find how Mrs. Armstrong had improved. He said when he heard her first he knew she was capable of more."

"She told us that she used to play the organ at home," Mrs. Eddy went on; "and tramp around town to find a blower, and she told Mr. Eddy that some time when she came to Chicago she wanted to try the Auditorium organ. She is charmingly simple and unaffected in manner. I must not forget to add also that Melba is most kind and generous toward young artists."

"Have you met Saint-Saens much of any?"

"We met him a number of times, as you know. But we do not know him as well as we do Guilmant. He is very fond of going to Algiers, as he cannot stand the cold climate, but he has been in Paris all this past season. Massenet also is a charming man,—a very charming man."

"You regard Massenet as the first French composer now?"

"Saint-Saens is called the first; but after Saint-Saens comes Massenet. Saint-Saens stands at the head and is acknowledged by everybody to be the first. You can judge by this: When Ambroise Thomas died the place was vacant at the Conservatory. They cast about to see who would fill his place. The first choice was Saint-Saens, the second was Massenet, and it fell to Dubois, because neither of the other two would accept. It was too confining and left too little leisure for composing. Saint-Saens' occupation is composition. He is all the time booked ahead for at least two years. He has promised works for the Grand Opera and for the Opera Comique that will take all his time between now and the Exposition to finish. He is writing now an opera that is designed especially to be brought out at the time of the Exposition. That is the reason he does not come over here. He says he cannot get away long enough. All the spare time he has he puts in on large works. He works on a royalty. They put it on and mount it for him and he has a royalty. He gets so much each time it is performed.

"Do you want to know about Madame Blanche Marchesi? You know she is Madame Marchesi's daughter. Madame

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Marchesi has had eleven children, and her husband is the Marquis de Castrone, a Sicilian nobleman, a splendid-looking man, six feet two, and as he told me last winter that he was about seventy-four and a half, I suppose he is now about seventy-five; but he is a magnificent-looking man and he was a singer, too, and a distinguished teacher, and you know some of his vocal exercises are very fine. The Marchesis might have been millionaires almost from the sale of their studies if there had been any copyright law. They were published all over Europe, most of them in Paris; they are used everywhere, and they do not get any benefit from them, excepting the copies printed in France. I suppose every vocal teacher in America uses Marchesi studies of some kind. Madame Blanche Marchesi is the only remaining child of Madame Marchesi. I should think she was about thirty-five, a magnificent-looking woman, a perfect Juno in stature and physique, like her father. She has his features and resembles him more than she does her mother. She has been singing in London this last winter with phenomenal success."

"Is she just beginning a career now?"

"Well, she is and she isn't. In the first place, she has been married twice and she has been the mother of six children, four of whom are living. She is at present Baroness Cacamisi. Her husband, Baron Cacamisi, is also a Sicilian and very charming, and he makes it his business to further her interests. There has been some talk of her coming to America. Her strong point is intelligence of interpretation and artistic rendition. A fine tone? Well, a good tone. She has a mezzo soprano voice, but not a great voice. But she sings most delightfully in a most finished manner, and has a wonderful command of tone and tone color. A soulful and most interesting, I may even say captivating, singer. Madame Marchesi is very proud of her and says that aside from being her own child she is a true artist. Everybody recognizes that.

"You know Mme. Gerster is teaching now in Berlin. She just started teaching there last October, and she is independent. She is not obliged to teach, so she said, and she lives in a very nice way. She says she came to Berlin because she thought that she was needed there; she has a very charming circle of friends. One meets very nice people at her house, and I have heard her give some lessons, and she certainly is

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very pains-taking. She is one of the most noted Marchesi pupils. Her voice, though somewhat broken, is still most exquisite. When she heard Patti sing she tried to get a tone like hers. When she heard a good violin she imitated that. And so with a flute, and so on, and you know there was something about her upper notes that was very remarkable."

"Supposing I was a young woman with a good voice," asked the scribe, "twenty years old and wanted your advice about going over there to study. What would you tell me?"

"I think most likely I should say 'don't' to most young women asking advice—unless you have a phenomenal voice, phenomenal ability and phenomenal industry. There are hundreds over there with fair voices, good voices, and even excellent voices, who go abroad with the idea that there is something in the atmosphere or the surrounding influences that will enable them to become great singers. But you see nothing great ever can come out of a person who does not possess the elements of greatness to start with. It costs a great deal of money to study in Paris. Less than fifteen hundred dollars a year will not do at all, and most students spend two thousand dollars. Less than five to ten thousand dollars will not educate a prima donna, and to make it come within that figure requires great judgment and forethought. Now, for a girl of good average ability to borrow the money, as many do, with the expectation of earning it easily in a short time after the expiration of their term of study, is sheer folly and recklessness. Most of such singers find it impossible to command high figures for singing. If they make a fair living with occasional concerts, a choir position and some teaching, they are fortunate. Believe me, it is possible to only a very few to come to the front, and these few are they who have extraordinary qualifications. How many are striving to be Melbas? But there is as yet only one Melba, although there are many who are traveling over the same road striving for an unattainable goal. If a girl has the money to use there is nothing to be said against her spending it in the Parisian vocal studios or elsewhere if her object is the highest development of what is in her, providing she can afford to take the chances as to the result. But to the girl who goes over there, as many do, with insufficient funds, hoping to find some means of paying her way, or the girl who must earn the expenses of

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a course of foreign study after its completion, I can only say—pause! Then, if she does go, she ought not to go alone—never.

"Here is a schedule of probable expenses per month:

Lessons in singing	$ 70.00
Lessons in French language and diction	20.00
Lessons in Italian language	10.00
Lessons in acting	20.00
Lessons in operatic repetitions and accompanist	20.00
	$140.00
Board, heat and light	60.00
	$200.00

"No estimate for clothing, cab and omnibus fares, concerts or operas.

"None of the above can be dispensed with, and a good student would work nine months in the year. Perhaps some things would not be continued throughout the entire year, thus reducing the sum per annum. But it will readily be seen that one cannot safely count on spending less than fifteen hundred dollars a year. A vocal teacher could, of course, be found who would teach for forty or fifty dollars per month, but the terms for the other lessons could not be cut down. There are many pupils who spend much more than the above. A man who has been educating his sister over there for three years told me she had cost him thirty-seven thousand dollars, but I suppose he counted in his own expenses, and I know they live modestly. Is it not reasonable to say—pause?

"Anyway, I think she would better not go until she had learned all she can at home. That is, she ought to know something of the language of the country to which she is going, and she ought to know something about music, which is usually what they do not know; and she ought to have a sort of survey of what there is to be sung, and something of an idea of how those things should be sung, so that when she goes over there everything is not a sealed book to her. I know that Miss Ettinger has profited immensely by attending the classes of Madame Marchesi, because she has learned not only the things she has studied herself, but also the things the other pupils have studied; and if it is something that she

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wishes to sing herself she can very soon learn it, because she already knows the interpretation. If it is something that she does not wish to sing herself, she has the advantage of being familiar with it."

"What sort of criticisms are made in those classes?"

"Every sort, I suppose; criticism on the tone, the style, on everything pertaining to singing, the tone-quality suitable to a given effect—everything which goes to make up an artistic interpretation. And supposing that a student is sufficiently advanced to know what she wants, and happens to fall into the hands of a great teacher of this sort, do you not see that the opportunity might mean everything to her? And while there are many excellent teachers in the world, and a few who are really great, I do not care to conceal the fact that I believe in Mme. Marchesi. I love and admire her, and in the language of Melba, 'I bow to her.' She is a rare and a distinguished personality, and a great force in the world of art."

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MUSIC IN MINNEAPOLIS.

BY EDWIN BIORKMAN.

Minneapolis likes to be called a musical city, although its claim to the title is disputed by many. No amount of local patriotism will suffice to disclaim the fact that, in years gone by, managers and artists have looked towards the Flour City with dread and hesitation. But on the other hand even the most casual observer must admit that a great change has taken place in recent years. Melba, Nordica, Damrosch, Paderewski, Ysaye, and others of similar rank have appeared here during the last few years, and they have all been well taken care of. Immense audiences have turned out to greet them and the enthusiasm displayed has been all that those spoiled children of genius could ask for. Each one of these events caused the local newspapers to cry out in jubilant chorus: "Ain't we a musical city, tho!" Simultaneously local artists have been asserting that things were passing from bad to worse; that nothing but high-prized and world-famous artists could draw full houses; and that local talent was being neglected in a way unequaled during the previous growth of the city.

Holberg, the Moliere of Denmark, has made one of his immortal figures say to two quarreling parties, when pressed for a decision between them: "Messieurs, you are right both of you, each in his own way!" The same may be said to the opposing sides in this controversy. The truth seems to be that musically this city is in a transitory state, balancing between the state when art is nothing but a means of advertisement for the town or, at the best, a subordinate social function, and the state in which art becomes recognized and cultivated for its own sake.

As the city grows, the enterprising advance manager begins to view it with hungry eyes, calculating upon the remoteness or proximity of the hour when he shall dare to include it in the route laid out for some of his "attractions." Sooner or later the hour comes, and with it the trials and tribulations of the "adjusted" local musician. The first ventures are most-

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ly failures. First-class attractions fail financially because the local music lovers are shocked by the steepness of the prices. Third or fourth rate artists, whose chief strength lies in bragging advance notices, may draw, but only for a time, or until the music lovers have acquired the power of discrimination. And then comes the moment when the city is declared unmusical.

Almost simultaneously, the cry against lacking musical interest is being raised from within, and by various classes of people. Many music lovers indulge in it, fearing that the managers may give up their attempts. But the most energetic disclaimers are the local musicians who already feel the first results of the revolution that has been started. New standards of musical and artistical value are being established. Old idols are being overthrown. What was applauded and called "great" yesterday, is received with indifferent shrugs of the shoulders to-day. The idea of musical greatness becomes fraught with new and theretofore unexpected significance.

This may be taken as a general outline of the musical history of Minneapolis, always remembering that the enthronement of the art is still far off, and that the great lesson of consecration has not yet been learned. Here the beautiful is still largely looked upon as inferior to the useful. But the revolution has been inaugurated, and signs of the new life are visible everywhere.

Looking over musical Minneapolis of to-day with an intention to estimate its importance it is not to be wondered at if the attention of the observer is first attracted by the only local professional orchestra which is able to meet the requirements on a modern orchestra. And there are other reasons why the Danz Symphony Orchestra should be given a place of honor in this article. It is the oldest musical organization of artistic importance now in existence in Minneapolis. Seventeen years have elapsed since it was organized, and in that period the population of the city has almost been doubled, while the developments of the place in other directions has been even more rapid. When Frank Danz, Sr., a German by birth and a violinist by profession, first conceived the idea of establishing a series of instrumental concerts, he naturally turned to his countrymen for support, and here, as in Milwaukee, Cincin-

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nati, Chicago, the music-loving sons of the great Fatherland did not fail to respond to the appeal. The beginning of what has since become almost an institution was not at all fashionable. During the first seasons the orchestra held forth in a German turner hall on the north side, where the audience was permitted to satisfy simultaneously its tastes for music and for beer. The music was not strictly classical, but it was generally good, and the audience was perfectly satisfied with it. After five years of hard work the conductor concluded that the work, if it should progress beyond the point already reached,

FRANK DANZ, JR.

must be laid into younger hands. His son, Frank Danz, Jr., was then studying and practicing music in New York. As his father, he had chosen the violin for his favorite instrument, but he had also made special studies with the possibility in view of becoming a conductor. Upon his arrival to Minneapolis, he took hold of the orchestra, one of his first steps being to remove the concerts to a more aristocratic hall, where the beer-drinking feature could be eliminated. Since then Mr. Danz, Jr., has been at the head of the orchestra for twelve

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years, giving eleven concerts each season. The concerts are given every other Sunday afternoon, commencing about the last week of November. Gradually the orchestra has been augmented until it has come to consist of thirty-two pieces, or more, as the music may require. The string band is very good, including several soloists of talent. The wind choirs, on the other hand, can only be credited with fair work. The programs have developed with the orchestra itself. Overtures, operatic selections, and symphonic poems have crowded out a large part of the waltzes and marches that in earlier years formed the basis of the programs. Symphonies, or movements from such works, appear with tolerable frequency, and good attention is paid to important novelties.

List of novelties produced by the Danz Orchestra at the first eight concerts of the season '96-'97:

Symphonies.—Goldmark, "The Rustic Wedding," two first movements.

Overtures.—Mendelssohn, "Midsummer Night's Dream;" Goldmark, "Merlin;" Goldmark, "Cricket on the Hearth;" Brull, "The Golden Cross;" Lassen, "Festival."

Operatic selections.—Gounod, ballet music from "Faust;" Thomas, gavotte from "Mignon;" Bizet, Egyptian dance from "Djamileh;" Sousa, grand selection from "El Capitan."

Miscellaneous.—Chabrier, "Spanish Rhapsody;" Tschaikowsky, "Capriccio Italien;" Lassen, Ballet Divertisement; Strauss, "Perpetuum Mobile."

Works for string orchestra.—Saint-Saens, "Le Deluge, Poeme Biblique;" Strauss, "Pizzicato Polka."

Program rendered by Danz Orchestra on Nov. 29, '96:

March, "The Adieu".....Bollag
Overture, "Robispierre".....Litolff
Symphonie, "Leonore".....Raff

Andante and March Movement.

Intermezzo, "Naila".....Delibes
Symphonic poem, "Sampson and Delila".....Saint-Saens
Gavotte, "Mignon".....Thomas
"Capriccio Italien".....Tschaikowsky
Concert waltz, "La Primavera".....Bucalossi

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There are some, at least, who assert that the orchestra and its concerts are not at all what they ought to be, and they are inclined to blame the conductor for it. In so doing, they are apt to forget that Mr. Danz has had to labor under adverse circumstances, the nature of which need not be specified here. It is probable that a more authoritative leader, who had not yet had a chance to wear himself out, could accomplish better results from now on; but it is to be doubted that the perseverance displayed by Mr. Danz in years now gone by could have been surpassed. I, for my part, believe that this quality, which has helped him to continue the work where most other men would have given up in despair, has done more for music in this city than local music lovers are now capable of perceiving. And whether the future will find Mr. Danz' leadership satisfactory or not, Minneapolis will always owe him gratitude for what he has done in the past.

If any special branch of musical activity might be picked out as a sample by which to measure the intensity of the musical life in any given city, it would be chorus singing. Judging Minneapolis by its choral organizations, the observer becomes forcibly reminded of my previous statement, that the city is in a transitory state musically. The local choruses are not yet what they ought to be, but they are progressing steadily, and I believe that the progress is made along the proper lines. The glee clubs of earlier days are one by one taking the names and doing the work of male choruses, and it seems only a question of time when they will develop into mixed choruses, choral societies, oratorio societies, or whatever you choose to call the highest exponents of choral activity by amateurs.

At present the city has only one mixed chorus that is worthy of mention in an article like this. It is that of the Minnesota University Choral Union, organized in 1892 by the efforts of Miss Anna Schoen-Rene, who has ever since acted as its musical director and managing officer. The name of the union implies that its membership is almost exclusively drawn from university circles. But its influence has already extended itself far beyond the limits of that institution, until the union has become a potent factor in the musical life not only of this city, but of the whole state. To-day the names of Miss Schoen-Rene and of the Choral Union stand for the best and

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most valuable that has ever been offered this city in the way of musical events.

The object of the union is one in spirit, but dual in form. Its constant, all-pervading aim is to promote the cause of music by the education of the up-growing generations. It employs two means for the reaching of this aim: production of great works by the members of the union, and importation of the best living artists to be heard by the union as well as by the whole city. The director of the union holds the opinion, that the only manner in which the young student can learn to discriminate between good and bad music is by hearing music the value of which cannot be doubted, and that the only sure way of making him love it for life is to let him take part in its production.

The union is not a large body. It generally contains about 125 active singers, most of whom are taken from the freshman class of the university. The greatest obstacle with which the union has to contend is the fact that the university gives no credit for time spent in rehearsals. Consequently it is only the freshmen, as a rule, who can afford to sacrifice the amount of time needed to belong to the union; which, again, implies that the director has to work with new material every year. In spite of this the chorus of the union has shown itself capable of very good work. And in that single year during which the students belong to the union, they have become imbued with a love and a reverence for music that will last them through a lifetime. As they graduate and scatter over their native state, they very often become the centers and leading spirits of new choral unions on a smaller scale, each and every one of which carries on the work of the mother union. And in every place where one of those ex-members of the Choral Union settles down, the new standard of musical values is established, for they know how to discern between good and bad and indifferent in music, having listened to some of the greatest artists of the world. It was Miss Schoen-Rene and the Choral Union who brought Melba to this city, gathering some six thousand people in the gigantic Exposition building to enjoy the art of the great singer. And Nordica, foremost among American singers, has come here twice to appear under the auspices of the union. It is only reasonable to presume that these events

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have furnished a large part of the yeast causing the fermentation which is now noticeable in the local musical world.

The name of Miss Schoen-Rene, and to some extent also that of the Choral Union, was again connected with the great

MISS ANNA SCHOEN-RENE,
Director Choral Union of the University of Minnesota.

event which occurred last May and which served to introduce Mlle. Emma Calvé to the Minneapolis public. This event was planned on the lines of the great musical festivals held in a number of eastern cities each spring. It included three con-

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certs, two of which ranked with the highest and best recorded in the musical annals of this city. Calvé and Campanari were the two most resplendent stars in a constellation comprising among others Lillian Blauvelt, Katherine Bloodgood, and J. H. McKinley. The Boston Festival Orchestra, directed by Dr. Emil Mollenhauer, furnished the orchestral part of the music, while a chorus of some 400 voices, trained by Miss Schoen-Rene, sang Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and choruses from "Tannhauser" and "Carmen." The event was a decided artistical success. The receipts of the three concerts did not cover the expenses, but the only one to lose by this was the brave woman who had arranged the entire event. The economical failure of the festival was partly explained by the sensationalism of a large part of the public, who cared for nothing except hearing Calvé; partly by a series of intrigues on the side of some local musicians and persons claiming to be interested in music.

Few events have done more than the recent performance of Willard Patten's oratorio "Isaiah" to show what splendid material this city is able to furnish towards the building up of a choral society of imposing proportions and superb quality. The mixed chorus which Mr. Patten had brought together for the occasion was made up of thirty-two sopranos, twenty-five altos, twenty-thee tenors and twenty-two basses. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon its work in this article, as the editor of "Music" was present at the performance, and devoted personal attention to the event and those that took part in it.

The Apollo Club stands foremost among the male choruses. It is only some eighteen months old, but it has already given three good concerts and has won for itself a warm place in the hearts of local music lovers. The ranks of the club contain most of the older singers in the city. A majority of them are trained and hold positions in church choirs. This is a great advantage in itself. But the chief reason for the almost instantaneous success of the club may be traced to its leader. The Apollo Club has had the fortune of securing for leader, Mr. Emile Ober-Hoffer, one of those men who is possessed of the rare ability of grasping the inward spirit of the music and of conveying the perception of that spirit to each individual singer. Therefore the chorus of the Apollo Club stands unequalled in this city with regard to delicacy of shading as well

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as beauty of tone. The club has introduced several good soloists to the Minneapolis public, among them Carl Halir, the German violinist, and Max Heinrich, the Boston singer.

At one of the club's concerts a number was rendered by the chorus of the Ladies' Thursday Musicale, which then appeared in public for the first time since Mr. Ober-Hoffer became its leader. The Ladies' Thursday Musicale ought to have a chapter of its own. Its chorus is little but a side-feature. But it has done much in other ways for music in this city, and the organization has in itself the power of doing still more. Its membership includes a good representation of all the classes of women who are interested in music—from the society lady who chooses art as a means of whiling away a leisure hour, to the young musical student who worships the art in general, Paderewski especially, and her piano teacher above all else. The purposes of the club are manifold, but they are all musical, whether they are carried out by means of an afternoon tea or a chorus rehearsal. The one predominant feature, which has given the organization its name, is the series of regularly occurring forenoon musicales which take place every Thursday during the season, and which are generally attended by several hundred ladies. The music is mostly rendered by members of the organization, assisted by some invited soloist. The fundamental idea on which the musicales are based is not only to give the members a chance to hear good music, but also to offer that chance in such form that, while listening and enjoying themselves, the members are made to study the history of music as well as its most important forms. So, for instance, has each musicale for several years included a symphony and an overture, arranged for four or eight hands. Thus the members have been gradually led from Bach up to Tschaikowsky, taking in the standard works of those two forms of instrumental art. Simultaneously whole recitals have been devoted to the works of some special composer. And each musicale is accompanied by a talk on some musical subject given either by members or outsiders. A number of artists' recitals and lectures have also been given under the auspices of the organization. The ladies' Thursday musicale has a fine library of music and works on music, which is at the disposal of the members in the club rooms. Last season a series of afternoon socials were inaugurated for the purpose of giving the members a chance to

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become acquainted with each other and to chat over congenial topics. Mrs. H. W. Gleason is the president of the organization, which was founded in 1892.

Older than any one of these organizations, except the Danz

EMILE OBER-HOFER,
Musical Director Apollo Club and Leader Ladies' Thursday Musical Chorus.

Orchestra, is the body known under the uncanny name of "The Filharmonix." These modernized and phoneticized friends of harmony have held together since 1890, when they first organized as a small musical club containing a dozen amateur singers and musicians. The club was largely social to begin with, and it has to some extent retained that character up to

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this day. It is to be believed, however, that for the future the Filharmonix, as an organization, will exist exclusively for the pursuing of musical aims of a lofty type.

In its earlier days the club consisted of a glee club, a string orchestra, and a banjo club. The last mentioned branch was soon changed into a mandolin club, led by Gino L. Perera, a very talented young Italian. Last summer Mr. Perara moved to California, and then the mandolin club was dropped. The string orchestra has developed into a full orchestra of about twenty-five pieces. Most of the members are amateurs, but some of the wind instruments are played by members of the Danz orchestra. Bert E. Rose is the conductor, and has, as such, understood how to raise the work of the orchestra to a very commendable level. Yet its performances are necessarily amateurish and the orchestra can hardly be looked upon as a potent factor in local musical life, if it be not as a forerunner and pathbreaker for something better.

The glee club has always been the mainstay of the organization, and will probably be so in still higher degree in the future. The organization of the Apollo club some time ago has given a strong impetus to renewed activity, and efforts to perfect and elevate the work of the club. Names are only too often meaningless. Yet it is not without its significance that the old glee club during this season has changed its name to that of the Filharmonix Male Chorus. For several years the chorus has been directed by Hal S. Woodruff, popular personally and a many-sided musician. The chief strength of the Filharmonix is contained in the facts that their members are young, energetic, gifted with good voice material, and brim full of loyalty to the organization. They have had their day of play and enjoyment, and now they seem bent on applying their thoughts and their powers to more serious work in the field of musical art.*

NOTE. Since this was written the Philharmonic Club, as the organization now calls itself, has laid out plans for the pending season, largely tending in directions indicated in my article. The male chorus will be increased to sixty voices and a ladies' chorus of seventy voices will be appended. The mixed chorus will be led by Willard Patten, the composer of "Isaiah." The orchestra has been placed under the experienced leadership of Frank Danz, Jr. Three concerts will be held each season, and works of the highest value are to be rendered with the assistance of first-class soloists. The new president of the Philharmonic Club is Mr. Frederick Fayram.

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There are a great number of musical organizations among the Swedes, Norwegians and Germans that reside in Minneapolis. Some of these occupy high positions, but most of them are held back by lack of trained voices. The city is also endowed with half a dozen quartets, male and female, but their chief "raison d'etre" seems to be assistance at various kinds of entertainments. Most of the larger churches have subsidized choirs, and several of the big downtown temples offer their visitors excellent music, especially at the Sunday evening services.

Minneapolis has two conservatories of music—the Northwestern Conservatory and the Manning College. For my own part, I have but little faith in such institutions, except in so far as the conservatory takes upon itself the part of acting as a guarantor for the qualities of the teachers employed. When that is faithfully done, the conservatory may work a great deal of good by directing the pupils to the proper kind of teachers. Judged from this point of view the two local conservatories are, on the whole, rather better than similar institutions in other American cities.

Do we have local composers? Well, the readers of MUSIC have already had a chance to find out that we have at least one, Willard Patten, who has made such a notable contribution to American music as the oratorio "Isaiah." He has previously composed many songs and quartets for male voices, as well as church music of various kinds. He has even composed a light opera, "Fianza," the fame of which, however, has not penetrated beyond the limits of this city. Others that are known to have composed works worthy of notice, and also to have published more or less, are Levi B. Ballard, Gustavus Johnson, Claude Madden, Alfred M. Shuey and J. T. Hall. Some time in the spring of 1896 a "concert and reception in honor of the musicians of Minneapolis" was given by the Ladies' Thursday Musicale, on which occasion the programme consisted exclusively of compositions by local musicians. I append the list of names and works contained in the programme:

J. Warren Andrews, "Vesper Hymn Variations," for organ; Willard Patten, two male quartets; Gino L. Perera, "Petite Fantaisie," for mandolin; Clarance A. Marshall, "The Siesta" and "Old German Love-Rhyme," songs for baritone with 'cello obligato; Herbert W. Gleason, "Love's Calendar" and "Love's

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Mishaps," songs for soprano; Levi W. Ballard, two movements from symphony for orchestra; Alfred M. Shuey, "Cavatina" and "Scene Pastorale," for organ; Anna E. Schoen-Rene, "Slumber Song," for soprano; Claude Madden, "Berceuse Slave" and "Mazourka," for violin; William M. Cross, "Crossing the Bar," "We Kissed Again in Tears," and "Unless," songs for baritone; Gustavus Johnson, "Nocturne," for piano; Emil Ober-Hoffer, "The Brownie King," song for soprano; Marie B. Hencheley, "Oft in the Stilly Night," quartet for ladies' voices.

Only one thing remains that I should like to speak of before concluding, and that is the utter absence of a satisfactory concert hall in this city. But the matter is one that cannot be passed over lightly in a few sentences. And therefore I prefer to leave it entirely alone, hoping to get some future chance to return to a theme which interests local music lovers so deeply.

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NOTEWORTHY PERSONALITIES

MR. THOMAS TAPPER.

Among the younger musicians of Boston, no one holds a more honorable position, or one more peculiarly his own, than Mr. Thomas Tapper, the well-known writer upon musical subjects and teacher of musical theory. Mr. Tapper was born

MR. THOMAS TAPPER.

at Canton, Mass., in 1864. After completing the high school course he was for a time rather at loss whether to go on with a college course or to enter immediately upon a thorough training as musician. As his mental bent was distinctly musical he decided, wisely, in the favor of the art which even then absorbed so much of his affection, and so he commenced the serious study of music, carrying forward at the same time most of the college work in literary branches under private teachers.

For five years he was a student with Mr. Carlysle Petersilea

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MR. TAPPER IN HIS STUDIO.

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and the late Mr. Lavallee. With the latter he was both student and assistant, so that when Mr. Lavallee went upon concert tours, Mr. Tapper took charge of his pupils. His musical studies covered the entire range of professional qualification, not forgetting those branches too often neglected, form and orchestration. As an example of the seriousness with which he carried on literary studies, it may be mentioned that he devoted four years to philology, principally with reference to the Scandinavian languages, and his first important literary work consisted in translating several Norwegian books and supervising a series of translations from Norwegian into English.

Mr. Tapper has been identified with the American College of Musicians from its inception, and has been an examiner in theory the whole time. He has had much to do with maturing the plans for the different examinations of the college.

The many-sided studies of this ambitious and thoughtful young artist are illustrated again in the various trips he has made to Europe. His first excursion of this kind was made in 1890, the subject of his investigations (concerning which he promises something for MUSIC later on) being Form from an architectural standpoint. In this study he investigated thirty of the principal cathedrals. In 1892 he went abroad to collect material for public school music, apropos to the Natural Music Course, of which he is joint author with Mr. F. H. Ripley. In 1893 he went again, and had many consultations with musical educators, visited schools, etc. This led him in 1895 to devote an entire year to study abroad. Residing most of the time in Vienna, he studied mainly opera and drama; and incidentally collected a vast lot of material for a bibliography of part music, in the course of which he read through quantities of music of this class, of every period and school. This part of his work has not yet found expression in any book or other work, but is reserved for use later on.

Mr. Tapper has been a successful writer upon musical subjects, and always along lines of his own. He was a contributor, and is rather proud of it, too, he says, to the first issue of MUSIC, in November, 1891. His first book was "Chats with Music Students," in 1892; his second, "The Music Life and How to Succeed in It," 1892. He has also written two books called "Music Talks with Children," and he has now in course

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of publication "The Child's Music World," a book of musical history for children, without dates.

This outline of Mr. Tapper's career would be shamefully incomplete if mention were omitted of his having been married to Mrs. Bertha Feuring Maas (widow of the late distinguished virtuoso, Dr. Maas), herself a distinguished pianist and teacher. But this is another story for later telling. Mr. Tapper's studio is in the new Steinert building, just down by the public garden and the common. Happy man to live and work within sight of the frog pond and the gilded dome of the statehouse. It is a great world which centers there!

MISS MARY HOWE.

Among the American singers who have made successes abroad, few have been heard with greater devotion and admiration than her whose portrait accompanies these lines, Mrs. Mary Howe Lavin. During the past year Miss Howe has been singing as "guest" in many of the German opera houses and everywhere she has been the subject of commendations as gratifying as they undoubtedly were well deserved. At Stettin they called her a nightingale, and said it was not merely astonishing but actually incredible that such a tone could come from a human throat. Another journal in the same city said that in the whole compass of the round earth at this time no other such singer was anywhere to be found. This was for her Violetta in "Traviata." At Danzig her first appearances were in Rossini's "Barber of Seville," and they praised her spontaneous and delightful comedy, but returned immediately to the fundamental note of all her critiques, the magical beauty of her voice. In the course of the music lesson in this opera she introduced the famous virtuoso piece from David's "Perle de Brazil," and a "Frühlingsstimme," by Strauss, awakening thereby an unexampled furore of admiration. In the staid city of Augsburg she began in "Lucia," and they talked about the exquisite purity, agility, and pleasing quality of her tone as well as the unexampled richness of compass and expressive quality.

In short, everywhere the Germans showed that they both recognized this unusual quality of art and knew how to appreciate singing which was first of all, just singing—free from

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the qualities which almost universally characterize the so-called vocalism of the German prima donna.

In private life Miss Howe is Mrs. William Lavin, her husband the tenor, engaged this season for the Sembrich concert company, which is to bring back to us that richly gifted song-bird, Marcella Sembrich. Thus the exchange of art-ministers goes on between all the countries of the civilized world, and

MISS MARY HOWE.

in the general balancing of the books America does not invariably lose,—our pessimistic friends to the contrary notwithstanding.

MRS. CLARA MURRAY.

The Redpath Concert company, of which Mme. De Vere-Sapio is the prima donna, will have the services this season of the distinguished harpist, Mrs. Clara Murray, well known to the

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MRS. CLARA MURRAY.

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harp public as for several years the representative in charge of the Lyon & Healy harp, at the house of the firm in this city, and often upon the road. Mrs. Murray, who is a young woman in the very prime of her powers, is a very brilliant harpist, accustomed to the instrument from earliest childhood, knowing all its tender places and its treacherous quicksands by long intuition, and handling the instrument with a daring and brilliancy which few lady harpists equal. Among the favorite pieces in her repertory this season will be the Fantasia by Parish-Alvars, the Danse des Fees by Parish-Alvars, the Danse des Sylphes by Godoefroid, Marche Sollemnelle by the same writer. Naturally she will have with her upon the road one of the very best of the concert instruments of this Chicago firm, which is now pretty generally recognized as having succeeded in leading the manufacture of this instrument in the world.

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EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC

To the born New Englander, there is a monotony in the level landscape prevailing everywhere in the vicinity of Chicago, and in many parts of Illinois, Kansas, and elsewhere in the west, which time only aggravates. To such a man how delightful to revisit the elm-shaded streets, the diversified country roads with the limpid brooks and fern-covered banks, the mossy rocks and ledges, the little fields, the stone fences, and the trim rural agriculture of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, or Maine. Something of this sort appealed to the editorial mind at Hingham, Mass., during the summer school. Delightful in many ways is this curious old town. The interesting old graveyard I did not visit, yet I saw glimpses enough to indicate that to the antiquary this old place would be full of interest. Hingham is a suburb of Boston, seventeen miles from the Kneeland street station, around the south shore of the great shallow bay which forms the harbor of Boston—a bay stretching something like twelve miles across in one direction and perhaps seventeen miles in the opposite dimension, with islands innumerable and great stretches of deep channel, where the navies of the world might float; and other square miles where at medium tide the yacht will do well to keep upon known soundings. All these suburban towns of Boston have at least a partial service to the city by boat, and a very pleasant sail it is. From the main streets there is often no indication of the proximity of tide water; but a cross street opens and behold the water is very near, and at the wharf a schooner or two, a few row boats, a yacht or so, and at times a harbor steam boat coming or going.

Hingham might be as far from the madding crowd as the shaker village at Canterbury, yet it is only three miles from Nantasket, the Coney Island of Boston. There a long and narrow peninsula puts out northerly from the south side of Boston Bay, at times scarcely more than a quarter of a mile wide; then it may extend to a mile, with a high hill, like Strawberry Hill or Allerton Point. The whizzing third-rail electric of the N. Y., N. H. & Hartford system runs six miles

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along this peninsula, always within sight of the water on one side or the other, ending at the point called Pemberton, where the boat makes its last call for Boston, and where there is a charming summer hotel and marine views of ever fresh delight. Immediately along one side of this point lies the ship channel for Liverpool and all points except those immediately to the eastward of Boston. All sorts of craft pass and repass. Across the point runs the rapid tide-way from which most of the shipping of the back bay finds its way out to the world.

Another point of interest is the noble hill called Allerton, an eminence perhaps two hundred feet high, with a view from the ridge in both directions, out to sea, and backwards over the great bay of Boston. Here are many gentlemen's seats —charming cottages by the sea, with air and seaview unsurpassed. There is another road running along the mainland south of Nantasket, called the Jerusalem road, where handsome sea cottages abound and elegant grounds. The chain stretches all along the coast down to Cohasset and Scituate.

Still farther to the south is the old Pilgrim stamping ground of Plymouth, and there is the burial hill, the famous rock, the Pilgrim hall with its relics, the national monument—a very imposing object as seen from the sea, the monument to Myles Standish—a few miles away, and the like. And what a crooked and queer old harbor is it. A vast bay all but shut in by two long and narrow spits of rock, leaving but a small tide way which at nearly all stages of the tide runs like a mill race. One wonders how the Pilgrims found their way in and once in managed to get out.

* * *

Nor are the pleasures of sea-side New England confined to the vicinity of Boston. All along the coast from Boston to Bar Harbor there is a succession of long points, deep bays, and striking sites for summer homes. And what a hold the sea has upon the sons of New England! Not alone to live along side of, but to sail upon. On one morning this year, and that no exception, one could count something like two hundred yachts of one size or another in Marblehead harbor alone. Some of these were large steam vessels, the Penelope at the head with its two hundred and forty feet of length; some of them little sailing knock-abouts of no dimensions to speak of. Others yachts of thirty, forty and even fifty feet

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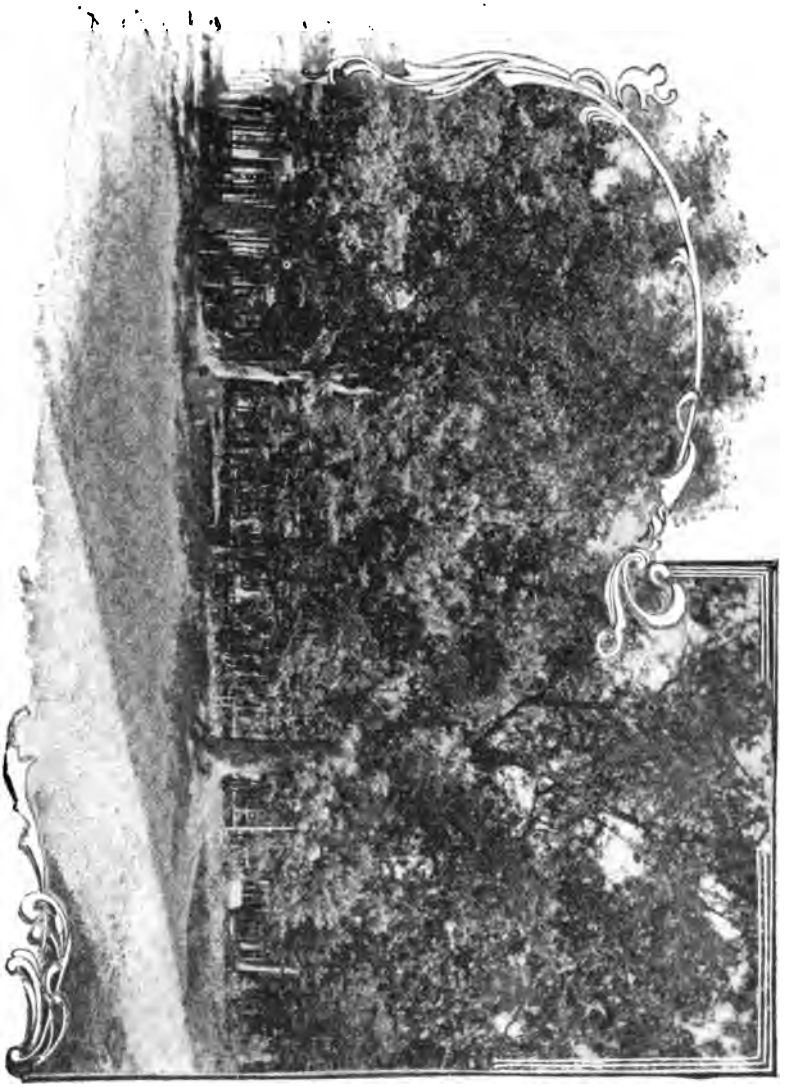
official dimension—pleasure craft with vast spread of sail, comfortable cabins, and conveniences of civilized living, suitable for all sorts of coasting voyages.



SITE OF STATE OF MAINE BUILDING.

How charming the view when with a good wind one happens to fall in with a yacht race. Fifty, sixty great white-winged birds of pleasure, each in that funny way yachts have,

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so unpleasant for the land-lubber, of skating far over upon one ear, flying through the water. Upon the higher rail (water is generally running over the lower one) are roosting the crew and the guests, in the effort to aid in trimming the boat. And how gently some other craft gains upon us; or we in turn softly and almost imperceptibly steal away, at length leaving all astern as we round the great ledge which forms the unmistakable goal of the race.

A BIT OF ROAD.

And queer old Gloucester, with its straggling city built quite around three sides of the harbor. You look in vain for the "We're Here" which Kipling celebrated, but the "Abbie Deering" is still there. And what grewsome old craft lie barnacled at the wharves. And then ashore we have the quick moving electric railways, bringing you to all sorts of summer resort points upon the coast; or if more wise you steal away toward the long point, you pass elegant homes, beautifully situated upon the sea—one of the farthest being

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that of the well-known writer, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward.

And speaking of writers, what place could have been a more peaceful haven than Concord, Massachusetts, where

THE LAKE, WITH THE PRESIDENTIAL RANGE OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE.

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Bronson Alcott, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Hawthorne, and so many others have made their homes? It is the very perfection of a soft, retired and lovely place. Water views one can have around the pond where Thoreau retired. But in general it is the quiet of a well preserved New England village, into which water and gas pipes have indeed made their way; but as yet no whizzing electric breaks the quiet and incites the slumberous native to deeds of Sabbath-breaking travel.

* * *

In all the vacation I did not once see a mountain—at least not a close view. The nearest I came was from that splendid hotel at Poland Springs, in Maine. There, sixty miles away, the Presidential range of the White mountains lie in noble magnificence whenever the air is clear. And in the foreground lakes, hills, forests,—all the sweet incidents of New England rural attractiveness. And the springs themselves—there is no need to celebrate them. A full rounded century of trial has demonstrated the rare value of the Poland water; waters much more potent within the system than anything the chemist can account for in his analysis. And so a great company of about five hundred guests; some semi-invalid, many quite well but hoping to be more so. A beautifully appointed hotel, administered with first-class art—a place to be idle in, to rest, to get pure air, or even upon occasions to work in. And always the elegancies of modern life richly present at call.

I consider it not the least of the attractions here that the great building of the State of Maine, from the world's fair in Chicago, has been brought here and erected as a sort of annex to the hotel. It stands about two hundred feet away in a grove. The first floor is the reading room and library, and a charming place it is. The second story is fitted up with rooms and baths, for guests preferring the comparative quiet of this building, so far from the main hotel; the third story, an art gallery, in which there are charming and several valuable pictures,—a collection which many cities might envy. And the whole affair gotten up, administered and carried out by the Messrs. Hiram Ricker & Sons, with the finished hotel-keeping art which America possesses in the highest degree, and nowhere illustrated in higher perfection than here. But

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what has this to do with our vigorously opening musical season?

* * *

According to all appearances the musical clubs of one kind and another are now, and are destined still more to be, one of the most important factors in musical progress in this country. The ladies amateur clubs, of which almost every town of any size has one or more, are diligently stirring themselves to find new fields to conquer; some of the older have now been systematically at work for five or six years, during which they have taken up the more prominent symphonies and orchestral works of the great composers in four hand arrangements for piano, all sorts of biographical papers have been presented and semi-critical comparisons of different works with each other, and in many cases trio and quartet concerts for stringed instruments and piano have covered the more representative compositions in this form of literature. As noticed in these pages last year several of the clubs have definitely turned in the direction of supporting orchestral performances, the orchestra being naturally somewhat incomplete, but the field thus opened is a very large one and there is room for almost indefinite expansion in it.

Another class of club work is that carried on more in the style of a systematic musical study by the Derthick Musical-Literary clubs, of which there are one or two hundred in active existence; and many other clubs working along similar plans independent of that organization. In all these clubs, familiarity with the great composers and a comprehensive view of the specific field covered by each of the leading composers, are the main elements sought. Very naturally there are many difficulties attending this kind of study, especially in the smaller places, partly in consequence of the lack of musical libraries and partly from the imperfect interpretative training of the amateur pianists. Nevertheless, very remarkable work is being done, which cannot fail to have an important bearing upon the musical status of this country in the next generation.

* * *

One of the improvements which is sure to be accomplished by this revival of interest in music as a literature will work out in the practical training of pianists. Forty or fifty years

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ago the ordinary music student had an extremely meagre training. Very few of them reached any interpretative technic more exacting than the works of Gottschalk and Wollenhaupt; a few of the most advanced played some pieces by William Mason; for show pieces they used to play a set of variations by Henry Herz. The entire opening up of the classical master works—meaning thereby the pianoforte compositions of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin and Schumann,—belongs to the last twenty years of piano teaching, and even now there are many graduates from colleges and conservatories who are very poorly prepared to interpret music of this class successfully. The points in the education which are left untouched or insufficiently developed are primarily two: First, the technic, and especially the touch, is not developed as it should be for expressive playing; and, second, the musical consciousness of the student is not quickened and diversified as it must be in order to enter freely into the changing fancies of these great masters of musical imagination.

The central principles of the latter part of this training have been covered by many writers, over and over again; and the letters reaching this office from all parts of the country show that the idea is taking hold with a great deal of persistence, and that piano playing is shaping itself more and more after a higher and a more truly musical standard.

* * *

There is one point in this progress at which I confess myself very much surprised. It is the extreme slowness with which current piano teaching modifies itself in the direction of an easy, free and elastic technic. Practically speaking there are three different types of technical development now actively competing with each other in this country for mastery. The first one, naturally, is the old German idea of the quiet hand, stationary arm and the hammer finger, the point of the finger having little or no sensitiveness. This type of elementary training prevails almost uniformly in Germany and in all German educated teachers in this country, excepting the very small number who are able to play the piano. Everybody who learns to play the piano and reflects upon the subject at all, finds out sooner or later that an inflexible wrist is the most persistent opponent to easy and expressive piano playing, and that vitality of tone depends upon a supple and

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sensitive finger. The regular German exercises are extremely well adapted to develop a rigid and unyielding wrist and the system does not seem to contain any kind of apparatus for remedying this defect; which, by the way, ought never to have existed, since a stiff wrist is purely an artificial creation due to faulty instruction. A child playing the piano upon a rational principle would never develop this rigidity of wrist. With reference to tone quality, also, the German system leaves everything to be desired. The secret of expressive touch upon the piano is an intense vitality at the finger points. All those who have this naturally and who play with feeling, get a musical tone without any difficulty. Those who have not musical feeling and who play by rule, have no feeling at the end of their fingers and the tone is meaningless and dry.

The second characteristic type of pianoforte instruction, now contending for mastery in this country, is a purely American invention, having in it very much of the standard German method, together with certain proceedings peculiar to itself. I mean now the Virgil system. The Virgil system has certain very remarkable merits, the foremost of which is that of securing an equalized finger force. For the development of an entirely reliable set of fingers, irrespective of what I mean by touch, the Virgil system is probably as perfect an apparatus as has ever been devised; and if this were the whole of piano playing, or even the essential part of it, all teachers would be obliged to follow the Virgil system in proportion as they desired to arrive quickly at an equalized finger action. Everything in the way of speed and certainty belonging to finger action the Virgil system secures with very gratifying precision. Contrary to the expectations of those who first observed it, it has been developed in such a way that the mental element in playing is encouraged rather than discouraged by the use of the clavier, and this also is an important advantage. It is a system for which I have a very great respect, although I consider it fallacious to a certain extent. Mr. Virgil is a very acute and careful observer, and he has modified his system continually during the ten or fifteen years that it has been before the larger musical public, and no doubt will continue to modify it as a more advanced conception of pianoforte technic requires him to do.

The third system of piano technic is that of Dr. Mason,

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which was originally nothing more than a few simple exercises having for their object the development of flexibility and certain musical qualities in the playing. This, by degrees, during thirty years, has been somewhat elaborated until it now consists of a rather complete thesaurus of passage forms, especially of scales, arpeggios and broken thirds, and a school of touch which stands entirely alone among the pianoforte devices of the world. The curious thing about this system is its extreme simplicity, in spite of the very large number of exercises which it contains, and the importance it places upon touch as being the cornerstone of piano playing. When properly administered, the Mason system possesses certain advantages which no other technical system possesses at all in anything like the same degree, viz.: the finger point becomes sensitive, the tone strong, pure, expressive and delicate. The wrist remains entirely unconstricted and the playing is both reliable and highly musical. These qualities are due to the peculiar combinations of practice methods and especially to the two finger exercises which entirely prevent the forming of the finger into a stiff, unyielding hammer, so well known as the ideal of most German pedagogues. This unyielding hammer of the German school is a practical development of systematic instruction; no pianist having a hand in that condition is able to play anything expressively. The schoolmaster's playing and the artist's playing are of widely different types, which everybody who knows German piano playing recognizes at once. Artists have their hands free and expressive as a consequence of the musical uses to which they put them.

* * *

Early in September the promising young American singer, Miss Rose Ettinger, was in Chicago, and an opportunity was given two or three friends to hear her. She sang first of all the famous "Bell" song in "Lakme;" then Schubert's "Hedge Roses," a Villanella, a little Bird Song by Taubert (one which Gerster used to sing), an aria from Mozart's "Il re Pastore," and Brahms' "Wiegenlied." Miss Ettinger's voice is what would generally be called a coloratur voice, the head register being of singular purity and delightful quality. Her medium voice, contrary to the usual state of such voices, is of more than ordinary volume and of very fine quality. Her intonation is exquisitely pure, her vocal technique superior in agility, stac-

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cato work and the like, as well as in legato and phrasing. Her interpretations show the influence of her instructors, Mrs. Sara Hershey Eddy, one of the most sensible and competent teachers of singing in the world, and Mme. Marchesi, whom Mrs. Eddy has so well described as the star of vocal teachers. Miss Ettinger has had instruction also from Mme. Gerster in German songs, and her advantages of association and hearing have been of the very best. All this shows in her singing, which is of a character altogether exceptional. It is the voice of a maiden, free from passion and the now almost universal Weltschmerz; it sounds well in everything, but best of all in pure melodies like those of Schubert. It would be a perfect voice for Schumann's "Moonlight," and for Mendelssohn's "Jerusalem" and "O for the Wings of a Dove."

Miss Ettinger will appear in concerts this season, in Germany, her first appearance being with Nikisch at the Gewandhaus in Leipsic ,then she will have six concerts in Russia, going no farther than Moscow, however, and in March six concerts in Holland. Next year very possibly she will appear in opera. She was wanted for opera at the royal opera in Berlin this season in "Lakme," "Dinorah," and "Lucia," or "Rigoletto." As Miss Ettinger is at present only twenty years old, her mentor, Mrs. Eddy, desires her to mature gradually, and to avoid placing upon her beautiful organ undesirable strain until her physique has gained in solidity. In manner Miss Ettinger is simple and pleasing.

From all appearances she is likely to become one of the first singers of the world, provided only that she continues to learn, and maintains the purity of her exquisite organ. Even at present her art is of truly cosmopolitan kind which will go current in any part of the world. She is a most promising young artist, and bids fair to establish herself in the number of singers whose art enriches the world and adds a page to history.

* * *

A man who is just now setting himself to raise the standard of piano playing in Chicago is the well-known and fascinating personality, Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck. Mr. Seeboeck was formerly a pupil of Rubinstein, and his technique very fine. He came in to see me the other day and told me that he is now practicing six hours a day upon a repertory which

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he mentioned, including the usual concert pieces of Liszt, Chopin, Schumann and the like. He played me several new things of his own from his Suite Humoristique, which is presently to be published, I believe, by the John Church company. The Suite contains seven numbers, a Prelude, Sarabande, Pastorale, Serenade Napolitaine, Courante, Gavotte and Gigue. The Sarabande and the Serenade are very charming things.

In about two months Mr. Seeboeck intends to give a recital, and he is also in the market for a few recitals out of town. As his repertory is sufficiently large, his touch delightful, and his style, particularly in his own modern antiques, the consummation of delicacy and daintiness, he is sure to please. As a composer he ought some day to make his mark. He has written about three hundred songs, and a variety of piano pieces, chamber compositions, a piano concerto (played with the Chicago orchestra) and the like, not to mention two or three operas. In all a man to admire.

W. S. B. M.

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Things Here And There

A NEW CHROMATIC HARP.

In the Brussels Exposition a harp was shown having twelve strings to the octave, and capable, therefore, of playing all kinds of chromatic passages without the use of pedals. The manner in which this is effected is rather interesting; the strings belonging to the scale of C were started from the left hand side of the head of the harp, and were fastened on the right hand side of the sounding board, thus giving them a diagonal relation to the general line of the instrument. The remaining tones of the chromatic scale started from the right hand side of the head of the harp and were fastened on the left hand side of the sounding board; thus the two sets of strings crossed somewhere about mid way, and this was the point where the playing was expected to be done. Naturally, the increased number of strings diminished the space available for each, and thus made it more likely that one string should strike against another in vibrating, as often happened in the old fashioned pianos. Among the advantages claimed for this instrument was, that it would be able to perform the Preludes and Fugues of Bach, which are entirely impossible upon the double action harp.

In response to the claims put forward regarding this instrument, a letter appears in "La Guide Musicale," of Aug. 8th, 1897, from M. Hasselmans, the celebrated professor of the harp in the Paris Conservatory. Mr. Hasselmans begins by calling attention to the fact that the old harps of Egypt and the Middle Ages, as well as of Ireland and Wales, formerly contained all the semi-tones; and as the frames of these instruments were rather small, the strings were necessarily crowded, and the sonority of the instruments very limited. The single action harp, which was the first one to dispense of strings for semi-tones, was produced about 1760 by an inventor named Simon, living at Brussels. This made it quite easy to play in the more usual keys. The modern harp with double action was invented about 1811 by Sebastian Erard, of Paris; his improvement consisted in limiting the strings to seven in each octave, and his double action consisted of revolving discs operated by pedals, each shortening the vibrating length of the strings a semi-tone or a whole step. There were seven of these pedals, each operating all the notes of the same name throughout the instrument; that is to say, the C pedal, when pressed half way down, raises all the C flats to C natural; when pressed entirely down, it raises C natural to C sharp; and so on with any other note in the scale. By means of these pedals, a greater space was gained for the vibration of the strings, whereby the sonority of the Erard harp was very much greater than the harps used previously.

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Mr. Hasselmans admits that many of the harp parts written by Wagner are impossible of execution, unless divided between two instruments; this, however, is no reflection upon the harp itself, but simply upon the composer who declined to conform to the very obvious rule of adapting his writing to the capacity of the instrument for which it was intended. These harp parts, however, are now performed by dividing them between two players, in the same manner as the violin parts in the "Ride of the Valkyries." On the other hand, Mr. Hasselmans says there are other passages in the Wagnerian parts highly characteristic of the best powers of the instrument, which would be entirely impossible upon this new chromatic harp without pedals, no matter how many harps might be used, or how the parts might be divided. Moreover, he calls attention to the very plain fact that the harp is not a chromatic instrument; that its peculiar musical power lies in its harmonic effects and its glissando in diatonic effects. Moreover, he claims that the Fugues of Bach are not at all desirable matter for the harp; that the harp tone, in spite of its beauty in certain respects, is not suited for compositions of this kind, and that it is much better to leave the Fugues to the piano or organ for which they were written. Upon the whole, therefore, he concludes that the so-called improvement in the harp is not an improvement at all, and he cites, moreover, the fact that the celebrated John Henry Pape received a patent in 1845 for an improvement almost exactly similar.

THE PITTSBURG CONCERT SEASON.

From the announcement of The Pittsburg Orchestra for the coming season it appears that a very choice selection of works will be given. The list of Symphonies for the present season is a little peculiar, as it contains only two of Beethoven, the 1st and 7th, Dvorak's "From the New World," one each by Mozart and Raff, and the Schumann 3rd. The list of soloists is quite large, considering the number of concerts, which are only ten. Rosenthal and Sherwood are mentioned as pianists, Marteau and Voelker as violinists, Alex. Heindl as 'cellist, and for vocalists, Campanari, Williams and Antoinnette Trebelli. Among the prominent members of the orchestra is Mr. Friedrich Voelcker, concertmeister, who used to be with Thomas in the same capacity, and our old friend Mr. Thomas Ryan at the head of the violas; he is one of the original members of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston.

We have received the advance announcements of the Art Society of Pittsburg, advertising an attractive list of concerts, including Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel, Max Heinrich, David Bispham and the Kneisel String Quartet. There is also a very attractive star course of reading and concerts, all these under the general management, it would appear, of Mr. George H. Wilson, who will be so well remembered from his connection with the Music Bureau of the World's Fair and the Chicago Orchestra.

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ORGAN RECITALS BY MR. CLARENCE EDDY.

This distinguished master of the organ, a player of international reputation, will play recitals in the United States until about the middle of January, 1898, at which time his engagements abroad necessitate his returning to Europe, where he has been mainly residing for the past two years. His advance circular for the present season is now published, containing besides the usual array of press notices (which in Mr. Eddy's case are from the widest possible and most eminent sources) three specimen programs, composed very largely of new compositions. The range of these programs is truly exxtraordinary, covering the present activity of organ composers of nearly the whole world. On account of their interest to organ students, they are given in full:

SPECIMEN PROGRAM I.

Fantasie, op. 31 (new).....Oreste Ravanello
a. Evening Song
b. Nuptial March (new).....M. Enrico Bossi
Canzone (new).....King Hall
Rhapsodie on Catalonian Airs (new).....Eugene Gigot
Lamentation, op. 45.....Alex. Guilmant
Prelude and Fugue in D major.....J. S. Bach
a. Sarabande, op. 49
b. Berceuse, op. 105 (new) (Arranged by Guilmant) Saint-Saens
Caprice (new).....W. Wolstenholme
Romance, "Simple Ave" (Arranged by Aug. Durand).....Fr. Thome
Finale alla Schumann, op. 83 (new).....Alex. Guilmant

SPECIMEN PROGRAM II.

Toccata in F major.....J. S. Bach
Pastorale in C (new).....E. H. Lemare
Sonata in D major (manuscript), in the style of Handel.....
W. Wolstenholme
I.—Introduction, Largo—Allegro. II.—Largo. III.—Minuet.
a. Canon in B minor.....Robert Schumann
b. Fugue in G major.....J. L. Krebs
Larghetto and Finale (from a Sonata).....Filippo Capocci
"Shepherds' Farewell to the Holy Family".....H. Berlioz
(Arranged by Guilmant.)
Double Theme varie (manuscript).....Samuel Rousseau
(Dedicated to Clarence Eddy.)
a. "By the Sea".....Franz Schubert
(Arranged by Clarence Eddy.)
b. Pilgrim's Chorus.....Richard Wagner
(Arranged by Clarence Eddy.)
a. Romance.....
b. Grand Chorus .....Henri Deshayes

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SPECIMEN PROGRAM III.

Suite Gothique, op. 28.....L. Boellmann
I.—Introduction—Choral.
II.—Minuet Gothique.
III.—Priere á Notre Dame.
IV.—Toccata.
a. Pastorale in F (new).....Clarence Lucus
(Dedicated to Clarence Eddy.)
b. "The Answer".....W. Wolstenholme
Sonata in C minor, No. 5.....Alex. Guilmant
(Dedicated to Clarence Eddy.)
I.—Allegro Appassionato. II.—Adagio. III.—Scherzo.
IV.—Recitativo. V.—Choral et Fugue.
Romance in D flat (new).....E. H. Lemare
Three Pieces, op. 29.....Gabriel Pierne
I.—Prelude. II.—Cantilene. III.—Scherzando.
Prelude to D minor, op. 78.....C. Chaminade
a. Serenade (arranged by E. H. Lemare).....Franz Schubert
b. Andante in D.....Alfred Hollins
Fugue on "Hail Columbia".....Dudley Buck
(From the Sonata in E flat, No. 1.)

THE APOLLO MUSICAL CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

This sterling organization announces its twenty-sixth season, during which four concerts will be given at the Chicago Auditorium. The Messiah will be given twice, December 21 and 23; the other dates are February 21 and April 21. It is stated that one old oratorio will form one of these concerts and the other will be devoted to one new work. Mr. William L. Tomlins remains the musical director.

THE SPIERING QUARTETTE.

The Spiering String Quartette, after an active time of preparation, is about entering upon the most busy and prosperous season of its experience. All the members having withdrawn from the Chicago Orchestra, they are now at liberty to rehearse to any extent desired and to travel according to public demand. The quartette stands the same as last year, the first violin being Mr. Theodore Spiering, second violin Mr. Otto Roeehborn, viola Mr. Adolf Weidig, and 'cello Mr. Herman Diestel. They will give six concerts in Chicago, at Handel Hall, the dates being October 26, November 16, December 14, January 18, 1898, February 15, and March 15. In addition to these, they will play several times before the Quadrangle Club of the Chicago University. Among their nearest out of town dates the following: Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 23; St. Louis, Nov. 9; Bloomington, Nov. 10, etc. The Club maintained a high standard throughout all last year, and the prospect is that their playing will

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be still better the present season, inasmuch as loyal devotion to art cannot fail of growing by what it feeds upon. The first concert will be at Central Music Hall, Chicago, Oct. 7.

ANECDOTES OF BRAHMS.

One day Brahms was found packing several bottles of champagne into a basket. On being asked what he was about, he replied: "They are for ——, whose new orchestral work has its first performance tonight. When he gets to his supper after the concert, I want him and his family to have a good time."

Shortly before his last illness he received a visit from the wife of an eminent but impecunious Bohemian composer. Brahms urged her to induce her husband to move to Vienna, as that would help him in his career. "If poverty is your only drawback," said Brahms, "that is easily overcome. Take of my means whatever you choose. I myself need very little." The poor woman was so overcome with emotion that her sobs prevented her from answering him.

Another woman is spoken of who was such a warm admirer of Brahms and his music, that in her last will she left him her whole fortune—a considerable sum. Brahms investigated the case, and finding that the woman's husband had by this will been seriously wronged, he hastened to the courts and took steps to renounce his claim so that the property reverted to the woman's family.

SYMPHONY SOCIETY AT PITTSFIELD, MASS.

The Pittsfield Symphony Society was recently organized in Pittsfield, Mass., having for its object the permanent maintenance of a first class concert orchestra.

The plan is as follows: The members of the society will interest as many honorary members as possible, who, by the yearly payment of three dollars, will be entitled to tickets for each of the three concerts to be given by the society during each season. These concerts will consist of a high grade of orchestral music, with the assistance of well known soloists.

The orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr. F. J. Liddle, will start out with about twenty men, but they hope to add to their instrumentation later. In particular, they would like to hear from good oboe and bassoon players, who wish to locate, as there are none in that vicinity. Their instrumentation is as follows: Seven violins, viola, 'cello, bass, flute, two clarinets, two horns, two trumpets, two trombones and tympani.

The president of the society is Mr. H. Neill Wilson and its secretary is Mr. Walter Dutton.

THE CLAQUE IN "FAUST."

An unusually interesting document is the list of cues given to the members of the claque at the Paris Grand Opera. One of these,

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designed for the use of the hired claqueurs during a performance of "Faust," is given as follows:

First act (end of monologue)—When Faust exclaims "God" for the third time, slight applause.

Second act—At the exit of Faust and Mephistopheles, slight applause.

Third act—After the cavatina, shouts of "Bravo."

Fourth act—After the duet of Faust and Marguerite, slight applause.

After each act, loud cries, "Encore."

Marguerite:

Second act—After her grand air, shouts of "Bravo" continuous.

Third act—During her waltz song, after the trill, unstinted applause, long continued, loud.

Third act—After the "romance aux étoiles," great applause.

Fourth act—After the scene at the church, ordinary applause.

After third, fourth and fifth acts, loud calls, "Encore."

The official claque, although a thing unknown to us in this country, exists in almost every opera house on the European continent. By its efforts singers and composers have often been boosted into fame, or irretriveably damned. And wise artists and authors conciliate it whenever they can, sometimes at considerable expense.

MINOR MENTION.

Mr. Frederick W. Root worked at Bay View during the summer, where his classes were remarkably successful.

Mr. William R. Crawford, of Newark, N. J., proposes a new method of marking organ registration in music. He proposes to designate the class of stop desired by the initial D for diapason, S for string, R for reed and F for flute. Above the mark for tone-quality he would write a 16, 8 or 4 for pitch. Thus the expression F-4 would denote the addition or subtraction of a flute stop of four feet; R-16 the addition or subtraction of a sixteen feet reed, and so on. Additions he indicates by a plus sign; subtractions by a minus. In this way the registration is marked in general terms, which the organist will translate according to the appointment of his instrument, and the marking is reduced to a minimum, while at the same time being practically as complete as at present, inasmuch as most of the stop designations in the works of Best and other liberal registrators have to be translated into the nearest available equivalents, except upon organs of the largest existing class.

Mr. W. L. Blumenschein of Dayton, Ohio, seems to be doing a very strong musical work. His conservatory promises to open the season with a larger attendance than ever, and he mentions that more than one hundred and thirty of his students have developed into teachers, while many others are before the public as singers and players.

Mr. W. Waugh Lauder announces a series of eight Beethoven

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readings, composed mainly of the sonatas of Beethoven, to take place in the Chicago Athenaeum building, Sept. 18, 20, 22, 24, 25, 27, 29 and Oct. 1.

LETTER FROM MR. EUGENE GRUENBERG.

113 Dartmouth Street,
Boston, Mass., Sept. 2, 1897.

W. S. B. MATHEWS, ESQ.,
Editor MUSIC, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir—I have just received your September issue and wish to express my very best thanks to you for the kind words you have to say in regard to Mr. Eugene Gruenberg.

I wish, however, to call your attention to the fact that I am not "head of the violin department of the N. E. C. of Music," my position being on an equal footing with the one kept by my colleague. That erroneous statement was, to my regret, brought once before by another prominent magazine, and you would, by allowing a conspicuous place to these lines in the next issue of your valuable paper greatly oblige, yours most sincerely, EUGENE GRUENBERG.

"THE SON OF MAN."

Squam Lake, August 20, 1897.

To the Editor of MUSIC: I have not seen among your occasional mentions of new and large works by American composers any mention of the cantata "The Son of Man," by that excellent musician, Dr. Frank R. Rix, of Lowell, Mass. I have looked through the work and find it admirably written. It was given in Lowell as a vesper service, in 1886, with good success. It lies along the same line of text as the "Messiah," but only a very few of the numbers employ texts already set by Handel. It is in three parts; an Introduction; Part I., "The Savior's Birth," and Part II., "The Life and Teachings of the Son of Man." The text is conceived from a Unitarian or Universalist standpoint, the passion being wholly ignored. The story is confined to the myth of the birth of Christ, the usual texts appertaining to the nativity, and to the teachings. Among the numbers there are several of especial interest, and everywhere we find evidences of sound musicianship and serious work. It is, it seems to me, worthy of being better known, particularly as it is practicable for large choirs, as a service. Respectfully,

EGBERT SWAYNE.

GERMAN GLEANINGS.

By Charlotte Teller.

In a former number of the "Deutsche Rundschau," Carl Krebs had an article on "Musical Life in Berlin," in which he writes both as critic and narrator. He says he would prefer to touch only upon the lasting in musical life, that is, the musical literature and compositions, but that "personality has gained too much significance in

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modern concert life to remain unconsidered." And as individuality becomes more highly developed the musician tends to become a specialist. There was a time when each musician was both composer and interpreter; to-day we have excellent composers who can neither play nor direct, and directors and virtuosos who do not compose. Mr. Krebs does not say whether or not he deprecates the modern tendency.

* * *

Berlioz was the intellectual ancestor of a long line of talented directors, among whom the two in Berlin, Hans Richter and Raphael Maszkowski, are to-day worthy of study and analysis. They are exceedingly strong personalities, but very dissimilar. Richter strikes one at first as cold and repressed, until his deep musical perception and sincerity are felt. On occasion, when he is aroused by some such composition as the "Fourteenth Rhapsody" or the "Mephisto Walza," he becomes brilliant. Maszkowski, on the other hand, seems at first to have more "temperament" than depth, for he is all life and motion. Though a careful interpreter, this impulsiveness will at times lead him beyond his goal, and spoil the effect of a climax.

* * *

In speaking of Liszt's "Legende von der heiligen Elizabeth," Krebs says that though aiming at a religious impression, it succeeds only in giving an effect of "The Church," and appeals more to the aesthetic than to the religious sense. Brahm's "Deutsches Requiem" excites religious ecstacy, while the "Legende" rouses merely an eager curiosity as to what is to follow.

* * *

At the opening of the Saales Bechstein in Berlin there were three notable evenings; one with Rubenstein, one with Von Bulow as soloists, the third a Brahms evening. The Brahms evening probably gave the purest artistic pleasure. That glorious clarinet quintette, especially its bold, deeply romantic adagio, must have united both the adversaries and admirers of the Vienna master in surprise.

The piano concerts were interesting in allowing a close comparison of the two great soloists. Though very different in most points, Von Bulow and Rubenstein were alike in their strong subjectivity. Von Bulow worked at the composition from without; he weighed the effect, put in a light here, and deepened a shadow there, made a few changes in the composition, then worked it up as an organic whole. Rubenstein went at it the other way; without bothering himself about details, he grasped the piece as a whole, with such force sometimes that it seemed as if it would be crushed. He became one with his work and, when he played it, gave himself to the audience. In that was his great excellence and also his weakness. Bulow was always comparatively sure, even if his nerves played him a trick. Rubenstein depended entirely on his mood, and therefore, at times, played at odds with himself and his composition.

* * *

A short biography of Franz Schubert in a late article in the "Deutsche Revue" gives some recently discovered letters of Schubert.

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He says, "The grandmaster of German song has hitherto been the step-child of biographical literature. The cause of this neglect is not hard to find. The outer life of Franz Schubert passed more quietly and uneventfully than that of any other of our great musicians"—yet the life of this master was passed under unspeakably hard conditions; the most pressing need of bread accompanied him to his grave. Schubert was not raised by the favor of the great, nor kept by rank from the lowly. One day for him went like another. Travel broke in but seldom on his regular activity at the desk, and to all appearances we meet but a quiet, little interesting existence in his life history. Under this exterior, however, his life was warm, rich and poetical.

There is, however, a great want felt in writing his biography; for conversations, memoirs, diaries, business and private correspondence are essential sources of biography; and every scrap of correspondence which has been collected toward writing Schubert's life made only a small collection of forty until the writer of this article found about thirty more. Schubert wrote probably as much as other composers whose letters count up into the hundreds, but his fame was so small that his correspondence was not kept. His diary, too, written so regularly, was distributed piecemeal by a certain autograph collector, and only eight pages remain together.

Spraun writes in his "memoirs" that when he first met Schubert, a twelve-year-old boy, he was "always serious and seldom cheerful," but exceptionally enthusiastic over the violin and the old masters, Bach, Handel, Haydn and Mozart.

Krommer's Symphonies were all the fashion about this time, and Schubert did not enjoy their trivialities. Once when a symphony of Kozeluch was being performed and the other boys were grumbling over the old-fashioned music, Schubert, usually bashful and retiring, flew into a passion and called out in his childish voice, "There is more rhyme and reason in this than in all of Krommer's, which you play so willingly."

Schubert's difficulties in composition were all of a material kind; he could not afford music-paper and could get hold of very little ordinary paper. His friend Spann came to his aid and supplied him with material and encouragement, and Schubert began his indefatigable composition.

One day when Spann had expressed his delight with one of the young man's songs, Schubert asked him simply, "Do you really think I can make something of myself?" And then he added, "Well, sometimes I have thought I might become worth something, but who can succeed after Beethoven!"

When we think of Schubert, who in 1814 had already composed songs like "Gretchen am Spinnrade" and the "Schäfer's Klagelied," being compelled for three years to instruct children in the rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic, we have indeed a true picture of Pegasus in harness." During the second year of this drudgery he

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wrote two complete Masses, a Symphony, four Sonatas and a long list of piano pieces, besides four hundred songs. Among these are forty-five of Goethe's poems set to music.

"Rastlose Liebe" so excited him at the first reading that, like Goethe himself, he did not rest until he had put his impression into tangible form; he wrote the music before he laid aside the poem. In the same way he was inspired by the "Erlkönig." He had been reading it, walking up and down the room in his excitement, when he quickly seated himself and dashed off the music as fast as pen could run over paper. He had no piano and did not try it over, but that very evening it was sung without change, and was received with enthusiasm. Yet at the time when his songs were sung in all the drawing-rooms of Vienna, by Vogl, Schubert could find no publisher, and had not the money to rent a piano.

"Many believed that Schubert was a phlegmatic man, whom nothing could affect; those who knew him better knew how deeply he felt his creations and how they were given to the world through suffering. Anyone who has seen him on a morning when he was at work, glowing, with beaming eyes, with even a different voice, like a somnambulist, will never forget the impression. Afternoons he was indeed another person. He was sensitive and deep feeling, only he did not like to lay his feelings bare, but locked them up within himself."

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(By Mrs. Emma Thomas.)

Question: Would you give special instruction in breathing to all the pupils?

Answer: No, I would not. In teaching vocal music in the public schools, very little instruction regarding the manner of breathing should be given the class. Children as a rule breath easily and correctly, and if we should see one who did not, we should take that one alone and give him instruction separate from the class. Very few teachers are capable of correct instruction in the methods of breathing.

Question: What do you mean by saying, "Be careful of the kind of songs you choose for the children?"

Answer: I mean that we must not only select music that is good itself, and suited to the child's voice, but we must be particularly careful as to the words. Give the children songs that have some thought which they can remember, and which will interest them.

You are cultivating the child's taste for good or bad music; see that you give the best; give them good examples to imitate always.

To tell them stories about the songs is perhaps the best way to arouse their interest and concentrate their thoughts.

Question: About how many rote songs should be given in a year?

Answer: It depends very much on the children. If they do not take up a song very readily, do not dwell on that one song until they are so tired of it they can not sing. Let it rest awhile and try another.

About eighteen songs in the first six months of school is a good number. Then again do not try to do too many, but get all there is out of one song. Know your songs thoroughly, enter into the spirit of the songs and keep an old one new and fresh as long as possible.

Question: My children have a very hard time learning syncopated time. How do you teach it?

Answer: If the children understand the divided beat thoroughly, they will not have a great amount of trouble in learning syncopated time.

Take two measures, for example, in three-four meter in eighth notes; after they have sung them correctly, tie the second and third notes together, the fourth and fifth, the sixth and seventh, and so on, in such a way that you have practically a quarter note beginning upon each half beat holding across the beat. Then write a quarter in place of each tied pair and explain that the last two examples are the same and are sung just alike.

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Question: Will you please give the colors for the scale work and how you use them?

Answer: I give my youngest pupils the color work as preparatory to chart work. They enjoy the music family. I obtained my ideas from D. Bachelder, of Philadelphia.

COLORS FOR THE SCALE.

Red for do, orange for re, yellow for mi, green for fa, light blue for sol, dark blue for la, heliotrope for si, red for do. The first association of tones and color is by means of the colored balls. It is very interesting to the children to discover that their familiar playthings have a new meaning. The red, yellow and blue balls can be personified as robin, canary and blue birds. Little musical games may be made up so as to present the tones, in many ways thus constantly deepening their impression. The mental effect of the tones is then studied more thoroughly and the children, whose perceptive faculties are now more alive, constantly discover fresh characteristics in them. Of course, various means have been employed to give the tones a personal reality. Of these the children take most interest in what is called "The Musical Family." We have already discovered that some of the tones seem masculine, while others by their comparative gentleness seem feminine; we now decide that they shall be grouped into a family. The children have generally worked out the idea as follows: Do is the father. He is a strong, self reliant man with a firm, full voice. Mi is the mother, because she is so gentle and full of sympathy. Sol, the eldest son, is a young man of joyous disposition, with a clear, ringing voice. Fa is the younger brother, but not at all like Sol, for he is of a serious disposition. We like him very much because he shows such an attachment to his mother Mi. La, the eldest daughter, is often found in a sad, complaining mood, and shows more tendency to tears than to smiles. The younger sister, Re, is of a hopeful, confiding nature, and it is beautiful to see with what tender affection she turns to her mother Mi, and with what a confiding assurance she goes to her father Do. There is one member of the family not yet introduced, and that is the baby Si. The chief things that strike us about this little fellow are his shrill voice and the habit he has of continually crying after his father Do.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Question: Your works on musical subjects and your methods suggested therein have been of the greatest assistance in my effort towards a higher standard of music teaching. Desiring some special aid in a particular direction, I have decided to throw myself upon the generosity the great and learned ever feel for those who are humble and poor, but eager for information, and ask it of you.

I am far from a music center, have no musical associations, save that of my advanced pupils, know of little that is transpiring in the music world but what comes to me through the columns of the newspapers and magazines. I am compelled, you see, to go abroad for help.

For a number of years I have had annual recitals by my piano pupils. A considerable class is now well advanced and have reached that stage where they feel keenly the want of appreciation for their attainment. In justice to them, I inaugurated last winter a series of recitals for the purpose of educating an audience for them. Beginning with Bach, we brought them by easy musical steps to Wagner. My last recital takes place soon. I have had no trouble with the programs thus far. The growth of music, from the chanting of a Greek Drama to the great operas of Wagner, has been explained and illustrated; from Bach, some knowledge of the composers themselves has been given. It seemed an easy task to give them the key to a fugue, a sonata or any of the classic forms; to put them in touch with the romanticism of Schubert and Mendelssohn; to make them feel the dramatic truth of Wagner—but my last program does not lend itself to such treatment. It is on this that I seek your advice and assistance.

The following is the last program of the series:

Leschetizsky.....Tarantelle in E minor, and Two Skylarks
Saint-Saens.....First Mazurka
Schytte.....Etude Mignone
Moszkowski.....Valse in A flat
Jensen-Niemann.....Murmuring Zephyrs
Paderewski.....Minuet a L'Antique and Chant du Voyageur
Chaminade.....Valse Caprice in D flat
Raff.....La Fileuse
Czerny..Etude (op. 740, bk. 2) in D, arpeggio for left hand, Peters' Ed.

Old Kentucky Home and Suanee River—female chorus.

Louisiana Lou, Jump Back Honey, and a negro song by Gilchrist in May (or April) Etude, solos.

Is that a good program to show modern music? How should it be arranged? How shall I explain this program, this modern day

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music? What is the musical tendency of to-day? In which of these pieces is it best demonstrated? Will you give me a brief analysis of this program as a whole and separately?

The vocal feature is intended to call attention to effort at negro song writing—an effort that seems widespread—and to compare the older style with the very latest. It will be the greatest favor not only to myself but to all those who depend on me for correct musical guidance. If it is impossible to grant the favor I ask, be so kind as to apprise me of the fact. B. B. S.

The great trouble with this program is that it does not in a complete sense represent modern tendencies; the pieces on the list are all of them pleasing pieces of the salon variety.

The composers mentioned are also of very different grades; for example, the most eminent name on the list is that of Saint-Saens, who is the greatest French composer of the present time; his greatness as a writer, however, is not illustrated in any such trifle as this Mazurka, but in his symphonies for orchestra, chamber music and operas. You probably know, by reputation, his symphonic poems which are played so much by all the great orchestras in the world; these are: Rouet d'Omphale, Danse Macabre, Phaeton, etc. The Mazurka on this list is simple, a very pleasing and well made little bagatelle which a much smaller master might probably have written The next writer in point of eminence on this list is Raff, and this piece, La Fileuse, very well represents his light way of writing for the piano. It is a clever little study in pianissimo work, with a very pretty melody and highly original harmonies, and it is played a great deal. From a piano teaching standpoint the next best piece upon the list probably is Moszkowski's Valse in A Flat, which contains very excellent practice material, and produces an excellent effect when well played. It would be a great mistake to imagine, however, that we find in this piece any striking poetry or depth of sentiment; it is simply a parlor piece for the piano, pleasing and effective, but in point of poetry of very much less value than the Raff "La Fileuse;" in this case also, as in that of Saint-Saens, the originality of the composer is illustrated only to a limited extent, in the selection. If you will play Moszkowski's Moment Musicale in C sharp minor, or his Minuet, you will find very much finer qualities in them than in this Valse; nevertheless, the Valse is an invaluable teaching piece.

The rank of Paderewski as composer is very much in dispute; many consider him highly gifted and poetic; many others consider that his best ideas have seen the light before, and that it is more upon his good judgment in reproducing happy thoughts than from his talent in originating them that his fame will have to depend. This Antique Minuet was originally composed, it is said, as a sort of joke; he undertook to show that he could write in the style of Mozart; as a matter of fact, the music is not in the style of Mozart by a good deal, especially in the last part of it; but it has attained a great popularity, the foundation of which is rather difficult to find. To the musician, it is very little more profound than the irrepressible Gavotte

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"Secret Love," which was played so much a few years ago. The second melody by this composer, if the one in B Major is intended, is really a very beautiful piece, and is to be treated with respect; so also, if we take up the case of Leschetizsky, his Tarantelle in E Minor is a pleasing parlor piece but not remarkable for any depth or sentiment. Leschetizsky, however, is not a great composer; he is merely a pleasant, rather conventional writer of a small number of pleasing pieces.

While, therefore, you have in your program a selection of very pleasing pieces, they are all light and without any serious tendencies, and, in the strict sense of the term, a program of this kind does not illustrate anything or illustrates only the application of music for conventional and pleasing purposes. I do not comply with your request to arrange this material in order because there are three or four of the pieces which I do not happen to have by me and do not remember distinctly enough to place them. In grouping them for playing, you will bear in mind the contrast between quiet and lively pieces and an agreeble succession of keys; for instance, you can not go very well from E Minor to F Major, from F to F Sharp, etc.

* * *

"This letter may be out of place, but I am going to let you know my desire anyway. I am a young man of twenty years; my parents died when I was a child, and I have worked my way through common school, and it is and always has been my foremost desire to be a first-class musician, but I have not the money to put into it, but I am more than glad to work my way through if you could help me to a place of that kind. I will gladly send you a photograph of myself to let you see my appearance. Hoping I have not been intruding by sending you this letter, I am, Your friend, (unknown) H. C. O."

You do not tell me whether you play at all, or sing, or what kind of music you wish to study; but I think it is likely that, if you are able to show that you have a quick ear and any aptitude, you can get something to do in connection with the College of Music at Cincinnati or at Oberlin, where you could pay the expenses of study and of paying for a good education.

* * *

"Can you give me the address of a first-class music teacher in Cincinnati, who uses Mason's Technic, and who teaches according to your ideas of good teaching? I wish to take lessons a few months this fall. I would prefer to study in Chicago, but I do not see how I could go there; it suits me much better to be in Cincinnati. I have been using the Mason Technic and your Graded Studies in my teaching, and I do not want to enter the College of Music there because I understand their methods are entirely different. If you can recommend a teacher, I will appreciate the favor. Yours truly,

"A. L. H."

I am not able to give any advice concerning piano teaching in Cincinnati, but perhaps by writing to Dr. Wm. Mason of Steinway Hall,

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New York, he will tell you of some one in Cincinnati who teaches his system.

* * *

"I very respectfully presume to ask you a few questions, and should you consider them capable of your time for answer, it would be deemed by myself, who ardently wishes your sincere opinion on the subjects, as rare instruction indeed.

"1st. If I be not mistaken, you are an adherent of Mason. In studying the 'TOUCH AND TECHNIC' I notice that in the final division of this work, he does not mention the use of any wrist movement whatever such as described and considered so important in the Kullak 'Preparatory Method of Octaves.' Now do you use at all the last named way in connection with the Mason Arm Movements, or do you exclude all wrist work, as Mason seems to do, in your teaching and playing?

"2nd. What can you tell me of the Grieg Sonata E Minor Op. 7? What is your opinion of it? Would you kindly tell me your idea of the tempo for the first and last movements and the minuetto? I have read with so much pleasure and instruction your "How to understand Music" that should highly value anything that you might tell me of this lovely work of Grieg's.

"3rd. Is the E Flat Polonaise Op. 22 of Chopin, a solo, or written for orchestral accompaniment? If a solo (and as such I have heard of it) what is done with the tutti passages? M."

I think you must have a copy of the first edition "TOUCH AND TECHNIC" in which no mention at all is made of the manner of arriving upon the first note of this finger exercise; in the new edition I think you will find this motion defined. Whenever a very strong and solid tone is required whether of a single note or of a chord, the arm is used: when a less force is wanted, but still more than the finger can conveniently give, and there is no connection with the previous tone, we can generally use a hard touch. So far as I know the principal motion of the hand is in playing rapidly moving octaves and chords, in all of these the motions are conceived in groups of four or eight or three; this is different from the manner taught by Kullak and especially by the Stuggart method, in which each motion appears to originate with the hand itself. In the proper way of playing octaves and groups the motions are conceived in groups and the wrist remains loose, almost entirely free from tension. The one finger exercises in first volume of "TOUCH AND TECHNIC" are played with the hand motion. If you will play the scale of F Sharp with the second finger only, rather fast, and then with the thumb alone, and then with the fifth finger alone, always fast, you will get the motion required. I prepared for the use of my Summer class a special explanation of the forms in which I use two finger exercises, which is hereby appended.

I am sorry to say that I am not now prepared to write anything about the Grieg Sonata, except to say that, like almost everything else of this composer, it is well made and very fresh in its musical

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spirit. I doubt whether the composer had any story in his mind which he was trying to tell in the music. I think the piece is music, and an agreeable succession of musical ideas and the contrast and pleasing changes in them, are the foundation of the impressions we ought to get from it. In several places he employs Norwegian forms of melody, as for instance in the little passage preceding the entrance of the second subject in G Major. The Adagio also, is a little like Norwegian melody, now and then.

Approximately, the different movements should go at the following rates: for quarter notes, first movement Allegro, 132; second, Andante, 92; Minuett, 84; the Finale, dotted quarter notes, at the rate of 144. In a later issue, I will perhaps pay more attention to this Sonata in connection with several other modern ones.

I do not happen to know how it came about that the Andante, Spianato and Polonaise in E flat, by Chopin, were provided with an orchestral accompaniment, when they are so little necessary to the completeness of the composition. I believe all the orchestral interludes are played when the piece is used as solo (as it generally is) excepting the transitional modulating passage between the close of the Andante in G Major and the opening of the principal subject of the Polonaise in E Flat Major. This interlude is better omitted. The modulation is not necessary.

TWO FINGER EXERCISES.

I used the two-finger exercises in four forms: first, the Clinging Touch; second, Arm Touches; third, Hand and Finger elastic; fourth, Light and Fast. The first three of these touches are what are sometimes called super-vitalized, representing the extreme efforts necessary in points of greatest intensity. The last form is what is sometimes called devitalized, meaning that it should be played as light and fast as possible, and with as little effort as possible, the general condition of the hand and fingers being excessively limp and loose.

1. The Clinging touch is directed in the book to be played as a preparatory from Super-Legato, in which the first tone is prolonged during a part of the second; and then the finger playing it is drawn over upon the second key without the pressure being relaxed. If this drawing over of the finger is done by the finger point itself, there is no objection to the practice; but if, as is too often the case, it is done by moving the whole arm with a stiff finger, it is one of the most detrimental exercises ever employed. For standard use I prefer the Clinging touch in purely legato form, in which the finger completing the tone arises at the same time the finger taking the next tone comes down, the idea being to secure a great deal of individuality in the action of the fingers, along with the full and deep tone and distinct articulation proper to melody.

2. The Arm touches are two: the Down Arm, in which the weight of the arm falls upon the keys, and the Up Arm, in which a push is given by means of the triceps muscle, and the hand springs away

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from the keys with the force of the wrist. At first the second touch is very difficult to make strong, but by good management it can be delivered with as much force as the first. In all the arm touches the wrist is loose at the time of beginning the touch and is loose at the moment of completing the touch. It is held braced up only at the precise moment at which the weight of the arm falls on the keys. The value of the arm touches consists first in securing a very broad and noble tone, and they are therefore very useful in heavy accent and marcato passages. They are also very valuable as looseners in consequence of the limp condition of the wrist and hand to be secured in them.

3. In making the Hand touch, the hand is not raised and then put down but is thrown upon the keys with a free motion, falling with its own momentum, the impulse coming from the arm. When the first tone has been taken in this way, then the finger is raised quite straight, the point as high as possible from the keys, and then the second tone is produced by shutting the finger so that the point of it touches the palm of the hand, the finger making the tone without lingering upon the key at all, but sweeping quickly towards the palm of the hand. The other fingers are allowed to rise in a preparatory motion almost as straight as the one which is to make the touch, and all are more or less closed in making the second touch.

In the exercise it is important that the finger tone be as broad and solid as that made by the hand momentum in the first touch; in the first rhythm I should require the tones to be of equal power, and in the second rhythm the second tone stronger than the first. At the completion of the elastic touch, or in the act of completing it, the hand can be allowed to rebound slightly from the keys if the wrist is loose. The diagram illustrating the position of the hand at the close of the elastic touch as I am generally using it, is that preparatory to Bowman's "Stab" touch, fig. 6 B. The object of permitting this rebound is to insure the complete loosening of the wrist at the completion of the touch. If the hand is left horizontal, as generally directed by Dr. Mason, the wrist is apt to be retained in a tense condition.

4. In the light and fast forms the first tone of the motive is of course a very light fall of the hand upon the key, and the second tone by the least possible finger touch moving upon the knuckle joints. The general condition of the hand is as nearly limp as possible, and when this exercise can be played very fast and very light, and with a weak tone, these results can be secured.

In the second rhythm all these directions apply equally as in the first rhythm, except that the second tone of the motive is uniformly stronger than the first. W. S. B. M.

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SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, for Schools, Homes and Bands of Mercy. Compiled by Sarah J. Eddy. Art and Nature Publishing Co., Providence, R. I.

An interesting collection of songs, many of which are pleasing. Much of the music has been composed expressly for new poems here first set to music, and several pieces by Dr. Hugh A. Clark and Leonard D. Marshall are pleasing. The book has a character of its own in consequence of the predominance of songs about birds and other nature subjects. One of the pieces in the book appears rather difficult to account for, "The Arab's Farewell to His Favorite Steed." The place occupied by this ill-timed and irrational effusion might well be filled with something else. It is perhaps unnecessary to explain that an Arab who should undertake to give a farewell to his steed might do so in an untold number of verses, but the melodies would be very few and monotonous. In the last part of the book are the liturgies for the Band of Hope, the Band of Mercy, and other lodges of nature's civilization.

THE ADVANCED MUSIC READER, by Frederick H. Ripley, Principal of the Chas. Sumner School, Boston, formerly of the Bigelow School, and Thomas Tapper, Instructor in Musical Composition and Theory, Examiner in Theory in the American College of Musicians. American Book Co., New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

The general intention of this book will be understood from the preface, which says: "The Advanced Music Reader is the seventh book of the Natural Course in Music, but it may be used entirely independently.

"It is intended to meet the wants of classes in which bass voices have begun to develop, and yet much of the music is aranged so as to be complete if the bass is omitted.

"Without attempting to review the elements of music, it presents material intended for elementary instruction. For this reason the book will serve well for normal schools, and for choral classes, in which adults receive their first musical training.

"The piano parts are in all cases independent and in no way necessary to the successful use of the exercises, though they add greatly to the interest and effect.

"The selected music is largely new, and especially composed for choruses similar to those formed by school classes. Slight changes have in some cases been made in order to render the bass entirely free, but these are as few as possible, and amply justify the liberty.

"Unison solfeggios for training the voices and for elementary reading are scattered through the work. The two and three part

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exercises and songs with duplicate bass will serve to prepare young bass singers for the independent bass part in the following sections.

"The tenor part in the mixed quartettes is sometimes written below the alto, so that it may be sung by low contraltos, if tenors are wanting. The three upper parts of many of these form acceptable trios.

"The exercises and songs with duplicate and independent bass are so arranged that they form trios by combining the three upper parts, or the two upper parts and the bass; the four parts forming a quartette as well. They are thus adapted to meet all the conditions likely to be found in the home, the school, and the choral society.

"The charts of the Natural Course in Music will be found helpful for rhythmic and chromatic practice in connection with the songs. Chart series G will be found especially adapted for this use."

This very imposing volume of 320 pages is a very valuable collection of music, gotten together with care from a great variety of sources. The best German writers are liberally represented, and there is a large amount of exercise practice in Chromatics and modulating passages without words. The contrapuntal nature of the music has been somewhat hampered through the effort to so arrange it that the two sopranos and bass, or the two sopranos and tenor will make a satisfactory effect without the other parts. This last is very important for high school classes, and others, where sometimes there is a bass and sometimes there is not. On the whole, this is a most excellent collection of high school material, the best perhaps that has ever been made. As an illustration of the high character of the music contained in it, it may be mentioned that there are several songs by Brahms, many from Schubert, and so on. At the same time in the present position of musical taste, it can not be said that the standard is too high.

L'ARCHIVIO MUSICALE DELLA CAPPELA ANTONIANA IN PADOVA. Illustrazione Storico-Critica con Cinque Eliotipie, di Giovanni Tebaldini. Padova Tipografia E Libreria Antoniana.

In this elegantly printed volume, the Master Tebaldini has made an important addition to the original documents of musical history. The Cappella Antoniana in Padua has maintained an ambitious musical organization for about seven centuries. The principal features of L'Archivio Musicale della Cappello Antoniana are recounted in this volume. Extracts of old music are given, particulars of the famous musicians who held positions as directors and organists of the Chapel. Among the important names of those directing the music, or connected with it, appears that of the famous Zarlino. Many extracts are given from the compositions of different periods, and the work as a whole is very interesting indeed. There is also a catalogue of the music in the Library. There are many fine facsimiles, one a page from a Responsorio by Vallotti. There is also a page of manuscript from Martini. The work is sold for the benefit of the funds for repairing the Cappella.

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SONGS WITH ACCOMPANIMENT FOR PIANO. Max Weil. Arthur P. Schmidt, Boston.

Love's Captive.

The Fisher Maid.

Love Is Lord of You and Me. (With violin obligato.)

Fair Maiden.

These four songs of love are of rather uneven merit. All contain passages which are effective. The first, in particular, has some quite effective bits; but the leading theme returns after a climax rather tamely and ineffectively. The compass, also, is extreme, and while apparently intended for a male voice, it ends with high G. In the sixth measure of the second, there are some very objectionable fifths between the bass and the melody. On the whole the preference is for the first of the series.

HARMONY SIMPLIFIED. By Francis L. York. A Practical Introduction to Composition. Detroit, Wilcox & Haigh. 30 pages.

This little work is certainly short. It is printed upon very glossy paper, and most of the statements are as nearly correct as their brevity permits. The author begins by assuming that the character of chords depends upon the character of the roots, and in part upon the character of the thirds and fifths. These he explains according to the tonic sol-fa characterizations. Rules for formation of chords and for the movement of chords are given before intervals are defined and named. The definition of "interval" as "the space between two tones" is not an improvement upon the now almost universal form, "Interval is difference in pitch between tones. Intervals are named according to the number of degrees of the scale included."

On the whole, while it is easy to praise the good intentions of the author, it would seem that the shortening apparent in bringing elementary harmony within the compass of thirty pages is gained at the expense of completeness. It is about the sort of book which would be produced from the notes of a careful student.

VIOLIN SCHOOL. PREPARATORY GRADE. Being an Introduction to Schradieck's Finger Exercises, Kayzer's Etudes, Opus 20, Pleyel's Duets, Opus 8, and Pieces of the First Grade. By Wm. H. Wetz. Published by the Author, Chicago. Price $1.00. 32 pages.

This very simple introduction to the violin appears to merit the attention of teachers and students. It is Mr. Wetz's intention to carry the work through all the grades to the most advanced playing.

GAME OF MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY. By Margaret A. Gardner. Pub. by Clayton F. Summy Co., Chicago.

This game consists of fourteen composers, each of whom has six cards. The game is played by calling cards, the same as in the game of Authors. The idea is an excellent one, and the simplicity of the game commends it. There are certain minor particulars in which it

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might have been made better, especially is this the case in the selection of six titles for each composer. For example, the six titles in the Beethoven cards are: Oratorio of the Mount of Olives, Concerto E flat, Nine Symphonies, Mass C major, Thirty-two Sonatas, Opera of Leonora. The objection to the enumeration lies in the lumping together of the nine Symphonies and the thirty-two Sonatas. If we are going to specify the great works of Beethoven along with the Opera Leonora (this Opera is sold in the music stores under the name of "Fidelio"), the Oratorio of the Mount of Olives and Concerto in E flat, we should speak of the Heroic Symphony, the 5th Symphony, the 7th and the 9th. So also the Thirty-two Sonatas are very far from forming a cohesive body of tone poetry. The Sonata Appassionata and two or three others stand out like mountain peaks above the level of the remaining works of the Thirty-two Sonatas.

Similar restrictions could be made with regard to the enumeration of the works of Bach, which are as follows: Sonata D minor, The Passion Music, Mass B minor, Fantasia and Fugue G minor, English and French Suites, Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues. Here we have the Passion Music and the Mass in B minor, which are large works of the very highest order. The Fantasia and Fugue in G minor for organ is also a great and very interesting work; the Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues are an interesting lot of matter, but by no means one particular work; and the English and French Suites are a sort of job lot, in which very pretty short movements intervene between long stretches of matter which has very little interest for the player of the present day. The lumping together of the entire Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues is another example of the same kind. If we are speaking of Bach, we do not need a job lot of this kind; if we want six or eight works, each a distinct masterpiece, we might make a list like the following: The Great G minor Fantasie and Fugue for Organ, the Italian Concerto, the Concerto in D minor for Violin Solo (containing the famous Chaconne), and perhaps one movement each from the Passion Music and the Mass. If, on the other hand, we prefer to make six job lots, then we would stick to our text somewhat like the following: The Passion Music, the Mass in B minor, the Well-tempered Clavier, the Italian Concerto, the Chromatice Fantasia and Fugue, and the six Sonatas for Violin Solo.

The list of the works of Hadyn is as follows: Twenty-four Sonatas, Oratorio of the Creation, Surprise Symphony, Kaiser Quartette, Oratorio of the Seasons, Twenty-four Concertos. In this there are two very questionable job lots; the "Twenty-four Concertos" (Concertos for what?) and the "Twenty-four Sonatas." Mr. Haydn was a very excellent composer, but the modern pianist who sits down to play the Twenty-four Sonatas will have a very tiresome time of it. In the enumeration of the works of Liszt there are also certain peculiarities. The list given is the following: Preludes and Etudes, Oratorios of Christos and St. Elizabeth, Polonaise E, Concerto E flat, Fifteen Hungarian Rhapsodies, Concerto A minor. To this a slight

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exception might be taken that the so-called A minor Concerto is written in three sharps, and it is impossible to tell what is meant by the "Preludes and Etudes." The famous work of Liszt under the name of "Preludes" is a symphonic poem, and it is probable that this is what the author of the cards intended. The Etudes are certainly very famous and highly original works for the piano, and well deserve the honor of the place here given.

Mendelssohn fares much better than the others, although it is a little unkind not to give him the benefit of the Midsummer's Night Dream, as this is the first work in which he became famous, and the one which best represents his peculiarities. I should unhesitatingly put it in place of the Concerto in G minor. Thus amended, the list would do very well. The list of Wagner is the following: Opera of Tannhauser, Opera of Parsival, Opera of Der Meistersinger, Opera of Flying Dutchman, Niebilungen Trilogy and Opera of Lohengrin. To this the principal objection is that the chronological order of the works is entirely disregarded, and there is no specification of the four operas under the head of Niebilungen Trilogy. These four operas are: Rheingold, Valkyrie, Siegfried, and The Twilight of the Gods. These four works ought to have been specified under the head of Niebilungen Trilogy; then the opera of Parsifal is spelled f-a-l instead of v-a-l. While we are learning the works of an author, we might also learn the order in which they were produced. Von Weber is also unfortunate; the list given is this: Mass E flat, Concert Stück, Opera of Der Freischütz, Sonata C, Opera of Euryanthe, Polacca E—to which the objection is made that the Opera of Euryanthe is not as important as that of Oberon; and if his piano pieces are mentioned at all, the best one of the lot should by no means be omitted, The Invitation to the Dance; this is much more important and is a more valuable addition to the literature of music than the Sonata in C or the Polacca in E, the latter a very unimportant composition.

One can also be critical with reference to the Schubert list here following: Mass E flat, The Erl King, Five Impromptus, Nine Symphonies, Sonatas and Fantasies and Opera of Rosamunde. The difficulty is that of the Nine Symphonies only two are important, the beautiful one in C major, and the unfinished one in B minor. The Sonatas and Fantasias include two volumes, and it would have been kinder to have concentrated our attention upon some more definite selection. The Schumann list is this: Music to Goethe's Faust, One Hundred Songs, Opera of Genoveva, Symphony E flat, Carnival Music, Paradise and Peri, and perhaps it is as good as could easily have been made; in place of the Symphony in E flat, I should have taken the one in B flat, but perhaps I would have been wrong. The item "One Hundred Songs" is also a little difficult to audit. Among the principal composers herewith included is Moscheles, who really has no place in this list. He was a great man in a small way fifty or seventy-five years ago; his works now are entirely obsolete.

In spite of all this criticism, which could easily enough be worked out in the form of corrections in a later edition of the cards,

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this game is commendable and well worthy the attention of amateur pianists and teachers, as it is placed at so reasonable a price. In point of completeness and thoroughness this game bears no comparison with the set of history cards published by W. M. Derthick; this one, however, is far more simple and better adapted as an elementary game of this kind; teachers who have pupils in different stages of progress will find it advantageous to follow up this game with the more elaborate one by Mr. Derthick, if copies can be had on practicable terms.

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